The Golden Book Magazine

JUNE
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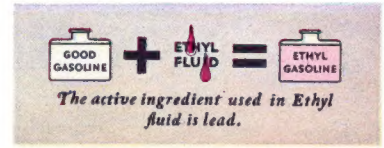

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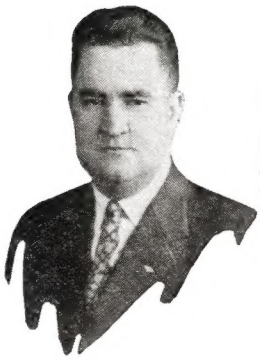

Harry J. Williams, Accounting Engineer, Lehigh Valley R. R., Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Mr. Williams chose the Accountancy route to lead him out of a "blind alley" job, and within comparatively few months won a 60 per cent "raise" and promotion to a position that spells—opportunity.

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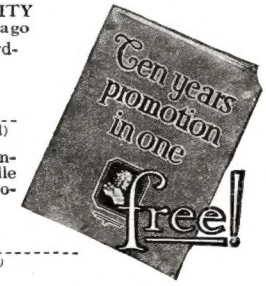

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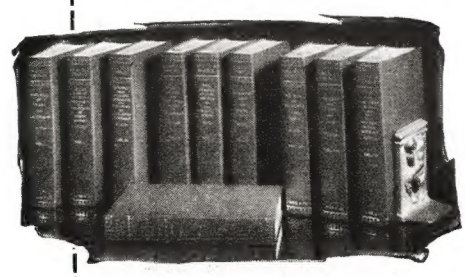

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THE GOLDEN BOOK MAGAZINE*

for June, 1931

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Who's Who *in the* Golden Book

Drawing by Richard Bennett

A SLIM VOLUME of five tales signed Ivan Petrovich Belkin was published in Russia in 1830. If the biographical preface could be believed, Mr. Belkin was a person of pathetic candor and simplicity, a country squire; and his volume aroused no comment. When, a little later, the greatest poet in Russian literature, Alexander Sergéyevich Pushkin acknowledged the authorship of it, the critics deplored it as a decline in his talent. The tales were too simple, too stripped of all ornament to appeal to the elaborate taste of the early nineteenth century. Today these tales are admired for that same simplicity. "An Amateur Peasant Girl" shows a masterly Russian writer in his lightest mood.

Born in 1799, on his father's side Alexander was descended from one of the thirty-one most distinguished families in Russia; on his mother's side from Peter the Great's favorite negro, Hannibal. The first twelve years of his life were spent in a completely French atmosphere; the French language was spoken in the family; French books were read; and the French lightness of mood, of frivolity, prevailed. In 1811 he entered school at Tsarskoe Selo and though he profited little by his studies, he made friends and began to write poetry.

At the age of fifteen he made his first appearance in a magazine and though a school boy was immediately hailed as a genius. After six years of schooling he went to St. Petersburg and for a time it seemed as though he might be a man of fashion rather than a genius.

In 1820, however, he reached a high point in creation with his first great poem, "Ruslán and Lyudmíla." The same year he went to the south of Russia and during his four years there wrote the *Tales*. In 1824 the emperor exiled him on the grounds of atheism to his family estate.

A merchant of Opochka in his diary left the following description of Pushkin as he appeared to the uneducated middle classes during his exile at his family estate:

> I had the happiness of seeing Alexander Sergéyevich, Mr. Pushkin, who in a way astonished me by his dress, namely, he had on a straw hat, a crimson blouse, a blue ribbon round his waist, an iron rod in his hand, with exceedingly long black whiskers, looking more like a beard, also with exceedingly long nails, with the ends of which he peeled oranges and ate them with great appetite, half a dozen of them I should say.

In 1826 the new Emperor permitted his return to St. Petersburg, though all his works were under strict censorship. The remainder of his life was devoted more and more to prose, and to subjects taken from Russian life. In 1831, his great tragedy, *Boris Godunov,* was completed. Six years later, because of an aspersion on his wife's honor, he challenged the son of the Dutch ambassador to a duel, and was killed.

THE MISTRESS of Lang Syne Plantation, South Carolina, suddenly started writing stories a few years ago "to get rid of the things that disturb me." In spite of the fact that Julia Peterkin is now one of the foremost interpreters of the Negro and a novelist of quiet distinction, she says:

> But I am really not a writer. I am a housekeeper, a mother. I like to work with my hands, in the kitchen, in my garden. I like to ride and hunt, I like to play poker, I like to talk. Writing is an art to some people, I suppose, but I have never had time to acquire it or to study things objectively. Life is so much more interesting and it is only during the last few years that I have done any writing at all.

Born in South Carolina in 1880, Julia Mood graduated from Converse College and after a short career of teaching, she married William George Peterkin, a successful planter. On her plantation she became immersed in the numerous details of housekeeping. She watched "sickness and death and superstition and frenzy and desire" among the Negroes. There were few white people near and so she became nurse, confidante and mentor to the many Negroes. At the age of forty-two she began to take music lessons. One day she told in her charming way some incident in a Negro cabin which had disturbed her. Her music teacher suggested that she write it down. "You tell stories much better than you play the piano." Her books are: *Green Thursday,* 1924, a collection of short stories; *Black April,* 1927, her first novel; and *Scarlet Sister Mary,* 1928. The last, in dramatized form, has been playing on Broadway this season.

SINCE THEY NEVER seemed to want his poems, young Frank Stockton decided editors did not know a good thing when they saw it. In the spirit of scientific inquiry, therefore, he copied out a bit of Milton's *Paradise Regained* and submitted it over his own signature. To his chagrin, the poem was promptly accepted.

Eugene O'Neill

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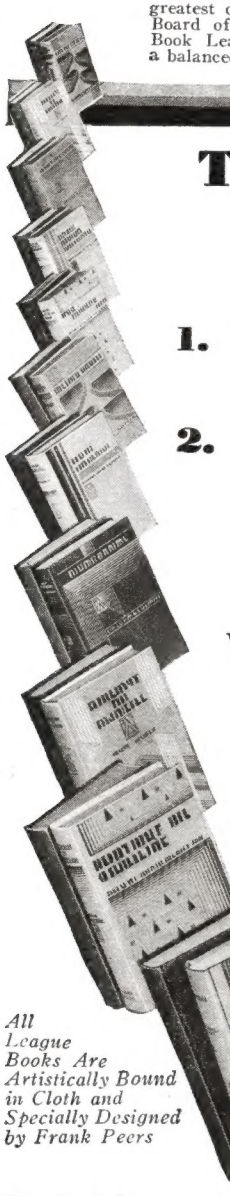

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The classic for June is ***Jane Austen's*** **PRIDE AND PREJUDICE**—her immortal masterpiece which has held its place for more than a hundred years as one of the most charming romances in English literature. It is the delightful story of a love that will not be restrained by the traditional barriers of pride and prejudice.

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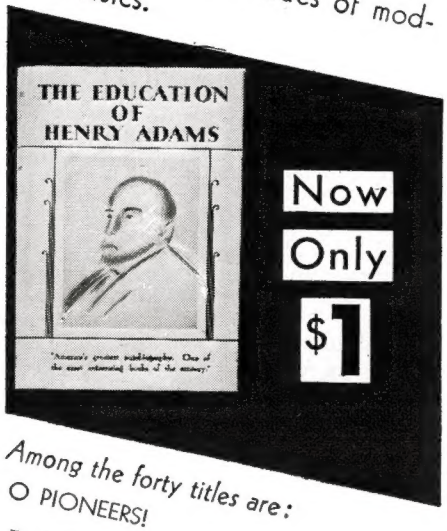

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MRS. HAWTHORNE wrote to her mother from the Old Manse in Concord a year after her marriage:

> We had a most enchanting time during Mary the cook's holiday sojourn in Boston. We remained in our bower undisturbed by mortal creature. Mr. Hawthorne took the new phasis of housekeeper, and, with that marvellous power of adaptation of circumstances that he possesses, made everything go easily and well. He rose betimes in the mornings, and kindled fires in the kitchen and breakfast room, and by the time I came down, the tea-kettle boiled, and potatoes were baked and rice cooked and my lord sat with a book, superintending. Just imagine that superb head peeping at the rice or examining the potatoes with the air of a monarch! And that *angelico riso* on his face, lifting him clean out of culinary scenes into the arc of the gods. It was a magnificent comedy to watch him, so ready and willing to do these things to save me an effort, and at the same time so superior to it all, and heroical in aspect—so unconsonant to what was about him. I have a new sense of his universal power from this novel phasis of his life. It seems as if there were no side of action to which he is not equal—at home among the stars, and, for my sake, patient and effective over a cooking-stove.

Born in 1804 in Salem, of a long line of seamen, Hawthorne early decided on a literary career. He graduated from Bowdoin College in 1825 in the same class with Longfellow. His few attempts at a job were a source of great irritation. He hated the post of customs inspector which he held for a while; he did not enjoy his trial of Brook Farm. In 1842, he married and took his bride to the Manse. Before that he had published one poor novel *Fanshawe*, and a collection of short stories, *Twice Told Tales*. *Mosses from an Old Manse* in 1846 began to raise him from obscurity and *The Scarlet Letter* in 1850 gave him his well-earned place among the great. He died in 1864 while on a carriage trip in the White Mountains.

Main Street has become such a byword in contemporary conversation, that it is interesting to note Hawthorne's treatment of the theme almost a century ago.

The drawings for Hawthorne's "Main Street" are the work of a young French noblewoman, Madame Hyde de Neuville, whose illustrations for her husband's journal of their trip in this country are now of rare historic value.

At the first thunderings of the French Revolution, Anne Marguerite Henriette Rouilee de Marigny saved her life by escaping from Paris with her father to Sancerre. She was a charming girl of rare beauty and culture. In 1794, she married the young Baron Hyde de Neuville, an Englishman, but a staunch Bourbon. Twelve years later de Neuville was accused of a Royalist plot and had to flee for his life. His young wife interceded with Napoleon for his life and the sentence was changed from death to exile. The Baron and his wife boarded a vessel, "The Golden Age," and after a fifty-day crossing arrived in New York. They settled on a farm and their *jolie Chaumière* became a brilliant social center.

When Louis XVIII ascended the throne of France he appointed the Baron Ambassador from France and in 1816 Monsieur and Madame traveled to Washington for the opening of Congress, and visited President Madison at his home. Thereafter they traveled extensively, recording their impressions, Monsieur in his diary and Madame in her charming pictures of early days in America.

WHILE DOROTHY CANFIELD was running about Lincoln, Nebraska, with an armful of school books, and John J. Pershing was commandant of cadets at the University, Leonard Robbins was attending college there. He says:

> A senior there in one of my years was Willa Cather, already distinguished as far as one could win distinction in the small university world. Miss Cather, as editor of one of the college papers, published a short story of mine that the English professor thought well of. I have never gotten over it; I have been trying to write stories ever since.

In 1895, Mr. Robbins bicycled all the way East, attended Princeton and then started newspaper work in Philadelphia. He is now on the staff of the New York *Times*. His infrequent short stories sparkle with a delightful humor.

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With an introduction by JOHN GALSWORTHY

Translated from the Polish by WINIFRED COOPER $2.50

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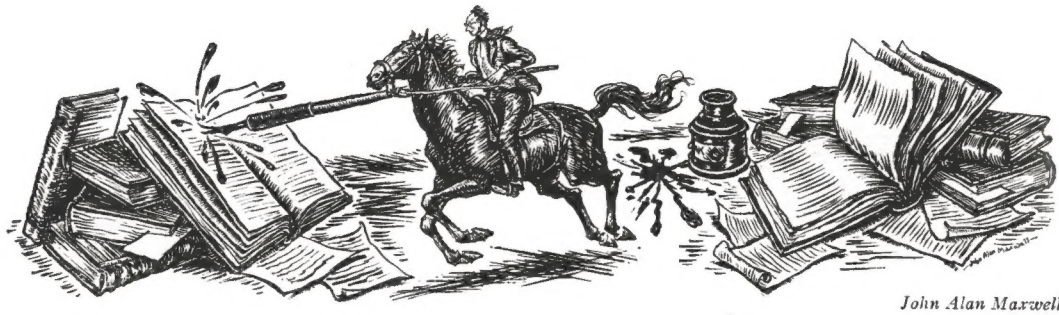

John Alan Maxwell

Authors and Books

We Especially Recommend

Fiction

*FROM DAY TO DAY, by Ferdynand Goetel. Viking Press.
*THE GOOD EARTH, by Pearl S. Buck. John Day.
THE ROAD BACK, by Erich Maria Remarque. Little, Brown.
MRS. FISCHER'S WAR, by Henrietta Leslie. Houghton, Mifflin.
FLAMENCO, by Lady Eleanor Smith. Bobbs-Merrill.
NO WALLS OF JASPER, by Joanna Cannan. Doubleday-Doran.

Non-Fiction

*MEN AND MEMORIES, by Sir William Rothenstein. Coward-McCann.
FATAL INTERVIEW, by Edna St. Vincent Millay. Harper.
PAUL GAUGUIN, CALM MADMAN, by Beril Becker. A. & C. Boni.
MY STORY, by Mary Roberts Rinehart. Farrar & Rinehart.
GREEN HELL, by Julian Duguid. Century Company.

*Reviewed last month

NO MATTER what you like, we have it. . . . Edna St. Vincent Millay panting after her broken heart, Julian Duguid riding a python, suave Michael Arlen, tumultuous Hugh Walpole, Caspar Milquetoast tilting at mole-hills, gypsies or Germans, love, war, or adventure. . . . In fact, there have never been so many books we liked in one month. . . .

FIRST THERE is Erich Maria Remarque's *The Road Back*. . . . Yes, this is another war book, although peace is declared in the first chapter. . . . In writing as beautiful and forcible as any in *All Quiet on the Western Front*—although this has not the same completeness as a novel—Herr Remarque gives us a deeper understanding than we have ever had of the difficulties of the road back into peace. . . . "We halt yet a few times and look about us. . . . Suddenly we know that all that yonder, that hell of terrors, that desolate corner of shell-hole land, has usurped our hearts. . . . It seems almost as if it had become endeared to us, a dreadful homeland, full of torment, and we simply belonged in it." . . . As a novel this is no more than a succession of inescapable pictures, pictures that all reveal abruptly, again and again, that these men who fought cannot forget, and why they cannot forget; what has made work, love, even life impossible for them. His book is a repetition of heart-rending disclosures of a raw and bleeding wound. And by showing it still so at the end of the book, he seems to say that it can never heal. . . .

OR *Mrs. Fischer's War*—quite a different kind of war book, with its own kind of purgatory to portray. . . . If it conveys less an almost photographic actuality of horror than *The Road Back*, it is far more of a novel: it is a finished and moving work of art, quiet in tempo and unrelaxing in interest. . . . Henrietta Leslie has taken for her theme the spiritual torment of an Englishwoman married to a German whom she deeply loves, and with an English-bred son. At the outbreak of the War, circumstances and loyalty force Janet's husband to join the German army. Her son, alienated by his father's act, both from the father whom he adored and the mother who refuses to condemn her husband, fights on the side of the British. . . . Janet remains in England, ostensibly among friends but actually in social and spiritual ostracism. . . . Heightening this dreadful isolation she lives in hourly fear of the death of the two men to whom she has given her whole life and at the same time she does not dare to think ahead to when the war will be over, when her husband will learn that her son cannot forgive him, when she herself will have to choose between them. . . . She can learn nothing about her husband; she knows that her son is trying his best to get killed. . . . The end is less tragic than it promises—this is as the reader wants it, but it is also an honest and inevitable outcome. Here is a sincere and impressive piece of work to interest all women and many men (Houghton, Mifflin, $2.50). . . .

WE CAN BE more cheerful than this, however. For example, Hugh Walpole's *Above the Dark Tumult*, or Michael Arlen's *Men Dislike Women*, or Eleanor Smith's *Flamenco*. . . . (For the sophisticated palate we might even add a fine bit of foolery entitled *The Orchid* (Bobbs-Merrill, $2), by Mr. Robert Nathan, in which a dramatic star, a banker, a music teacher and the proprietor of the New York Central Park carousel gambol in the springtime). . . .

HUGH WALPOLE'S *Above the Dark Tumult* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), is sheer outrageous fantasy. . . . It is as unexpected, as inexplicable and as divinely logical as a dream; and it is perfectly grand. . . . At tremendous tension we pursue our hero through the moil of adventures that all follow upon his having decided, in the middle of Piccadilly Circus, to spend his last half crown on a haircut instead of a dinner. . . . Soon all the forces of good and evil are involved in a complicated guerrilla warfare that lasts until a satisfactory page 303. . . . This is our respected Advisory Editor in the frivolous mood of *The Portrait of a Man with Red Hair*, but he has here surpassed even that runner-up for *Dracula*. . . .

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a slightly blasé Michael Arlen in his latest romance, *Men Dislike Women* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). . . . This is not the sophisticated but sincerely romantic Mr. Arlen of earlier and better books. But he is no less amusing and smart, and his story tears along even faster, from high-powered motor car to high-powered Park Avenue drawing-room or Long Island bedroom. Here, as well as his usual world-weary but noble hero, his husky-voiced heroine so desperately hurt under her gay exterior, and the aristocrats with whom they were wont to associate, we have racketeers, politicians, gamblers, bootleggers, all the half-world of New York society whom Mr. Arlen apparently found more amusing than their correct neighbors on his last trip to this country. . . . More specifically, it is a chronicle of the slightly bewildered adventures in America of a young French nobleman, André Saint-Cloud, endeavoring to avoid his sister-in-law's correct parties and to straighten out the affairs of the naïve young racketeer, Charlie MacRae, the gray-eyed Marilyn, and the slightly soiled Sheila.

For horses only. . . . From Webster's *Timid Soul.*

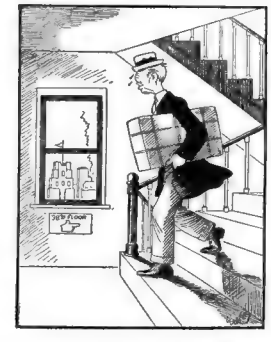
Flamenco is a full-blooded novel such as Emily Brontë might have written, a story of wild gypsy passions set in an England of the 1820's that is splendidly and robustly portrayed. . . . Its author, Lady Eleanor Smith, daughter of the Earl of Birkenhead, boasts proudly of a gypsy grandfather, and she has spent her life accumulating the gypsy lore and the understanding that she packed into her first novel *Red Wagon,* and redistilled with far greater artistic power for *Flamenco* (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.50). . . . The story begins with the flight of the murderer, Lobo the Wolf, from Seville to England, outcast even from his own gypsy tribe; takes in the Romany festival at Arles, and settles on dark Dartmoor, where Camila is adopted into the strange home of the elegant Lovells—to be, in turn, coveted by the father, the wife of one son, and the mistress of the other who is her match in pride and passion. . . . The whole tempestuous story, with its close knit, ample plot and soundly conceived characters, is romance of a very high order.

DON'T BE DECEIVED by the jacket into thinking Joanna Cannan's excellent novel *No Walls of Jasper* (Doubleday, Doran, $2) is just another mystery story. Murder is the theme, and the treatment is high tragedy; the disintegration of the solid, typical British suburbanite, Julian Prebble, is Macbeth in modern dress.

We would like to write as well as this. One envies Miss Cannan's clear definition of characters, the skilful structure of her swift story, the convincing inevitability with which she clothes the murderous career of her home-loving, thoroughly respectable publisher. . . . Please note also the flowering of his wife under the influence of money whose source she does not suspect, and of the love of a pleasant young man. . . . This is one of the best novels we have read in months. . . .

NEEDLESS TO SAY anything more about the book of *The Timid Soul* (Simon & Schuster) than that it has been published. . . . Caspar Milquetoast is our favorite contemporary character—the Don Quixote of the Great American Male—and here is a whole volume of the cartoons in which Webster has immortalized him, to be had for $2. . . .

THIS IS BOOK WEEK in the jungle. For days we have been living with death at our elbow as we lost ourselves in the many recent books about Africa, South America, and points equatorial. . . . The most lurid of these and therefore the best, to our way of thinking, is Julian Duguid's *Green Hell* (Century, $4), the incredible story of four men's journey through a part of the Bolivian jungle which no white man had succeeded in penetrating since the days of the intrepid Spanish explorer, Nuflo de Chávez. . . . Here through a steaming, unbelievable world of silence and hidden menace, the four gallant adventurers forced a way. They faced daily the threat of murderous savages, jaguars, poisonous insects, hunger, thirst, disease and death. And they had a perfectly grand time. "It was a mad trip to have undertaken," writes the young Irish author in his usual high-flown but colorful style, "a solemn request for death . . . but the lure of Green Hell seized us almost against our wills." . . . We commend this book to you in every way we can—in spite of the fact that the author invariably speaks of their Russian leader as "Tiger Man," never calls the jungle anything less than "a lovely, sinister mistress," and generally paddles around in prose as lush as the jungle. . . . Not since Paul du Chaillu has anyone given us such a jungle thrill. . . .



He asked the elevator boy to let him off at the third floor. . . . From Webster's *Timid Soul.*

AS DIFFERENT as can be, but hardly less interesting, is *Jungle Ways* (Harcourt, Brace, $3), William B. Seabrook's cheery report on cannibalism, witchcraft, phallic worship and sex generally among the West Africans. . . . Mr. Seabrook, as he proved in *Magic Island,* has somehow mastered the secret of handshaking his way into the black confidence. He finds out the deepest secrets of native customs and beliefs, and one can forgive the boyish pride with which he passes his information on to us. . . . *Jungle Ways* treks readably half-way between a travel book and a sociological treatise. Mr. Seabrook journeyed many thousands of miles through the Ivory Coast jungle; sometimes Mrs. Seabrook was with him, sometimes—the several months he lived among the Queré cannibals, for example—he was entirely alone among the natives. . . . He watched little girls being tossed onto sword points by magic jugglers and coming off unscathed; he found human steak perfectly delicious; he spent a most enjoyable time in Timbuctoo as the guest of a fantastic and lovable old French monk married to an African negress. . . . Then on to the strange and intelligent tribe of the Habbé, phallic worshipers whose morals are topsy-turvy but quite logical. . . . We almost forgot a visit to the one reigning black monarch of West Africa, with his hereditary male harem, of which Mr. Seabrook makes very excellent copy indeed. . . .

THEN THERE IS *Jungles Preferred* (Houghton, Mifflin, $3.50). . . . We liked this almost best. It is a genuine, straightforward and absorbing account of a woman doctor's three years in the Belgian Congo, deep in the jungle known as "the white man's grave" where she had gone to battle sleeping sickness. . . . Little, wiry, enthusiastic, with no apparent realization of her astonishing accomplishment, she found it all absorbingly interesting, and she makes it read so. . . . She treats the wildest, shiny native quite without surprise; his thirty-six wives are mentioned merely as the fact they are. She is kindly about the missionary service which sent her to the jungle, but she is no missionary. . . . She is a doctor, and a zestful human being, and we quite understand why, after her eleven years at Shanghai, the women of Japan and China recommended her for the Nobel prize as "the person who shall have best promoted the fraternity of nations." . . .

REMINISCENT OF HER great power to love and unresigned to its passing, Edna St. Vincent Millay's sonnets in *Fatal Interview* voice a desperate horror of each day

> "That leads one more last human hope away
> As quiet fiends would lead past our crazed eyes
> Our children to an unseen sacrifice."

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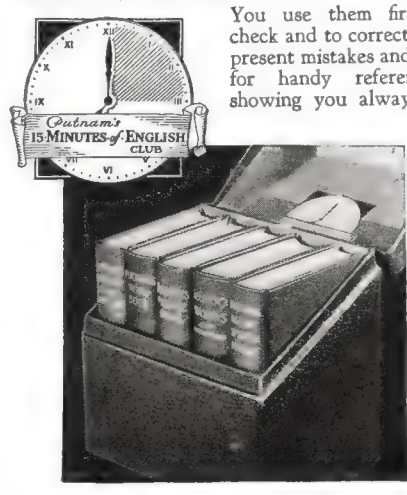

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> "What thing is this
> That hastening headlong to a dusty end
> Dare turn upon me these proud eyes of bliss?"

is, for second flight, good enough to break our heart. . . . In her fret with time she is at her best:

> "Time and to spare for patience by and by,
> Time to be cold and time to sleep alone;
> Let me no more until the hour I die
> Defraud my innocent senses of their own.
> Before this moon shall darken, say of me
> She's in her grave, or where she wants to be."

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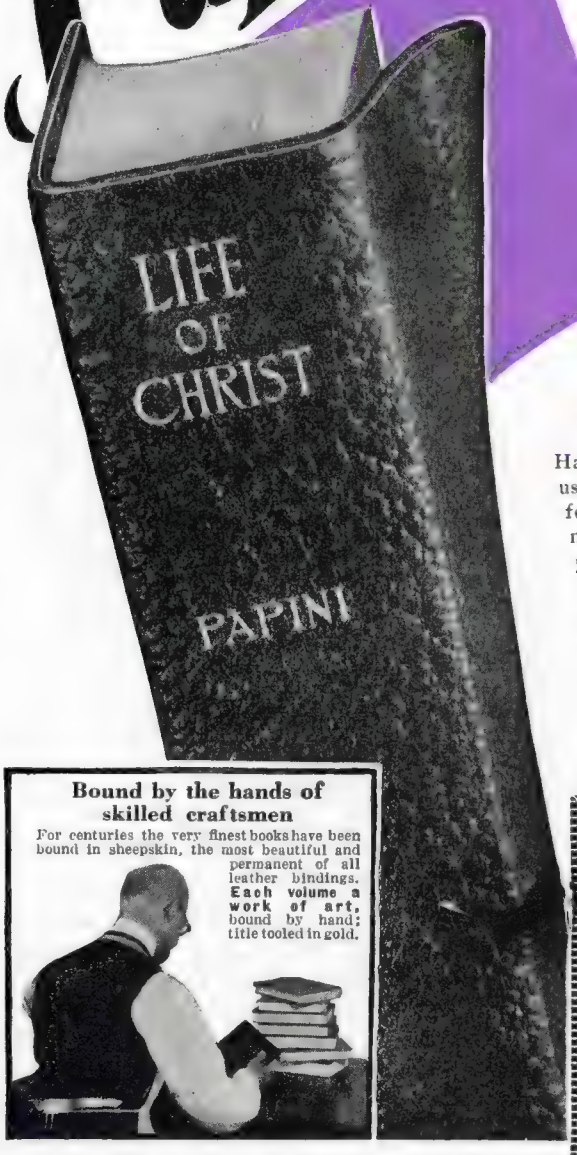

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Mrs. Rinehart beats her grandchildren swimming across the pool. . . . But we closed the book with admiration and even liking for this paragon, and we recommend it heartily to you. . . .

IF WE HAD READ *Gin and Bitters* (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50) on a desert island without looking at the jacket or the title page, we should have said it was just another satirical and not too grammatical story about an English novelist whose name happened to be Leverson Hurle. He is not a very pleasant novelist, but he knows charming people in England and China and America. And he goes about writing them quite mercilessly into his books. His friends make clever but unwilling copy, and in the end Hurle finds himself successful, and pitifully alone. . . . If we had read that also, we might have added that *Gin and Bitters* is not nearly so good a novel about novelists as was *Cakes and Ale*. . . . But we were not on a desert island. We couldn't help hearing a bit of gossip, too, and that is where the fun begins. . . . The author's name is a secret which the publishers promise to tell us some time. Meanwhile, all we know is A. Riposte—a fencing term that suggests the crossing of literary swords. The title sounds very like burlesque of last year's book about novelists. And Leverson Hurle, from the number of syllables in his name on down through his private life, couldn't very well be anyone but the author of last year's book. *Gin and Bitters* will amuse you. . . .

AND NOW for some much needed play-reviews by our learned confrère of the drama. . . . *You'll laugh, you'll cry, but I know you'll enjoy it. Hurry, hurry, hurry.* . . . F. F.

Drama Between Boards

NOT SO MANY years ago Mr. Average Reader was heard saying he didn't care to read plays. In a candid mood he admitted lacking sufficient imagination to visualize scenes as he read them. Dramas seemed cryptic and high-brow, and like famous classics, at once difficult enough to scare him off. Why, he felt, spend an evening reading a play when in the same time by the magic of the theater one may see a play, not the preferred one perhaps, but still a play, taking on the comprehensible dimensions of life in a local playhouse.

Perhaps George Bernard Shaw's entertaining stage directions helped to win him over. Playwrights of this generation no longer clutter their scripts with "Enter R.U.E.'s." Suddenly a play got on the "best seller" list and many readers, finding it palatable, revised their literary menus to include the drama. Today practically all of the season's successes are purchasable in book form.

The best seller to which we referred was the 1930 Pulitzer Prize Play *The Green Pastures* by Marc Connelly, which continues to attract good audiences in New York. This reverent and lovable play based on the southern Negro's literal concepts of Bible teachings (Farrar & Rinehart, $2 and $5) is already a classic.

The Barretts of Wimpole Street by Rudolf Besier (Little, Brown, $2) is one of the season's most thoughtful and entertaining accomplishments. It is the well-known literary elopement of the Brownings, but knowing the story in this case enhances one's enjoyment of the play. It successfully captures the pathetic beauty of "The Sonnets from the Portuguese."

Tomorrow and Tomorrow adds to the distinguished reputation Philip Barry has built in a few brief years. There are neither heroes nor villains in his story of a woman's love for a noted psychologist and a husband who never knew there was a triangle in his home. Reason rather than emotion dictates their lives and Mr. Barry's dialogue (French, $2) as his admirers know, is delicately, brilliantly perfected.

We recommend to aspiring playwrights (and who isn't one?) George Kelly's *Philip Goes Forth* (French, $2). This play's constant charm, attenuated at times, of the youth who seeks the Big City to express himself, sustains interest to its obvious end. The play is strong but soft-voiced advice to those whose vanity will not let them admit failure before it is too late to matter.

A play, essentially of intellectual appeal, is Jean Giraudoux's *Siegfried* (Dial, $2) which Eva La Gallienne staged at her Civic Repertory Theater. The story grows out of Franco-German ideals and antagonisms, and the career of a super-German Nationalist whom the War has caused to forget his French origin, a career complicated by a pre-war French and a post-war German sweetheart.

The season's comedy hit, a merciless take-off on big business in Hollywood called *Once in a Lifetime* by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman (Farrar & Rinehart, $2) is good for a gloriously giddy evening in your easy chair, whether or not, like the hero, you have a dish of Indian nuts by your side.

In *Miracle at Verdun* by Hans Chlumberg (Brentano's, $2) the Theater Guild combined the "talkies" and the legitimate without the latter suffering by the comparison. Resurrected war heroes, unwanted among the living, make a bitter and stirring drama.

Brass Ankle (Farrar & Rinehart, $2) by De Bose Heyward, co-author with his wife of *Porgy* came off the press the day following its New York première on April 23. It is well written tragedy on an old theme, the ruin following discovery in a town in the Deep South of the heroine's taint of Negro blood.

A Theater Guild success, one of the few major productions to go on tour, is *Elizabeth the Queen,* by Maxwell Anderson (Longmans, Green, $2). It is romantic tragedy with notable beauty of dialogue.

In a binding uniform with his previously published plays, *The Queen's Husband* and *The Road to Rome,* the sly, sophisticated humor of Robert Sherwood's *This is New York* (Scribner's, $2) is now ready for easy-chair applause. Mr. Sherwood knows his city and his Babbitts. His prefaces are interesting too.

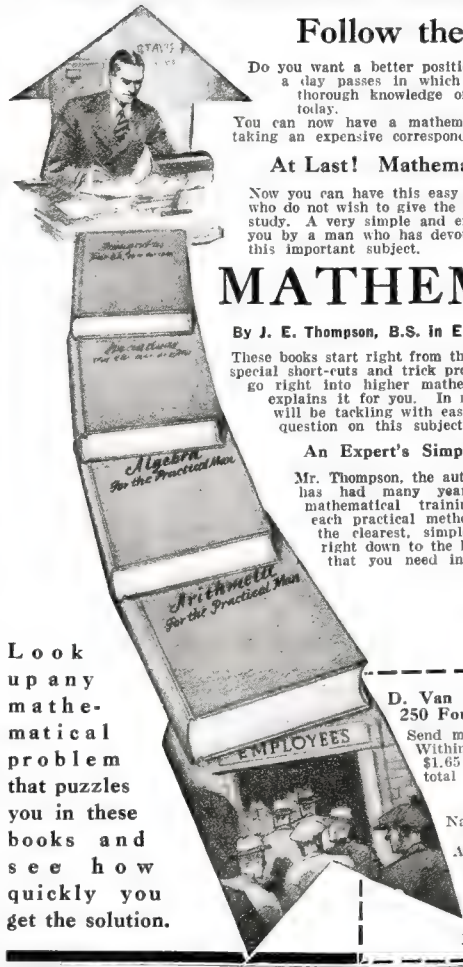
Likewise, of course, is the preface to *The Apple Cart*—and a deal longer, some 37 pages. George Bernard Shaw's latest published play (Brentano, $2) is ironic comedy as only Shaw writes it, on the victory of a popular king over the prime minister who seeks for himself the royal power.

William L. Laurence in *At the Bottom* (French, $1.50), has taken a hand at Americanizing Maxim Gorki's classic of human misery, variously known as *The Lower Depths, Submerged, The Night's Lodging,* etc. Certainly Gorki's characters are the dregs of humanity; yet reduction of their dialogue to the common vocabulary of our own slums robs it of the interest it possessed for me in, for instance, the Edwin Hopkins translation. There the derelicts of a foreign city spoke with a colorful dignity which removed the picture from our immediate ken and lent poetic enchantment.

For *Green Grow the Lilacs* Lynn Riggs deserves the gratitude of all good Americans. His lusty narrative (French, $2) of life in Indian Territory in 1900 has all the glamor of beloved reminiscence. The tender strength of a cowboy troubadour come a-wooing is sunshine and hay-scented breeze in the too-often morbidly inclined theater of today.

Keen-witted and rapid-moving as is John Anderson's version of Nikolai Gogol's *The Inspector General* (French, $1.50), it failed to arouse the interest that a sumptuous staging of the famous old satire on grafting politicians would seem to merit. The defect, to this reviewer, lies in the fact that the leading characters are all too weasel-minded to arouse genuine heart interest in their affairs. The stage has had many lovable crooks but they were none of this band. It is splendid satire but poor box-office.

One has only to compare a scene from one of the stuffed-shirt translations of Aristophanes' *Lysistrata* with the modernized version by Gilbert Seldes (Farrar & Rinehart, $2) to realize that there is plenty of life in the old Greek yet. So much of the subtle humor is lost in the rapid playing of the show that a reading of it is much more than an enjoyable recapitulation. If Puritanical inhibitions prick you, better let your encyclopedia give you the gossip on Greek stagecraft; for there's been considerable



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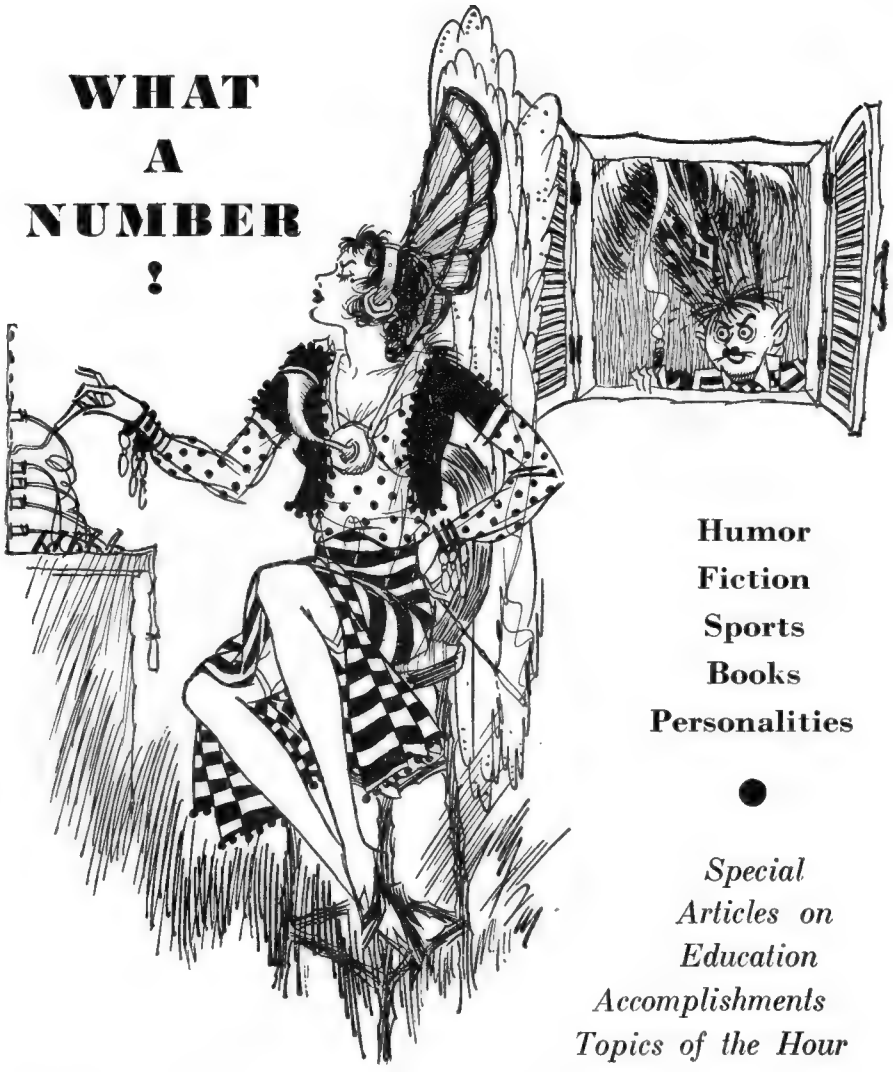

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Other plays for a full evening that should interest ambitious Little Theaters include *Her Friend the King,* romantic comedy by A. E. Thomas and Harrison Rhodes, produced some years ago on Broadway with William Faversham; *Darick Clausen* by Thomas P. Robinson, a Drama League—Longmans, Green prize-winner; and *The Boundary Line* by Dana Burnet, a drama of average but interesting people which saw Broadway in 1930 (all published by Longmans, Green for $.75 each).

Vail Motter has done a free adaptation to dramatic form of Oscar Wilde's *The Birthday of the Infanta* (Longmans, Green, $.50) which gives this delightful story a sharper beauty than previous dramatizations. Another tale retold dramatically is *The Sleeping Beauty,* by Margaret Ellen Clifford (Longmans, Green, $.50) with enough serious unimportance to give young amateurs a deal of grand fun.

Of decided interest to Tom Thumb theaters are such recent compilations of one-acters as *Comedies All,* a volume of ten "shorts" by Alice Gerstenberg (Longmans, Green, $2); *One Act Plays for Stage and Study,* Sixth Series (French, $3), twenty-one of the most interesting contemporary writings of English, Irish, and American playwrights; *Ten Plays for Little Theaters* (Little, Brown, $2) by Percival Wilde, probably the best-known and indubitably the most prolific of Little Theater dramatists; *Yale One-Act Plays* (Samuel French, $2) is a selection of six, written and tested during the past four years in George P. Baker's experimental theater at Yale University; *Suicide and Other One-Act Comedies,* by Conrad Seiler (French, $1.50), a half-dozen slight vaudeville sketches; *The Shadow of the Mine,* by Leo B. Pride (French, $1.50), seven playlets dealing with Southern Illinois coal fields, including *"Foursquare"* which won a national playwriting contest; *Mon Ami Pierrot* and *Other Plays,* by Carroll Fitzhugh (Houghton, Mifflin, $2) which contains a half-dozen amusing transcripts of modern existence.

Shakespeare in Wall Street, by Edward H. Warren (Houghton, Mifflin, $1) is foolishness of the financial district in the manner of the Bard of Avon.

Barely Proper, by Tom Cushing (Farrar & Rinehart, $1.50), is admittedly "an unplayable play." A young Englishman becomes engaged to a member of a Berlin "Back-to-Nature" colony, with modest complications. R. R.

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News of Importance to Book-Readers

READERS WHO BELONG TO THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB WILL RECEIVE—FREE—CLOSE TO $1,000,000 WORTH OF BOOKS, DURING 1931, IN THE FORM OF "BOOK-DIVIDENDS"

IN a recent issue of a national magazine there was an announcement stating that the Book-of-the-Month Club, estimating conservatively, expected to distribute among its members as "book-dividends" at the very least $500,000 worth of books during 1931. That estimate has already proved *too* conservative. *For during the first six months of the year alone, the amount distributed as "book-dividends" will exceed $500,000.* For the entire year of 1931 it now seems fairly certain (if the present volume of members' purchases continues) that the amount distributed free to members will be very close to, if it does not exceed, $1,000,000 worth of books.

The fact that the Book-of-the-Month Club has now obtained a sufficiently large membership to enable it to distribute to its members what it calls "book-dividends"—is of capital importance to every book buyer. The plan is a very simple one: Every month, depending chiefly upon the number of books its members buy (a member does not have to take a book in any one month if he does not want to) a substantial portion of the Club's net receipts is allocated to a Book-Dividend Fund. As soon as this fund grows large enough, it is used to buy an entire edition of some very popular new book, or a fine edition of an older book which everyone would like for his library. *These books are then distributed, free among the members.* Obviously, the Club cannot absolutely guarantee "book-dividends," any more than a corporation can guarantee cash-dividends. But the fact that over $500,000 worth of books were distributed to members in the first six months of the year alone, is an indication of what is possible.

What, actually, does this mean to you as a book-reader? It is hard to imagine that the distinguished judges who make up the Club's Editorial Board will not choose as the book-of-the-month, or as alternate recommendations, a number of books during the year that you will desire to buy anyway. Why not—by joining the Club—make sure you get these new books you will be anxious to read, instead of missing them, which now happens so frequently; keep authoritatively informed (by the Club's advance reports) about all the important new books; and at the same time get additional books, as "book-dividends," with the money you will spend anyway. All this without a cent of expense, for it costs you nothing to belong. Your only obligation is to support the Club by buying at the very least four books a year. (The free book at present offered to new subscribers upon joining—see the other side—is extra; it is not considered as a "book-dividend.") Mail the postcard below for full information about "book-dividends," and how the Club operates.

IMPORTANT—PLEASE READ—**No salesman will call upon you, if you send this card. You will simply receive the booklet explaining how the club operates. After reading it, should you decide to subscribe, you will receive Kristin Lavransdatter free.**

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The Man with the "Grasshopper Mind"

YOU know this man as well as you know **YOURSELF**. His mind nibbles at **EVERYTHING** and masters **NOTHING**.

At home in the evening he tunes in the radio—gets tired of it—then glances through a **MAGAZINE**—can't get interested. Finally, unable to **CONCENTRATE** on anything, he either goes to the **MOVIES** or **FALLS ASLEEP** in his chair.

At the **OFFICE** he always takes up the **EASIEST** thing first, puts it down when it gets **HARD**, and starts something else. **JUMPS** from **ONE THING TO ANOTHER** all the time!

There are thousands of these **PEOPLE WITH GRASSHOPPER MINDS** in the world. In fact they are the very people who do the world's **MOST TIRESOME TASKS**—and get but a **PITTANCE** for their work.

They do the world's **CLERICAL WORK**, and routine drudgery. Day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year—**ENDLESSLY**—they **HANG ON** to the jobs that are smallest-salaried, longest-houred, least interesting, and poorest-futured!

If **YOU** have a "grasshopper mind" you know that this is **TRUE**. And you know **WHY** it is true. Even the **BLAZING SUN** can't burn a hole in a little piece of **TISSUE PAPER** unless its rays are focussed and concentrated **ON ONE SPOT**!

A BRAIN THAT BALKS at sticking to **ONE THING FOR MORE THAN A FEW MINUTES** surely cannot be depended upon to get you anywhere in your **YEARS** of life!

The **TRAGEDY** of it all is this: you know that **RIGHT NOW** you are merely jumping **HERE AND THERE**. Yet you also know that you have **WITHIN YOU** the intelligence, the earnestness, and the ability that can take you right to the high place you want to reach in life!

What is **WRONG? WHAT'S** holding you back?

Just one fact—one **SCIENTIFIC** fact. That is all. And when you know what it **IS**, then you can easily learn how to apply it; make it carry you **STEADILY, POSITIVELY, AND DIRECTLY** to prosperity and independence.

That fact is one which has been **PROVEN** and stated by the world's foremost scientists and psychologists. You are only **ONE-TENTH** as successful as you **COULD** be! Why? **BECAUSE**, as Science says, you are using only **ONE-TENTH** of your real **BRAIN-POWER**!

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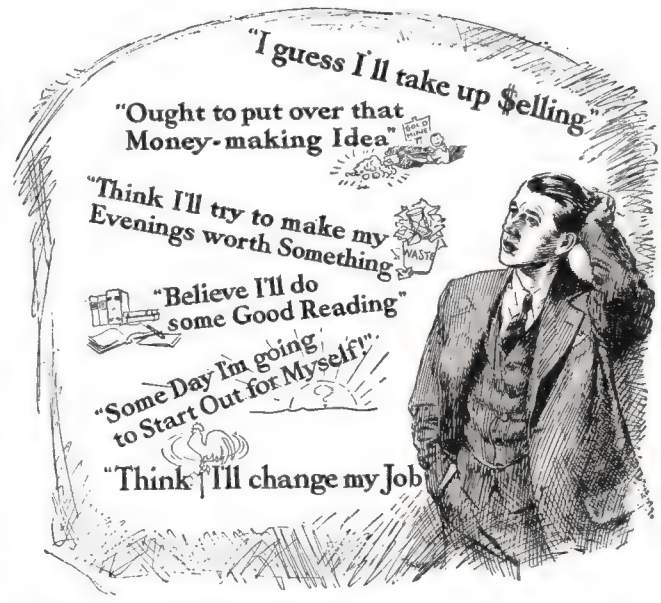
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VOLUME XIII
NUMBER 78

The Golden Book Magazine

JUNE
1931

Only aristocrats signed their names in the original Libro d'Oro of Venice from which the Golden Book Magazine takes its name. The world's aristocrats of letters—of all ages, from the oldest to the most modern—appear in these pages.

"Ain't This the Darnedest World!"

By LEONARD H. ROBBINS

ON A SATURDAY in May of the year after the World War, two persons were behaving oddly in a busy street west of Columbus Circle. One of them was an open-faced, long-limbed, vigorous young man; he would walk rapidly for a pace or two, talking to himself, then stop short and read from a folded newspaper in his hand, unmindful of the bumps and the scowls of his fellow pedestrians. After a minute he would hasten on, only to pause and read again, all the while frowning, setting his jaws, muttering, "Can you beat it!"

Close behind him walked a stout little elderly gentleman in a faded green overcoat, using a cane, halting as often as the young man halted, eying him with shrewd and amused glances through gold-rimmed spectacles. Lester Larrabee, of whose skill at law you must have heard, seemed just now to be taking his Saturday afternoon constitutional and to be mixing it with human-nature study. He had been observing the young man's strange actions for three blocks.

The young man had stopped to read in front of a Chinese restaurant. Now he was rooted and absorbed at the door of a French bakery. Hurrying thence and reaching Broadway, he stood in his tracks and in the trolley company's, heedless of shouts and gongs. Finally he completed the traverse of the Circle and sat down on a stone bench at the Maine Monument.

Beside him Mr. Larrabee came to rest and waited. Presently the young man turned to him and, perceiving the good will in his face, remarked abruptly:

"Ain't this the darnedest world!"

"At least, it is the darnedest one we know anything about," Mr. Larrabee replied. "May I ask why a young man who looks healthy and hard-working and well-conducted should bear a grudge against Mother Earth on a pleasant day like this?"

The young man handed the newspaper to his chance-found companion. "Read that," he said, pointing to the article of his repeated perusals. "Read that. Then I'll tell you why I'm sore."

Mr. Larrabee adjusted his spectacles and read:

HASLAND LAUDED AS
KINDLIEST OF CITIES

"Only Place that Ever Treated Me White,"
Said Mark Patten, Millionaire Tramp

Left $100,000 to Town in Will

HASLAND, N. J., May 20 (AP)—"I have ranged America from coast to coast in search of a community that lives by the Golden Rule. Hasland, N. J., is the only place where I have ever found disinterested kindness."

So declared the late Mark Patten, the millionaire tramp, in his will filed for probate in New York City last week. Under the terms of the will the municipality of Hasland will receive $100,000 from the Patten estate as a token of the eccentric millionaire's gratitude for an unnamed favor done him while here.

The will stipulates that the money shall be spent for a public park to be known as the Mark Patten Memorial Park, where tramps and other homeless persons may occupy the benches by day or night unmolested by the police.

So far as can be learned, no one in Hasland was acquainted with Mark Patten, nor has any one arisen to claim credit for the charitable action that has redounded so substantially to the fame of the town.

"Well, young man," said Mr. Larrabee, returning the newspaper, "why does this dispatch discourage you? Its effect on me is to increase my faith in humanity. It proves to me that kindness pays, that virtue is rewarded, that bread cast upon the waters returns again many fold as the Scriptures tell us."

"While you are quoting Bible verses," the young man replied, "there is one that tells people not to be rough on a stranger, because they were once strangers in a strange land, themselves. The Haslanders don't have that verse in their Bibles. They censored it out. Let me put you wise about that kind-hearted town that this millionaire has left his money to."

Dejectedly he began the following tale:

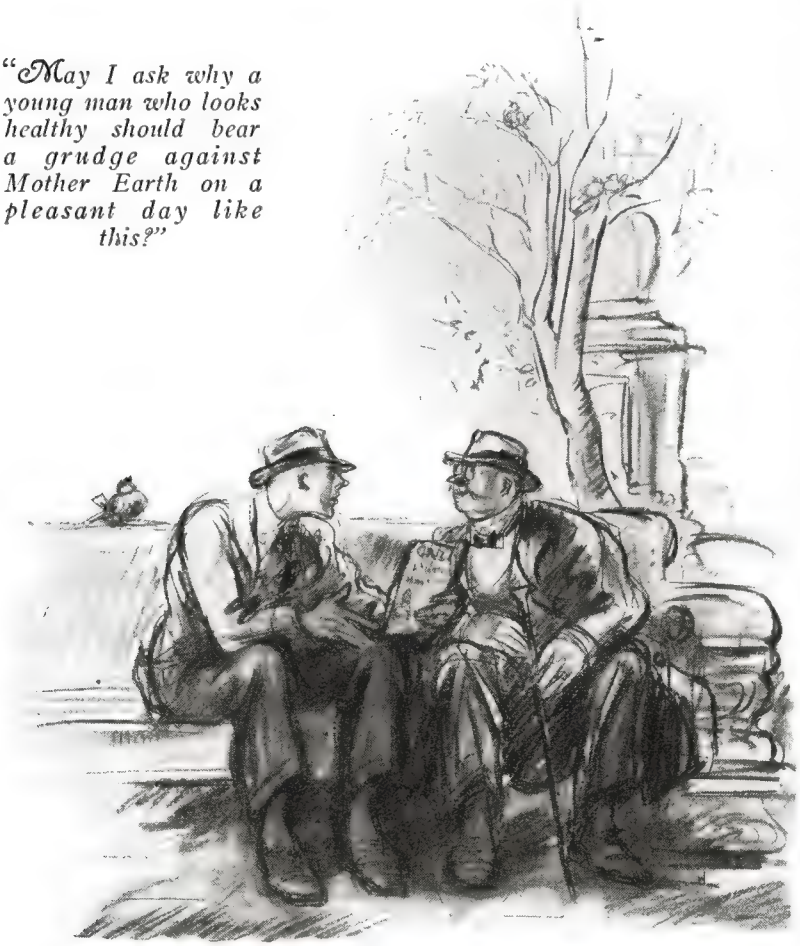
My name [said the young man] is Alexander Hamilton Hicks. I belonged in Kansas till a stronger draft than any of our tornadoes lifted me into the army. The first I see of that benevolent old town of Hasland was when I went there on a day's leave from Camp Dix.

I had an uncle in the town by the name of Darius Hicks, and a bunch of girl cousins that I wanted to call on. They were the kind that keep the blinds nailed down and never open the door without the chain on. I told 'em I was their cousin Aleck from Salina. They denied they had any such cousin, but I proved it on 'em at last, and they took me in for lunch.

It was one hilarious meal—not! You'd have thought we were a meeting of the silent pardners of the Deaf-and-Dumb Institute for Mutes. When the girls had anything to communicate, like asking for the butter, they did it by wigwagging. As for the old man, he never opened his head except for his fork; and you didn't know the old lady was among those present only when she inhaled her tea.

After the festivities I asked my uncle if I could have a word with him in private. When I said that, the old lady went screeching upstairs like a hen that her nest has been stepped on, and the girls flew out after her. I could hear their hullabaloo going on overhead. Also I see that my uncle has turned five shades paler than the tablecloth.

I says to him, *"Was ist los,* Uncle?" and at that he had a collapse in his chair and shot a scared look at the dining-room mantel, and there I see a full-length photo of Kaiser Will-hell in his tin soldier clothes. Then I remembered hearing my Aunt Jane in Wichita tell that my Uncle Darius in New Jersey was married to a lady from one of the oldest families in Munich. I began to compronny why they were afraid of me.



"May I ask why a young man who looks healthy should bear a grudge against Mother Earth on a pleasant day like this?"

Sure as you live, they had taken me in my khaki for a Secret Service operator. They had been shivering and shaking ever since the day the lady from Munich had hung a red, white and black flag out of the window to celebrate the *Lusitania.* But I soon had Uncle Darius breathing again, for I says to him, "To prove that my intentions are harmless, so far as your particular Bavarian is concerned, I'm going to leave you my property to administer while I am gunning for her relations in the Fatherland."

I had a gold watch that I won in a raffle in Topeka, and a hundred-dollar Liberty bond, which I didn't like to lug over to France and Berlin. I told him if he would take care of them while I was gone I would give him a scrap of paper saying he could have them in case the Boches got me. He agreed to that quick enough, and I gave him the watch and the pretty paper with the eagle on it, and said good-by to him and beat it.

In the main street of their town I see a lady leaning up against the front of a flivver and holding her hand to her side, so

You'd have thought we were a meeting of the silent pardners of the Deaf-and-Dumb Institute for Mutes.

Drawings by August Henkel

I says to her, "Let me help you, lady," and I took and span the crank for her, and the Henry backfired and got me three inches above the wrist joint. "That's too bad," said the lady, "perhaps I had the spark advanced too far," and she buzzed away in her tin boat while I sat down by a red fireplug and was seasick.

A cop told me to move on, but when I showed him my wrist, swelled tight in my sleeve, he called the ambulance. The doctor said I had broken all the bones in my forearm. Next week my buddy and the rest of the division sailed for France to fight the Y. M. C. A., and left me behind in Colonia fighting the nurses.

By and by, one day, I got leave and drifted up to that Hasland town again with my arm in a sling. The passengers on the train forced $18.35 on me, and four magazines and a knife. I still have the knife. I didn't understand their generousness until I got to Hasland. Then, as I walked past the red fireplug where I got my bump, a pretty girl danced up to me and says, "Oh, are you a wounded soldier? You are the first one I've seen. Were you at San Meel?"

She was too nice and pretty a girl to disappoint, so I hedged. I told her I never quite reached France, on account of meeting a boat on the way—meaning that cussed flivver, you understand. She says, "Oh, you poor boy, then you were torpedoed. How thrilling!" and she tipped me a quarter out of her mesh bag. I kept that quarter a long while in memory of her. I used to take it out and look at it, and think of the girl it belonged to, and wish I belonged to the same little owner.

That was all the money I collected in Hasland, except a stout man ran out of a bank and called me a hero and gave me a twenty-dollar bill. But there were more free-will offerings on the train going back to Colonia, so I got to the hospital with enough pin-money to run a day nursery. I was so flush that I still had the Hasland banker's twenty-dollar bill when the Armistice and my arm were patched up.

They tested me for measles and paralysis, and let me go with an order on somebody in Kansas for two months' pay. But I had lost interest in Kansas. I made a bee-line for Hasland, where that nice girl lived, for I had decided to get a job and become a millionaire and marry her.

I tried every store in the main street. They said there was a law against men in uniforms working. I called on my Uncle Darius—in his office, so as not to give the lady from Munich heart failure again. I told him I had come for my gold watch and my Liberty bond so I could go into business in his city.

The sight of me annoyed him, I could see. By and by he confessed the truth. His frau had said there never would be an American come back alive from fighting the Imperious German army, and what was the use waiting to inherit my property? So he had sold my watch and my bond, and spent the money to paint his house.

I told him he was no uncle of mine any more, and I went and blew the twenty-dollar bill that I have mentioned for a suit of clothes, and became a citizen again. Half a block away from the clothing store the detectives collared me.

They said that bank bill was counterfeit. They took away my new duds and gave me back my khaki, and the police judge let me choose between the rock pile and the municipal employment bureau. I voted for the job, but when I went to get it they told me they were saving up their jobs for when their own fellow

"Oh, then you were torpedoed. How thrilling!"

townsmen came home from putting Washington time in the Watch on the Rhine, so would I please evaporate?

By then it was 'way past noon, and my stomach was yelling Kamerad; but all the money I had was the silver quarter the nice girl had decorated me with, and a man will go hollow a long time before he will disconnect with a trophy like that.

I looked for a saloon, having delusions about free lunch, until a cop told me the saloons were closed on account of so many soldiers loafing around town. So I asked him where the Red Cross was, and he said the Hasland chapter had gone out of business, having broke up in a row over a sweater the mayor's wife knit that the executive committee threw out for having a dropped stitch.

I met a one-eyed man who looked like he had a heart under his ribs, but before I could tell him what was on my mind regarding refreshments, he gave me a card and told me to call at his home at eight o'clock that night. So I loafed around their town park till dark, and thought of chicken pot-pie and apple dumplings and corn on the cob. I never see so many restaurants in any town I was ever in. I could count twelve from the bench where I was starving, and seven soda fountains.

Around eight I called at the one-eyed man's house, which was three miles south of a given point. He said his men's club was meeting in the church, and would I go around with him and give 'em a talk on the horrors of war. He said there was nothing they would enjoy more. I was already going around like a gyroscope in a cyclone, being so full of appetite and emptiness, but I said I would, and we went.

An educated Chinaman was billed ahead of me to speak on the wickedness of Japan's ambitions, and there was so much for him to say, and he had to stop so often to pick words suitable to use in a church, that it was eleven o'clock before he ran down. Then the audience went into executive session to discuss what to have to eat at a welcome-home banquet they were getting up for a lad that had been drafted from their neighborhood, and I passed out into the night and walked till I found a soldiers' club.

It was a colored soldiers' club, which was all the same in Dutch to me if the coffee and sandwiches were white. But when I pushed in, the canteen staff were using the legs of the dinner tables on a mulatto lieutenant and heaving the pies and other cutlery at the provost guard. So I faded away around the corner and dropped into a place where there was band music.

Inside the door a mob of ladies in pink dresses grabbed me and asked if I was for suffrage. I said I was for anything that sounded so near like supper.

"Then make us a speech," they said, and led me to a stage.

A thousand people on the floor of the hall stopped dancing and clapped their hands, and I lost the last thing I had left in me, which was my nerve. But I couldn't have made a better hit. They called it shell-shock and rushed me to the supper room.

Just as I laid my hand on a bunch of chocolate cake, along sails that nice girl that I had come to their town to marry. She was dressed like a French peasantess in the comic operas. I was awful glad to see her; it was like getting home. Everybody had crowded around to see my shell-shock, but when she came up she gave me a look and says:

"Shell-shock nothing! This man is a fraud. The last time I saw him he had his arm in a sling and told me he was a U-boat victim." She turned to a Willie that was there. "Mr. Tinsley," she says, "I mean to set an example in public spirit. Go call Papa. I'm going to have this dead-beat arrested."

I says to the Willie, "If you go for Papa, I will split that swallow-tail of yours clear to the neck. As for the rest of you," I says, "I never cared a lot for suffrage, anyhow. Votes for we men," I says.

Then I went away from there and found a pile of gunnysacks behind the local market, and lay down among 'em and dreamt of roast turkey and corn fritters and squash pie.

In the morning, when I came to, I swore a vow that I would not let that town of Hasland beat me. I would stay and go into politics and rise to be Mayor and show them. I thought I would begin by blowing that nice girl's quarter for sausage and wheat cakes, but on the way I came to a car barn where a sign said, "Soldiers Wanted." I went in and looked the superintendent over.

He said he wanted motormen. I told him I could run a car or anything, but I would have to eat first. He seemed to think a lot of me, for he made me stay in the barn while he sent out for my chow. Then he put me on the front end of a car with a fat corporal in the marines for conductor, and wished us the best of

luck, which ought to have warned us, and we started out. He said Fatty would show me the route if I lost my bearings.

Maybe you have read about the trolley strike they had in Hasland? Well, Fatty and I were in it for just long enough to be struck out. We had been put in as pinch hitters, you might say. We navigated safe down the main street and into the fashionable residence zone, when I heard a yell from Fatty, and the power went off, and seven thousand paving stones bashed through the windows, and the trolley men's army in uniform came following their barrage, and I had a sudden homesickness for the quiet old Western Front.

"Shall we stick?" I shouts to Fatty.

"What else can we do?" says Fatty. "Keep down behind the dashboard and give 'em your switch iron."

I could see him squatting on the rear plaform out of the way of the flying glass, and swinging a gas pipe like a baseball bat. When they yanked my door open and swarmed up the steps I let 'em have the iron, and I beaned one big brute good before they enfiladed me and knocked me for a goal under the seats. By then the police reserves were there, and they arrested Fatty and me and rushed us off to court and lined us up before my old friend the Judge. A committee of strikers accused us of atrocities and frightfulness. The guy I beaned was there to show his head where I scalped him. Friend Judge gave us thirty days, and the Hasland "Evening Globe" called us professional thugs and strike-breakers, and my Uncle Darius mailed a marked copy to my Aunt Jane in Wichita.

When my time was up at last in their stone jail, I hit for the railway station to try to work my uniform for a free ride out of their genial city. In a show window I see myself, and my hair is long enough to braid, so I goes into a barber shop to swap my suffragette's silver quarter for a hair-cut. When the barber was half done, I read a sign on the wall that said, "Hair Cut 35 cents." You see, I had been getting my hair cut free in the army for a year and I was behind the times.

I says to the barber, "Do you give reduced rates to soldiers?" He says, "We don't give nothing to soldiers." I told him I only had a quarter. He put away his scissors and says, "Do you see them cuspidors? If you want your hair-cut finished, you climb down out of that chair and clean 'em."

And that is the kind of kind town their town of Hasland is that this tramp millionaire left his hundred thousand to. That's the town that is bragging here in the newspaper on being the kindest city in America. Wouldn't it rasp you? Do you blame me for feeling all lacerated and cut up?

THE YOUNG MAN had finished his tale. The little old gentleman beside him on the bench had watched his face and listened to his words with an interest that was almost eager. Now he asked:

"Have you told me all, Mr. Hicks, that happened to you in Hasland?"

"There wasn't much more," the young man replied. "I didn't get out of their town that day, after all. I had to lie up over night in a place they call the Good Samaritan Rescue Home and Wood Yard, and next morning I sawed cordwood an hour to pay for my bed and breakfast. After that I got a lift to Hoboken in a motor truck, and I haven't been back to Hasland since. But think of a millionaire leaving all that good money to a town like that!"

Mr. Larrabee's eyes shone as he put another question. "Did anything odd happen to you on the night that you stayed at the Rescue Home?"

"Why, no," the young man answered, reflecting. "There was a sick old hobo I sat up with a while, but that was all, far as I can remember."

"Will you tell me about him?"

"It wasn't anything. I went to this place and picked out a cot and fell asleep; but pretty soon something woke me up. The room was dark except for one gas jet burning low; there was snoring and heavy breathing, and the air was kind of rancid. Then a hand came clawing at my blanket, and the snoozer in the cot next to mine let out a groan, and I sat up and looked at him. He was an old-timer and he was sick, so I gave him a little first aid and then went back to sleep."

"Tell me more."

"Well, he was an old man, as I say; he had a mussy gray moustache, and a chin that needed a shave, and he was fighting for breath and making motions to me. I says to him, 'What's wrong, Bill?' He says, 'Will you rub my arms? I think I'm dying. Maybe you

"He was an old-timer and he was sick, so I gave him a little first aid."

can save me.' I offered to run for a doctor. He said a doctor couldn't do any more for him than I could, if I would only rub his arms.

"So I pulled my cot up to his and gave his arms a rub-down. They were clammy cold, and he moaned a lot and talked about his heart. I don't understand physiology and hygiene, but I reckon his circulation must have gone back on him, like when you freeze your heel. I rubbed those old arms of his till he quit

moaning. I could see him better by then. What hair he had was white, the top of his head was shiny bald, and his eyes were set so deep in his face under his eyebrows, you wondered how he could see without a periscope. He made me think of a poor old dog I knew on a farm in the Kaw Valley that had to have his meals took to him.

"He asked me what my name was, and I told him, and he kept saying it over, 'Alexander Hicks, Alexander Hicks,' like that. He was sort of dippy from the pain, I guess. To kid him along, I says, 'You didn't tell me your name yet, Old-Timer,' and he says, 'They call me Easy-Mark, son; that's all you need to know—old Easy-Mark that might have been a great man if he hadn't been an easy mark. Don't you ever be an easy mark, son,' says he; 'they'll spoil your life for you if you do.' After that I got him a drink, and he went to sleep."

The young man paused, and Mr. Larrabee, after waiting for further words, spoke impatiently.

"You don't finish your story. You don't say that in the morning, when it came time for Easy-Mark to saw his wood, you remembered how ill he had been in the night, and you sawed his wood for him."

"But I didn't. When I told the wood-yard manager how it was, he let Easy-Mark off. It was the only kind act I see any Hasland native do in all my time there."

"Just the same, you offered to saw the wood, didn't you?"

"What if I did?"

Mr. Larrabee had risen now. He seemed excited. Taking a card from a pocket of his faded green overcoat, he said:

"Alexander Hicks, a while ago you told me you had lost faith in the goodness of the world. Are you sure you have?"

"Maybe I did put it a little strong," the young man conceded. "The world has treated me fine since I got loose from Hasland. I have found me a job as good as I want, rustling business on commission for a steam laundry. And there's a girl at the place where I board, that she and me think a lot of each other. So I can't kick. But when I see in the paper about that town of Hasland——"

"You are a queer newspaper reader. Don't you ever read the want ads?"

"Me, no, why should I?"

"Open your newspaper and look at the personals."

The young man did as directed. Half way down the indicated column he saw this paragraph:

ALEXANDER HICKS. Communicate at once with Lester Larrabee, Atty.-at-law, Singer Bldg.

"Now examine this," said Mr. Larrabee, handing over the card from his pocket.

The young man eyed the card blankly. "Why," said he, "you're the guy that put this ad in the paper."

"I am, sir. I have kept the ad in the paper for three weeks. Why haven't I heard from you? Isn't your name Alexander Hicks in New York?"

"Sure it is, but nobody uses it on me. Everybody here calls me Kansas."

"That explains," said the old gentleman, "why it was necessary for me to go to Hasland before I was able to run you down. I inquired for you there among all the people named Hicks. I saw your Uncle Darius. He admitted at last that he knew you. He wired for me to your Aunt Jane in Wichita and got from her your address here in New York. I called at your steam laundry this afternoon. You had just gone out, but I overtook you."

He laid his hand upon the young man's shoulder.

"No, you don't!" cried Alexander Hicks, and sprang up bristling. "I know what you want. You want to drag me back to Hasland for what I did to that barber shop when they told me to clean the spittoons. But don't fool yourself, you can't do it. I've had all the punishment I'm going to take off that cordial town. I tell you I'm through."

"My boy," returned Lester Larrabee, beaming like the springtime sun, "I don't know what you did to the barber shop, and I don't ask. All I wish is to give you the quarter-million of dollars that my poor old client, Mark Patten, left to you in his will."

The young man sank upon the bench and held his head between his hands. By and by he looked up, shaken and solemn.

"Ain't this the darnedest world!" said he.

◆ ◆

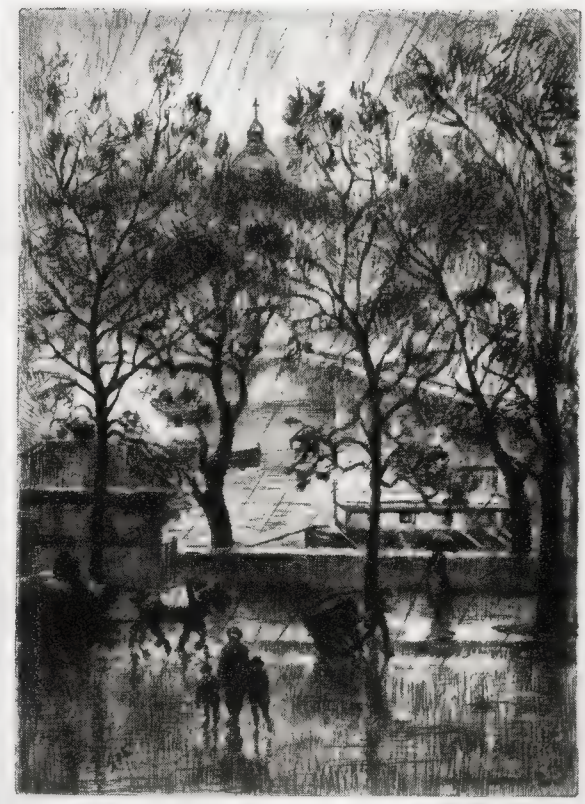
On Corrupt Judges

A MAN WHO HAS been bribed for his verdict can no longer give an unbiased and sound judgment on what is just and fair, for the corrupt judge inevitably regards his own interest as fair and just. And seeing that the whole life of each one of us is now governed wholly by bribery and by hunting after other people's deaths and laying traps for legacies, and we have sold our souls for profit at any price, slaves that we are to our luxury, can we then expect in such a pestilential ruin of our lives that there is left a single free and unbribed judge of the things that are great and last to all eternity? Are we not all corrupted by our passion for gain? Nay, for such as we are perhaps it is better to have a master than to be free. Were we given complete liberty we should behave like released prisoners, and our greed for our neighbors' possessions would swamp the world in a deluge of evils. "In fact," I said, "what spends the spirit of the present generation is the apathy in which all but a few of us pass our lives, only exciting ourselves or showing any enterprise for the sake of getting praise or pleasure out of it, never from the honorable and admirable motive of doing good to the world." —LONGINUS (213-273 A. D.)

The Funeral March

By Henri Barbusse

Known chiefly for his brutal piece of realism, Le Feu *(one of the most devastating novels about the War) Barbusse has also written stories in which pity and tenderness temper his somber outlook. He is a Frenchman, now 57, a journalist and revolutionary editor.*



By Frank Armington, courtesy Kennedy & Co.

As she went along the urban quarter into where the wet fog was filtering she wanted to cry. All the same she made haste, and skipped from one stone to another, along the pallid glitter of the pavement.

From a distance, the slim outline looked smart, and even fashionable. Her ankles, delicate as stalks, were placed in little polished shoes with well-squared heels; her dress went straight as a die up to her chin; and her hat, shaped like a candle extinguisher, quite poorly extinguished a lock of fair hair on her neck.

When near, the girl was no more than pretty. Her skirt was too meager, her hat quite eaten up with pinholes, her corsage of stuff so thin that any one could have seen her heart-beats.

Although her haste left her little time for thought, she felt desperately sad. Everything made her want to cry—her dull life, so young yet already futureless; the hard work, and the impossibility of flirtation; the house where she lived—the most unfriendly of all houses; the only room, and its eternal accompanists—father chasing mother round the stove and dragging a chair; the smell of greasy crockery which sickened you after dinner, and the smell of cooking which sickened you before; the dirty mirror, that had to be cleaned every morning; and on the landing, the untidy and beastly neighbor who posted himself by the tap, and as soon as she appeared with her jug showed the lewd eyes and greasy smile of his moonstruck face.

Added to all this, there was the grief of this morning, which was gloomy as a night; the infinite monotony of the running gutter, cold as a river; all this autumnal, infectious sickliness, and above all, the rough and wilful gusts of rain that began to make her dress look stained and ridiculous.

There was no one in the world to whom gaiety was more forbidden.

No one? Yes, there was some one. Just at that moment his stooping figure was emerging from the entry to some works. He was just the same age as herself, and he was a prisoner in a forge, as she was in a dressmaker's workroom.

To right and to left he turned his bluish face, one that would have been very pleasant had it been less thin and reduced. He sniffed at the blast, and then let it take him away along the livid, gleaming street. One before the other he put down his huge iron-bound boots, wavered slightly in the wind, and thought about nothing—for fear of thinking about himself and what it was he was doing here on earth.

Now, the young man whom the squalls handled as roughly as the world did, and the girl bereft of smiles by the bad weather that also punished her poor dress—these two were going towards each other.

They had met twice, by chance; and this time, which was the hour when the workshops close at midday, they tried to meet (by chance) a third time, knowing nothing of each other nor having spoken.

It happened that they really approached each other, and that she turned up an alley just when he entered it at the other end; so that she appeared suddenly before him, like a fairy.

He stopped dead, pricking up from his massive boots, and his back and shoulders trembling. The eyes in his earnest face opened wide, with a look of being rewarded.

She also stopped, and timidly they put their hands out to each other, like two beggars. Then each pressed the fingers of the other, more by way of clinging to each other than of saying good-day—for one does not always know how to begin at the beginning.

One moment they stood still, seriously considering which way they should go together. Bravely against the wind they set off, he with a red nose and she with pink eyes, and between them their two hands, making one only, each nursing the other.

She was the first to speak—"I've got till one o'clock; and you?"

"I, too," he replied; "shan't we lunch together now, don't you think?"

"Yes, yes!" she cried, enraptured of the plan.

THEY BOTH LAUGHED—hesitatingly at first, as though they were attempting it. When it ended, their faces remained lighted up.

"Look," he said, "it hardly rains now!"

"What luck!" She clapped her hands. All the same, the rain had not ceased to fall on the bare background of the avenue.

"Now that it's fine, let's sit down a minute."

"Wait!" He stopped her with a gesture, and pulling a newspaper from his pocket, he unfolded it upon the damp seat.

"Ah," she said, moved to tears by the courtesy, "how kind you are!"

She sat down, and looked at him so grandly that she seemed to be enthroned. He placed himself beside her. She tossed her head—"Papa would beat me if he knew where I was!"

"For my part," he replied, "it's my mother!"

The picture of the dangers defied made them merry, and they smiled, being too near each other to dare to laugh.

But when a gust of wind shook the plane-tree above them and gave them quite a shower-bath, they were obliged to laugh as they shook themselves.

Everything was growing darker. Mournful black clouds ever more and more begloomed the sky and submerged the earth.

"Look how pretty it is," she said.

She pointed out how the house-fronts shone with water, the polished roofs, the dark slabs of the footpath, the glistening gutters.

"Yes," he stammered, "yes." Admiringly he added, "We've still got half an hour."

She wanted to walk a little. He agreed that it would certainly be still better. They got up and steered straight ahead. When people walk together they come magically near. Every minute their loneliness was enriched.

They passed in front of a ground-floor window that was half-open. Through the aperture they saw a shabby room—dirty, sinister, bare, and breathing forth dampness. But they thought with a quiver of the room *they* might have. Then they thought still of that heavenly room as they brushed past another window, of which the shutters were closed.

In that moment, they had together shut their eyes, both of them blind, and guided by each other.

They walked and walked. The houses grew fewer, and then the passers-by. The big avenue became a main road. They breathed the free air, full-lunged. A trail of smoke emitted by the works, stranded yonder towards the horizon, brought them a smell of damp earth. They inhaled this scent of the country, this holiday perfume.

"Just now the clouds were dirty, and now they are pearly gray," said one of their little voices.

After they had walked still more, suddenly there rose like an apparition on the side of the road a great white wall. Above the wall arose cypress trees, new-looking.

Hand in hand, they admired the foliage, reached the gates, and entered the main drive.

"It's a cemetery," she said.

"Yes; isn't it pretty!" he replied, with an air of convincement.

They traveled one drive, then another, and sat down on a bench, so affected by the rich splendor of the grounds that their hands forgot their clasp.

"Look, look!" A procession turned the corner and went by. The hearse was covered with a white cloth. Their hands sought and seized each other again, and by reason of that wonder-working clasp they imagined another procession, a pretty one, a momentous and trembling procession, and one which *they* should lead —she, wedded, and he the married also.

It was so natural, so right, to replace the passing procession by the one which should be, that they had no need to speak of the dream ere they could share it and believe in it. When they got up to go, the first steps they took, side by side, were slow as in the nuptial aisle.

With beaming faces they left the cemetery and followed the white wall.

On a milestone hard by a man was seated before an organ, and they drew near as he played.

It was the great funeral march, the most heart-rending *De Profundis* that earthly sorrow has chanced to utter, a lamentation so immense and sinister that it even mingles the living with the dead and falls on our faces like an ice-cold mask.

The couple stopped, enchanted, and looked at each other festively. "How nice music is!" she whispered between her little teeth, and all attention.

"Come," he murmured at last.

They went away with a lightsome and joyous step, keeping merry time with the most hopeless of human music, smiling, chirping, finding good to say of what was ugly—unconscious of all their childish lips were saying, unconscious of all their warm hearts were creating.

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Ἔρὸς δαὖτέ μ' ὁ λυσιμέλης δόνει
γλυκύπικρον ἀμάχανον ὄρπετον.

—SAPPHO.

◆

Lo, Love once more, the limb dissolving King,
The bitter-sweet impracticable thing,
Wild-beast-like rends me with fierce quivering.

—*Translated by* JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

MAIN STREET is perennial. There will be stories about Main Street as long as there are writers to see that the story of Main Street is the story of America.

Hawthorne's was the father of these. As one of the earliest American writers to turn to his home scene for inspiration, he was the first to see the developing small town as a symbol of something peculiarly and exclusively American.

"The Puppet Master," by Robert Austin, courtesy Harlow, McDonald & Co.

Main Street

By
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

A RESPECTABLE-LOOKING individual makes his bow, and addresses the public. In my daily walks along the principal street of my native town, it has often occurred to me, that, if its growth from infancy upward, and the vicissitude of characteristic scenes that have passed along this thoroughfare during the more than two centuries of its existence could be presented to the eye in a shifting panorama, it would be an exceedingly effective method of illustrating the march of time. Acting on this idea, I have contrived a certain pictorial exhibition somewhat in the nature of a puppet-show, by means of which I propose to call up the multiform and many-colored Past before the spectator, and show him the ghosts of his forefathers, and a succession of historic incidents, with no greater trouble than the turning of a crank.

Be pleased, therefore, my indulgent patrons, to walk into the show-room, and take your seats before yonder mysterious curtain. The little wheels and springs of my machinery have been well oiled; a multitude of puppets are dressed in character, representing all varieties of fashion, from the Puritan cloak and jerkin to the latest Oak Hall coat; the lamps are trimmed, and shall brighten into noontide sunshine, or fade away in moonlight, or muffle their brilliancy in a November cloud, as the nature of the scene may require; and, in short, the exhibition is just ready to commence. . . .

Ting-a-ting-ting! goes the bell; the curtain rises; and we behold—not, indeed, the Main Street—but the track of leaf-strewn forest-land over which its dusty pavement is hereafter to extend.

You perceive, at a glance, that this is the ancient and primitive wood—the ever-youthful and venerably old—verdant with new twigs, yet hoary, as it were, with the snowfalls of innumerable years, that have accumulated upon its intermingled branches. The white man's ax has never smitten a single tree; his footstep has never crumpled a single one of the withered leaves, which all the autumns since the flood have been harvesting beneath. Yet, see! along through the vista of impending boughs, there is already a faintly-traced path, running nearly east and west, as if a prophecy or foreboding of the future street had stolen into the heart of the solemn old wood. Onward goes this hardly perceptible track, now ascending over a natural swell of land, now subsiding gently into a hollow; traversed here by a little streamlet, which

glitters like a snake through the gleam of sunshine, and quickly hides itself among the underbrush, in its quest for the neighboring cove; and impeded there by the massy corpse of a giant of the forest, which had lived out its incalculable term of life and had been overthrown by mere old age and lies buried in the new vegetation that is born of its decay. What footsteps can have worn this half-seen path? Hark! Do we not hear them now rustling softly over the leaves? We discern an Indian woman—a majestic and queenly woman, or else her spectral image does not represent her truly—for this is the great Squaw Sachem, whose rule, with that of her sons, extends from Mystic to Agawam. That red chief who stalks by her side, is

Drawings of American scenes (1808-9), by Baroness Hyde de Neuville, courtesy of Kennedy & Co.

Wappacowet, her second husband, the priest and magician, whose incantations shall hereafter affright the pale-face settlers with grisly phantoms, dancing and shrieking in the woods, at midnight. But greater would be the affright of the Indian necromancer, if mirrored in the pool of water at his feet, he could catch a prophetic glimpse of the noon-day marvels which the white man is destined to achieve; if he could see, as in a dream, the stone-front of the stately hall, which will cast its shadow over this very spot; if he could be aware that the future edifice will contain a noble Museum, where, among countless curiosities of earth and sea, a few Indian arrow-heads shall be treasured up as memorials of a vanished race!

Meanwhile, how full of its own proper life is the scene that lies around them! The gray squirrel runs up the trees, and rustles among the upper branches. Was not that the leap of a deer? And there is the whirr of a partridge! Methinks, too, I catch the cruel and stealthy eye of a wolf, as he draws back into yonder impervious density of underbrush. So, there, amid the murmur of boughs, go the Indian queen and the Indian priest; while the gloom of the broad wilderness impends over them, and its somber mystery invests them as with something preternatural; and only momentary streaks of quivering sunlight, once in a great while, find their way down, and glimmer among the feathers in their dusky hair. . . .

Here an acidulous-looking gentleman in blue glasses, with bows of Berlin steel, who has taken a seat at the extremity of the front row, begins, at this early stage of the exhibition to criticize.

"The whole affair is a manifest catch-penny!" observes he, scarcely under his breath. "The trees look more like weeds in a garden than a primitive forest; the Squaw Sachem and Wappacowet are stiff in their pasteboard joints; and the squirrels, the deer, and the wolf, move with all the grace of a child's wooden monkey, sliding up and down a stick."

"I am obliged to you, sir, for the candor of your remarks," replies the showman, with a bow. "Perhaps they are just. Human art has its limits, and we must now and then ask a little aid from the spectator's imagination."

"You will get no such aid from mine," responds the critic. "I make it a point to see things precisely as they are. But come! go ahead! the stage is waiting!"

The showman proceeds.

Casting our eyes again over the scene, we perceive that strangers have found their way into the solitary place. In more than one spot, among the trees, an upheaved ax is glittering in the sunshine. Roger Conant, the first settler in Naumkeag, has built his dwelling, months ago on the border of the forest-path; and at this moment he comes eastward through the vista of woods, with his gun over his shoulder, bringing home the choice portions of a deer. His stalwart figure, clad in a leather jerkin and breeches of the same, strides sturdily onward, with such an air of physical force and energy that we might almost expect the very trees to stand aside, and give him room to pass. And so, indeed, they must; for, humble as is his name in history, Roger Conant still is of that class of men who do not merely find, but make, their place in the system of human affairs; a man of thoughtful strength, he has planted the germ of a city.

WITHIN THE DOOR of the cottage you discern the wife, with her ruddy English cheek. She is singing, doubtless a psalm tune, at her household work; or, perhaps she sighs at the remembrance of the cheerful gossip, and all the merry social life of her native village beyond the vast and melancholy sea. Yet the next moment she laughs with sympathetic glee at the sports of her little tribe of children; and soon turns round, with the home-look in her face, as her husband's foot is heard approaching the rough-hewn threshold. How sweet must it be for those who have an Eden in their hearts like Roger Conant and his wife, to find a new world to project it into, as they have, instead of dwelling among old haunts of men, where so many household fires have been kindled and burnt out that the very glow of happiness has something dreary in it! Not that this pair are alone in their wild Eden, for here comes Goodwife Massey, the young spouse of Jeffrey Massey, from her home hard by, with an infant at her breast, Dame Conant has another of like age; and it shall hereafter be one of the disputed points of history which of these two babies was the first town-born child.

But see! Roger Conant has other neighbors within view. Peter Palfrey also has built himself

a house, and so has Balch, and Norman, and Woodbury. Their dwellings, indeed—such is the ingenious contrivance of this piece of pictorial mechanism—seem to have arisen at various points of the scene, even while we have been looking at it. The forest-track, trodden more and more by the hob-nailed shoes of these sturdy and ponderous Englishmen, has now a distinctness which it never could have acquired from the light tread of a hundred times as many Indian moccasins. It will be a street, anon. As we observe it now, it goes onward from one clearing to another, here plunging into a shadowy strip of woods, there to open to the sunshine, but everywhere showing a decided line, along which human interests have begun to hold their career. . . .

So many chimneys now send up their smoke that it begins to have the aspect of a village street; although everything is so inartificial and inceptive, that it seems as if one returning wave of the wild nature might overwhelm it all. But the one edifice which gives the pledge of permanence to this bold enterprise is seen at the central point of the picture. There stands the meeting-house, a small structure, low-roofed, without a spire and built of rough timber, newly hewn, with the sap still in the logs, and here and there a strip of bark adhering to them. A meaner temple was never consecrated to the worship of the Deity. . . .

Their house of worship, like their ceremonial, was naked, simple, and severe. But the zeal of a recovered faith burned like a lamp within their hearts, enriching everything around them with its radiance; making of these new walls, and this narrow compass, its own cathedral; and being, in itself, that spiritual mystery and experience, of which sacred architecture, pictured windows, and the organ's grand solemnity, are remote and imperfect symbols. All was well, so long as their lamps were freshly kindled at the heavenly flame.

After a while, however, whether in their time or their children's, these lamps began to burn more dimly, or with a less genuine luster; and then it might be seen how hard and cold was their system—how like an iron cage was that which they called Liberty.

Too much of this. Look again at the picture, and observe how the aforesaid Anglo-Saxon energy is now trampling along the street, and raising a positive cloud of dust beneath its sturdy footsteps. . . .

A multitude of people were now thronging to New England; some, because the ancient and ponderous frame-work of Church and State threatened to crumble down upon their heads; others, because they despaired of such a downfall. Among those who came to Naumkeag were men of history and legend, whose feet leave a track of brightness along any pathway which they have trodden. You shall behold their life-like images—their specters, if you choose to call them—passing, encountering with a familiar nod, stopping to converse together, praying, bearing weapons, laboring or resting from their labors, in the Main Street. Here, now, comes Hugh Peters, an earnest, restless man, walking swiftly, as being impelled by that fiery activity of nature which shall hereafter thrust him into the conflict of dangerous affairs, make him the chaplain and counsellor of Cromwell, and finally bring him to a bloody end. He pauses, by the meeting-house, to exchange a greeting with Roger Williams, whose face indicates, methinks, a gentler spirit, kinder and more expansive, than that of Peters; yet not less active for what he discerns to be the will of God, or the welfare of mankind.

And look! here is a guest for Endicott, coming forth out of the forest, through which he has been journeying from Boston, and which, with its rude branches, has caught hold of his attire, and has wet his feet with its swamps and streams. Still there is something in his mild and venerable, though not aged presence, a propriety, an equilibrium, in Governor Winthrop's nature, that causes the disarray of his costume to be unnoticed, and gives us the same impression as if he were clad in such grave and rich attire as we may suppose him to have worn in the Council Chamber of the colony. Is not this characteristic wonderfully perceptible in our spectral representative of his person? . . .

And next, among these Puritans and Roundheads, we observe the very model of a Cavalier, with the curling lovelock, the fantastically trimmed beard, the embroidery, the ornamented rapier, the gilded dagger, and all other foppishnesses that distinguished the wild gallants who rode headlong to their overthrow in the cause of King Charles. This is Morton of Merry Mount, who has come hither to hold a council with Endicott, but will shortly be his prisoner. Yonder pale, decaying figure of a white-robed woman, who glides slowly along the street, is the Lady Arabella, looking for her own grave in the virgin soil. That other female form who seems to be talking—we might almost say preaching or expounding—in the center of a group of profoundly attentive auditors, is Ann Hutchinson. And here comes Vane.

"But, my dear sir," interrupts the same gentleman, "allow me to observe that these historical

personages could not possibly have met together in the Main Street. They might, and probably did, all visit our old town, at one time or another, but not simultaneously; and you have fallen into anachronisms that I positively shudder to think of!"

"The fellow," adds the scarcely civil critic, "has learned a bead-roll of historic names, which he lugs into his pictorial puppet-show, as he calls it, helter-skelter, without caring whether they were contemporaries or not—and sets them all by the ears together. But was there ever such a fund of impudence? To hear his running commentary, you would suppose that these miserable slips of painted pasteboard, with hardly the remotest outlines of the human figure, had all the character and expression of Michelangelo's pictures. Well! go on, sir!"

"Sir, you break the illusion of the scene," mildly remonstrates the showman.

"Illusion! What illusion?" rejoins the critic, with a contemptuous snort. "On the word of a gentleman, I see nothing illusive in the wretchedly bedaubed sheet of canvas that forms your background, or in these pasteboard slips that hitch and jerk along the front. The only illusion, permit me to say, is in the puppet-showman's tongue—and that but a wretched one, into the bargain!"

"We public men," replies the showman, "must lay our account to meet an uncandid severity of criticism. But—merely for your own pleasure, sir—let me entreat you to take another point of view. Sit further back, by that young lady, in whose face I have watched the reflection of every changing scene; only oblige me by sitting there; and, take my word for it, the slips of pasteboard shall assume spiritual life, and the bedaubed canvas become a changeable reflex of what it purports to represent."

"I know better," retorts the critic, settling himself in his seat, with sullen but self-complacent immovableness. "And, as for my own pleasure, I shall best consult it by remaining precisely where I am."

THE SHOWMAN BOWS, and waves his hand; and, at the signal, as if time and vicissitude had been awaiting his permission to move onward, the mimic street becomes alive again.

Years have rolled over our scene, and converted the forest-track into a dusty thoroughfare, which, being intersected with lanes and cross-paths, may fairly be designated as the Main Street. On the ground sites of many of the log-built sheds, into which the first settlers crept for shelter, houses of quaint architecture have now risen. These later edifices are built, as you see, in one generally accordant style, though with such subordinate variety as keeps the beholder's curiosity excited, and causes each structure, like its owner's character, to produce its own peculiar impression. . . .

Great as is the transformation produced by a short term of years, each single day creeps through the Puritan settlement sluggishly enough. It shall pass before your eyes, condensed into the space of a few moments. The gray light of early morning is slowly diffusing itself over the scene; and the bellman, whose office it is to cry the hour at the street corners, rings the last peal upon his hand-bell, and goes wearily homewards, with the owls, the bats, and other creatures of the night. Lattices are thrust back on their hinges, as if the town were opening its eyes, in the summer morning. Forth stumbles the still drowsy cow-herd, with his horn; putting which to his lips, it emits a bellowing bray, impossible to be represented in the picture, but which reaches the pricked-up ears of every cow in the settlement, and tells her that the dewy pasture-hour is come. House after house awakes, and sends the smoke up curling from its chimney, like frosty breath from living nostrils; and as those white wreaths of smoke, though impregnated with earthy admixtures, climb skyward, so, from each dwelling, does the morning worship—its spiritual essence bearing up its human imperfection—find its way to the heavenly Father's throne.

The breakfast-hour being passed, the inhabitants do not, as usual, go to their fields or workshops, but remain within doors; or perhaps walk the street, with a grave sobriety, yet a disengaged and unburthened aspect, that belongs neither to a holiday nor a Sabbath. It is the Thursday Lecture; an institution which New England has long ago relinquished, and almost forgotten, yet which it would have been better to retain, as bearing relations to both the spiritual and ordinary life, and bringing each acquainted with the other. The tokens of its observance, however, which here meet our eyes, are of rather a questionable cast. It is, in one sense, a day of public shame; the day on which transgressors, who have made themselves liable to the minor severities of the Puritan law, receive their reward of ignominy. At this very moment, the constable has bound an idle fellow to the whipping-post, and is giving him his deserts with a cat-o'-nine-tails. Ever since sunrise, Daniel Fairfield has been standing on the steps of the meeting-house, with a halter about his neck, which he is condemned to wear visibly throughout his lifetime; Dorothy Talby is chained to a post at the corner of Prison-lane, with the hot sun blazing on her matronly face, and all for no other offence than lifting her hand against her husband. . . . Such are the profitable sights that serve the good people to while away the earlier part of lecture-day.

Betimes in the forenoon, a traveler—the first traveler that has come hitherward this morning—rides slowly into the street, on his patient steed. He seems a clergyman; and, as he draws near, we recognize the minister of Lynn, who was pre-engaged to lecture here, and has been revolving his discourse, as he rode through the hoary wilderness. Behold, now, the whole town thronging into the meeting-house, mostly with such somber visages that the sunshine becomes little better than a shadow when it falls upon them. There go the Thirteen Men, grim rulers of a grim community! There goes John Massey, the first town-born child, now a youth of twenty, whose eye wanders with peculiar interest towards that buxom damsel who comes up the steps at the same instant. There hobbles Goody Foster, a sour and bitter old beldam, looking as if she went to curse, and not to pray, and whom many of her neighbors suspect of taking an occasional airing on a broomstick. There, too, slinking shamefacedly in, you observe that same poor do-nothing and good-for-nothing whom we saw castigated just now at the

whipping-post. Last of all, there goes the tithing-man, lugging in a couple of small boys whom he has caught at play beneath God's blessed sunshine.

It will be hardly worth our while to wait two, or it may be three, turnings of the hour-glass, for the conclusion of the lecture. Therefore, by my control over light and darkness, I cause the dusk, and then the starless night, to brood over the street; and summon forth again the bellman, with his lantern casting a gleam about his footsteps, to pace wearily from corner to corner, and shout drowsily the hour to drowsy or dreaming ears.

Happy are we, if for nothing else, yet because we did not live in those days. In truth, when the first novelty and stir of spirit had subsided, when the new settlement, between the forest-border and the sea, had become actually a little town, its daily life must have trudged onward with hardly anything to diversify and enliven it, while also its rigidity could not fail to cause miserable distortions of the moral nature. Such a life was sinister to the intellect, and sinister to the heart; especially when one generation had bequeathed its religious gloom, and the counterfeit of its religious ardor, to the next; for these characteristics, as was inevitable, assumed the form of both hypocrisy and exaggeration, by being inherited from the example and precept of other human beings, and not from an original and spiritual source.

The sons and grandchildren of the first settlers were a race of lower and narrower souls than their progenitors had been. The latter were stern, severe, intolerant, but not superstitious, not even fanatical; and endowed, if any men of that age were, with a far-seeing worldly sagacity. But it was impossible for the succeeding race to grow up, in heaven's freedom, beneath the discipline which their gloomy energy of character had established; nor, it may be, have we even yet thrown off all the unfavorable influences which, among many good ones, were bequeathed to us by our Puritan forefathers. Let us thank God for having given us such ancestors; and let each successive generation thank him, not less fervently, for being one step farther from them in the march of ages.

"What is all this?" cries the critic. "A sermon? If so, it is not in the bill."

"Very true," replies the showman; "and I ask pardon of the audience." . . .

Meanwhile, by the silent operation of mechanism behind the scenes, a considerable space of time would seem to have lapsed over the street. The older dwellings now begin to look weather-beaten, through the effect of the many eastern storms that have moistened their unpainted shingles and clapboards, for not less than forty years. Such is the age we would assign to the town, judging by the aspect of John Massey, the first town-born child, whom his neighbors now call Goodman Massey, and whom we see yonder, a grave, almost autumnal-looking man, with children of his own about him. To the patriarchs of the settlement, no doubt, the Main Street is still but an affair of yesterday, hardly more antique, even if destined to be more permanent, than a path shoveled through the snow. But to the middle-aged and elderly men who came hither in childhood or early youth, it presents the aspect of a long and well-established work, on which they have expended the strength and ardor of their life. And the younger people, native to the street, whose earliest recollections are of creeping over the paternal threshold, and rolling on the grassy margin of the track, look at it as one of the perdurable things of our mortal state, as old as the hills of the great pasture, or the headland at the harbor's mouth. Their fathers and grandsires tell them how, within a few years past, the forest stood here, with but a lonely track beneath its tangled shade. Vain legend! They cannot make it true and real to their conceptions. With them, moreover, the Main Street is a street indeed, worthy to hold its way with the thronged and stately avenues of cities beyond the sea. The old Puritans tell them of the crowds that hurry along Cheapside and Fleet Street and the Strand, and of the rush of tumultuous life at Temple Bar. They describe London Bridge, itself a street, with a row of houses on each side. They speak of the vast structure of the Tower, and the solemn grandeur of Westminster Abbey. The children listen, and still inquire if the streets of London are longer and broader than the one before their father's door; if the Tower is bigger than the jail in Prison Lane; if the old Abbey will hold a larger congregation than our meeting-house. Nothing impresses them, except their own experience. . . .

Pass onward, onward, Time! Build up new houses here, and tear down thy works of yesterday, that have already the rusty moss upon them! Summon forth the minister to the abode of the young maiden, and bid him unite her to the joyful bridegroom! Let the youthful parents carry their first-born to the meeting-house, to receive the baptismal rite! Knock at the door, whence the sable line of the funeral is next to issue! Provide other successive generations of men, to trade, talk, quarrel, or walk in friendly intercourse along the street, as their fathers did before them. Do all thy daily and accustomed business, Father Time, in this thoroughfare, which thy footsteps, for so many years, have now made dusty! But here, at last, thou leadest along a procession which, once witnessed, shall appear no more, and be remembered only as a hideous dream of thine, or a frenzy of thy old brain.

"Turn your crank, I say," bellows the remorseless critic, "and grind it out, whatever it be, without further preface!"

The showman deems it best to comply.

Then, here comes the worshipful Captain Curwen, sheriff of Essex, on horseback, at the head of an armed guard, escorting a company of condemned prisoners from the jail to their place of execution on Gallows Hill. The witches! There is no mistaking them! The witches! As they approach up Prison Lane, and turn into the Main Street, let us watch their faces, as if we made a part of the pale crowd that presses so eagerly about them, yet shrinks back with such shuddering dread, leaving an open passage betwixt a dense throng on either side. Listen to what the people say.

See that aged couple, John Proctor, and his wife Elizabeth. If there were two old people in all the County of Essex who seemed to have led a true

Christian life and to be treading hopefully the little remnant of their earthly path, it was this very pair. Yet have we heard it sworn, to the satisfaction of the worshipful Chief Justice Sewell, and all the court and jury, that Proctor and his wife have shown their withered faces at children's bedsides, mocking, making mouths, and affrighting the poor little innocents in the night-time. They, or their spectral appearances, have stuck pins into the afflicted ones, and thrown them into deadly fainting-fits with a touch, or but a look. And, while we supposed the old man to be reading the Bible to his old wife—she meanwhile knitting in the chimney-corner — the pair of hoary reprobates have whisked up the chimney, both on one broomstick, and flown away to a witch-communion, far into the depths of the chill, dark forest. How foolish! Were it only for fear of rheumatic pains in their old bones, they had better have stayed at home. But away they went; and the laughter of their decayed, cackling voices has been heard at midnight, aloft in the air. Now, in the sunny noontide, as they go tottering to the gallows, it is the devil's turn to laugh.

Behind these two, who help one another along, and seem to be comforting and encouraging each other in a manner truly pitiful, if it were not a sin to pity the old witch and wizard—behind them comes a woman, with a dark, proud face that has been beautiful, and a figure that is still majestic. Do you know her? It is Martha Carrier, whom the devil found in a humble cottage, and looked into her discontented heart, and saw pride there, and tempted her with his promise that she should be Queen of Hell. And now, with that lofty demeanor, she is passing to her kingdom, and, by her unquenchable pride, transforms this escort of shame into a triumphal procession, that shall attend her to the gates of her infernal palace, and seat her upon the fiery throne. Within this hour, she shall assume her royal dignity.

Last of the miserable train comes a man clad in black, of small stature and a dark complexion, with a clerical band about his neck. Many a time, in the years gone by, that face has been uplifted heavenward from the pulpit of the East Meeting-house, when the Rev. Mr. Burroughs seemed to worship God. What!—he? The holy man!—the learned!—the wise! How has the devil tempted him? His fellow-criminals, for the most part, are obtuse, uncultivated creatures, some of them scarcely half-witted by nature, and others greatly decayed in their intellects through age. They were an easy prey for the destroyer. Not so with this George Burroughs, as we judge by the inward light which glows through his dark countenance, and, we might almost say, glorifies his figure, in spite of the soil and haggardness of long imprisonment—in spite of the heavy shadow that must fall on him, while death is walking by his side. What bribe could Satan offer, rich enough to tempt and overcome this man? Alas! it may have been in the very strength of his high and searching intellect, that the Tempter found the weakness which betrayed him. He yearned for knowledge; he went groping onward into a world of mystery; at first, as the witnesses have sworn, he summoned up the ghosts of his two dead wives, and talked with them of matters beyond the grave; and, when their responses failed to satisfy the intense and sinful craving of his spirit, he called on Satan, and was heard.

Do you see that group of children and half-grown girls, and, among them, an old, hag-like Indian woman, Tituba by name? Those are the Afflicted Ones. Behold, at this very instant, a proof of Satan's power and malice! Mercy Parris, the minister's daughter, has been smitten by a flash of Martha Carrier's eye, and falls down in the street, writhing with horrible spasms and foaming at the mouth, like the possessed one spoken of in Scripture. Hurry on the accursed witches to the gallows, ere they do more mischief!—ere they fling out their withered arms, and scatter pestilence by handfuls among the crowd!—ere, as their parting legacy, they cast a blight over the land, so that henceforth it may bear no fruit nor blade of grass, and be fit for nothing but a sepulcher for their unhallowed carcasses! So, on they go; Goodman Proctor and his wife lean on one another, and walk at a reasonably steady pace, considering their age. Mr. Burroughs seems to administer counsel to Martha Carrier, whose face and mien, methinks, are milder and humbler than they were. Among the multitude, meanwhile, there is horror, fear and distrust; and friend looks askance at friend, and the husband at his wife, and the wife at him, and even the mother at her little child; as if, in every creature that God has made, they suspected a witch, or dreaded an accuser. Never, never again, whether in this or any other shape, may Universal Madness riot in the Main Street!

I PERCEIVE IN YOUR EYES, my indulgent spectators, the criticism which you are too kind to utter. These scenes, you think, are all too somber. So, indeed, they are; but the blame must rest on the somber spirit of our forefathers, who wove their web of life with hardly a single thread of rose-color or gold, and not on me, who have a tropic-love of sunshine, and would gladly gild all the world with it, if I knew where to find so much. That you may believe me, I will exhibit one of the only class of scenes, so far as my investigation has taught me, in which our ancestors were wont to steep their tough old hearts in wine and strong drink, and indulge an outbreak of grisly jollity.

Here it comes, out of the same house whence we saw brave Captain Gardner go forth to the wars. What! A coffin, borne on men's shoulders, and six aged gentlemen as pall bearers, and a long train of mourners, with black gloves and black hat-bands, and everything black, save a white handkerchief in each mourner's hand, to wipe away his tears withal. Now, my kind patrons, you are angry with me. You were bidden to a bridal-dance, and find yourselves walking in a funeral procession. Even so; but look back through all the social customs of New England, in the first century of her existence, and read all her traits of character; and if you find one occasion, other than a funeral feast, where jollity was sanctioned by universal practice, I will set fire to my puppet-show without another word. These are the obsequies of old Governor Bradstreet, the patriarch and survivor of the first settlers, who, having inter-married with the Widow Gardner, is now resting from his labors at the great age of ninety-four. The white-bearded corpse, which was his spirit's

earthly garniture, now lies beneath yonder coffin-lid. Many a cask of ale and cider is on tap, and many a draught of spiced wine and aqua-vitæ has been quaffed. Else why should the bearers stagger, as they tremulously uphold the coffin?—and the aged pall-bearers, too, as they strive to walk solemnly beside it?—and wherefore do the mourners tread on one another's heels?—and why, if we may ask without offence, should the nose of the Reverend Mr. Noyes, through which he has just been delivering the funeral discourse, glow like a ruddy coal of fire? Well, well, old friends! Pass on, with your burden of mortality, and lay it in the tomb. People should be permitted to enjoy themselves in their own fashion; but New England must have been a dismal abode for the man of pleasure, when the only boon-companion was Death.

Under cover of a mist that has settled over the scene, a few years flit by and escape our notice. As the atmosphere becomes transparent, we perceive a decrepit grandsire, hobbling along the street. Do you recognize him? We saw him, first, as the baby in Goodwife Massey's arms, when the primeval trees were flinging their shadows over Roger Conant's cabin; we have seen him as the boy, the youth, the man, bearing his humble part in all the successive scenes, and forming the index-figure whereby to note the age of his coeval town. And here he is, old Goodman Massey, taking his last walk, often pausing, often leaning over his staff and calling to mind whose dwelling stood at such and such a spot, and whose field or garden occupied the site of those more recent houses. He can render a reason for all the bends and deviations of the thoroughfare, which, in its flexible and plastic infancy, was made to swerve aside from a straight line, in order to visit every settler's door. The Main Street is still youthful; the coeval man is in his latest age. Soon he will be gone, a patriarch of four-score, yet shall retain a sort of infantine life in our local history, as the first town-born child.

Behold here a change, wrought in the twinkling of an eye, like an incident in a tale of magic, even while your observation has been fixed upon the scene. The Main Street has vanished out of sight. In its stead appears a wintry waste of snow, with the sun just peeping over it, cold and bright, and tinging the white expanse with the faintest and most ethereal rose-color. This is the Great Snow of 1717, famous for the mountain-drifts in which it buried the whole country. It would seem as if the street, the growth of which we have noted so attentively, following it from its first phase, as an Indian track, until it reached the dignity of side-walks, were all at once obliterated and resolved into a drearier pathlessness than when the forest covered it. The gigantic swells and billows of the snow have swept over each man's metes and bounds, and annihilated all the visible distinctions of human property. So that now the traces of former times and hitherto accomplished deeds being done away, mankind should be at liberty to enter on new paths, and guide themselves by other laws than heretofore; if, indeed, the race be not extinct, and it be worth our while to go on with the march of life, over the cold and desolate expanse that lies before us. It may be, however, that matters are not so desperate as they appear. That vast icicle, glittering so cheerlessly in the sunshine, must be the spire of the meeting-house, incrusted with frozen sleet. Those great heaps, too, which we mistook for drifts are houses, buried up to their eaves and with their peaked roofs rounded by the depth of snow upon them. There, now, comes a gush of smoke from what I judge to be the chimney of the Ship Tavern; and another—another—and another—from the chimneys of other dwellings, where fireside comfort, domestic peace, the sports of children, and the quietude of age, are living yet, in spite of the frozen crust above them.

But it is time to change the scene. One turn of the crank shall melt away the snow from the Main Street, and show the trees in their full foliage, the rose-bushes in bloom, and a border of green grass along the sidewalk. There! But what! How! The scene will not move. A wire is broken. The street continues buried beneath the snow.

Alas! my kind and gentle audience, you know not the extent of your misfortune. The scenes to come were far better than the past. The street itself would have been more worthy of pictorial exhibition; the deeds of its inhabitants, not less so. And how would your interest have deepened, as, passing out of the cold shadow of antiquity, in my long and weary course, I should arrive within the limits of man's memory, and, leading you at last into the sunshine of the present, should give you a reflex of the very life that is flitting past us! Your own beauty, my fair townswomen, would have beamed upon you, out of my scene. Not a gentleman that walks the street but should have beheld his own face and figure, his gait, the peculiar swing of his arm, and the coat that he put on yesterday. Then, too—and it is what I chiefly regret—I had expended a vast deal of light and brilliancy on a representation of the street in its whole length, from Buffum's Corner downward, on the night of the grand illumination for General Taylor's triumph. Lastly, I should have given the crank one other turn, and have brought out the future, showing you who shall walk the Main Street tomorrow.

But these, like most other human purposes, lie unaccomplished; and I have only further to say, that any lady or gentleman who may feel dissatisfied with the evening's entertainment shall receive back the admission fee at the door.

"Then give me mine," cries the critic, stretching out his palm. "I said that your exhibition would prove a humbug, and so it has turned out. So, hand over my quarter!"

◆

By
JOHN MASEFIELD
From "All Ye That Pass By"

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On the long dusty ribbon of the long city street,
The pageant of life is passing me on multitudinous feet,
With a word here of the hills, and a song there of the sea
And—the great movement changes—the pageant passes me.

By ALEXANDER PUSHKIN

The great romantic poet of Russia and one of her first novelists and story-writers. In 1837 his brief and colorful life of strife and exile terminated in a duel.

An Amateur Peasant Girl

The shepherd gave Nastia a small pair of colored bast shoes.

IN ONE OF OUR most distant governments was situated the domain of Ivan Petrovitch Berestoff. In his youth he had served in the Guards; but having quitted the service at the beginning of the year 1797, he repaired to his estate, and since that time he had not stirred away from it. He had married a poor but noble lady, who died at a time when he was absent from home on a visit to one of the outlying fields of his domain. He soon found consolation in domestic occupations. He built a house on a plan of his own, established a cloth manufactory, made good use of his revenues, and began to consider himself the most sensible man in the whole country round about, and in this he was not contradicted by those of his neighbors who came to visit him with their families and their dogs. On week days he wore a plush jacket, but on Sundays and holidays he appeared in a surtout of cloth that had been manufactured on his own premises. He himself kept an account of all his expenses, and he never read anything except the *Senate Gazette*.

Alexei vowed she was more beautiful than all the fair young ladies in creation.

In general he was liked, although he was considered proud. There was only one person who was not on good terms with him, and that was Gregory Ivanovitch Mouromsky, his nearest neighbor. This latter was a genuine Russian noble of the old stamp. After having squandered in Moscow the greater part of his fortune, and having become a widower about the same time, he retired to his last remaining estate, where he continued to indulge in habits of extravagance, but of a new kind. He laid out an English garden, on which he expended nearly the whole of his remaining revenue. His grooms were dressed like English jockeys, his daughter had an English governess, and his fields were cultivated after the English method.

"But after the foreign manner

Liza dressed herself in the peasant's costume and practiced her part.

Russian corn does not bear fruit," and in spite of a considerable reduction in his expenses, the revenues of Gregory Ivanovitch did not increase. He found means, even in the country, of contracting new debts. Nevertheless he was not considered a fool, for he was the first landowner in his government who conceived the idea of placing his estate under the safeguard of a council of tutelage—a proceeding which at that time was considered exceedingly complicated and venturesome. Of all those who censured him, Berestoff showed himself the most severe. Hatred of all innovation was a distinguishing trait in his character. He could not bring himself to speak calmly of the Anglomania of his neighbor, and he constantly found occasion to criticize him. If he showed his possessions to a guest, in reply to the praises bestowed upon him for his economical arrangements, he would say with a sly smile:

"Ah, yes, it is not the same with me as with my neighbor Gregory Ivanovitch. What need have we to ruin ourselves in the English style, when we have enough to do to keep the wolf from the door in the Russian style?"

These and similar sarcastic remarks, thanks to the zeal of obliging neighbors, did not fail to reach the ears of Gregory Ivanovitch, greatly embellished. The Anglomaniac bore criticism as impatiently as our journalists. He became furious and called his traducer a bear and a countryman.

Such were the relations between the two proprietors, when the son of Berestoff returned home to his father's estate. He had been educated at the University of —— and was anxious to enter the military service, but to this his father would not give his consent. For the civil service the young man had not the slightest inclination; and as neither felt inclined to yield to the other, the young Alexei lived in the meantime like a nobleman, and allowed his moustache to grow.

Alexei was indeed a fine young fellow, and it would really have been a pity were his slender figure never to be set off to advantage by a military uniform and were he to be compelled to spend his youth in bending over the papers of the chancery office, instead of bestriding a gallant steed. The neighbors, observing how he was always first in the chase and always out of the beaten tracks, unanimously agreed that he would never make a useful official. The young ladies gazed after him and sometimes cast stolen glances at him; but Alexei troubled himself very little about them and they attributed this insensibility to some secret love affair. Indeed, there passed from hand to hand a copy of the address of one of his letters: "To Akoulina Petrovna Kourotchkin, in Moscow, opposite the Alexeivsky Monastery, in the house of the coppersmith Saveleff, with the request that she will forward this letter to A. N. R."

Those of my readers who have never lived in the country, cannot imagine how charming these provincial young ladies are! Brought up in the pure air under the shadow of the apple trees of their gardens, they derive their knowledge of the world and of life chiefly from books. Solitude, freedom, and reading develop very early within them sentiments and passions unknown to our town-bred beauties. For the young ladies of the country the sound of the post bell is an event; a journey to the nearest town marks an epoch in their lives, and the visit of a guest leaves behind a long and sometimes an eternal recollection. Of course everybody is at liberty to laugh at some of their peculiarities, but the jokes of a superficial observer cannot nullify their essential merits, the chief of which is that personality of character, that *individualité,* without which, in Jean Paul's opinion, there can be no human greatness. In the capitals, women receive perhaps a better instruction, but intercourse with the world soon levels the character and makes their souls as uniform as their headdresses. . . .

It can easily be imagined what impression Alexei would produce among the circle of our young ladies. He was the first who appeared before them gloomy and disenchanted, the first who spoke to them of lost happiness and of his blighted youth; in addition to which he wore a mourning ring engraved with a death's head. All this was something quite new in that distant government. The young ladies simply went out of their minds about him.

But not one of them felt so much interest in him as the daughter of our Anglomaniac, Liza, or Betsy, as Gregory Ivanovitch usually called her. As their parents did not visit each other, she had not yet seen

Alexei, even when he had become the sole topic of conversation among all the young ladies of the neighborhood. She was seventeen years of age. Dark eyes illuminated her swarthy and exceedingly pleasant countenance. She was an only child, and consequently she was perfectly spoiled. Her wantonness and continual pranks delighted her father and filled with despair the heart of Miss Jackson, her governess, an affected old maid of forty, who powdered her face and darkened her eyebrows, read through *Pamela* twice a year, for which she received two thousand roubles, and felt bored to death in this barbarous Russia of ours.

LIZA WAS WAITED UPON by Nastia, who, although somewhat older, was quite as giddy as her mistress. Liza was very fond of her, revealed to her all her secrets, and planned pranks together with her; in a word, Nastia was a far more important person in the village of Priloutchina, than the trusted confidante in a French tragedy.

"Will you allow me to go out today on a visit?" said Nastia one morning, as she was dressing her mistress.

"Very well; but where are you going to?"

"To Tougilovo, to the Berestoffs. The wife of their cook is going to celebrate her name day today, and she came over yesterday to invite us to dinner."

"That's curious," said Liza; "the masters are at daggers drawn, but the servants fête each other."

"What have the masters to do with us?" replied Nastia. "Besides, I belong to you, and not to your papa. You have not had any quarrel with young Berestoff; let the old ones quarrel and fight, if it gives them any pleasure."

"Try and see Alexei Berestoff, Nastia, and then tell me what he looks like and what sort of person he is."

Nastia promised to do so, and all day long Liza waited with impatience for her return. In the evening Nastia made her appearance.

"Well, Lizaveta Gregorievna," said she, on entering the room, "I have seen young Berestoff, and I had ample opportunity for taking a good look at him, for we have been together all day."

"How did that happen? Tell me about it; tell me everything about it."

"Very well. We set out, I, Anissia Egorovna, Nenila, Dounka. . . ."

"Yes, yes, I know. And then?"

"With your leave, I will tell you everything in detail. We arrived just in time for dinner. The room was full of people. The Kolbinskys were there, as well as the Zakharevskys, the Khloupinskys, the bailiff's wife, and her daughters. . . ."

"Well, and Berestoff?"

"Wait a moment. We sat down to table; the bailiff's wife had the place of honor. I sat next to her. . . . the daughters pouted and didn't like it, but I didn't care about them. . . ."

"Good heavens, Nastia, how tiresome you are with your never-ending details!"

"How impatient you are! Well, we rose from the table . . . we had been sitting down for three hours, and the dinner was excellent; pastry, blancmanges, blue, red, and striped. . . . Well, we left the table and went into the garden to have a game at catching one another, and it was then that the young lord made his appearance."

"Well, and is it true that he is so very handsome?"

"Exceedingly handsome: tall, well-built, and with red cheeks. . . ."

"Really? And I was under the impression that he was fair. Well, and how did he seem to you? Sad, thoughtful?"

"Nothing of the kind! I have never in my life seen such a frolicsome person. He wanted to join in the game with us."

"Join in the game with you? Impossible!"

"Not at all impossible. And what else do you think he wanted to do? To kiss us all round!"

"With your permission, Nastia, you are talking nonsense."

"With your permission, I am not talking nonsense. I had the greatest trouble in the world to get away from him. He spent the whole day along with us."

"But they say that he is in love, and hasn't eyes for anybody."

"I don't know anything about that; but I know that he looked at me a good deal, and so he did at Tania, the bailiff's daughter, and at Pasha Kolbinsky also. But it cannot be said that he offended anybody—he is so very agreeable."

"That is extraordinary! And what do they say about him in the house?"

"They say that he is an excellent master—so kind, so cheerful. They have only one fault to find with him; he is too fond of running after the young girls. But for my part, I don't think that is a very great fault; he will grow steady with age."

"How I should like to see him!" said Liza, sighing.

"What is there to hinder you from doing so? Tougilovo is not far from us—only about three versts. Go and take a walk in that direction, or a ride on horseback, and you will assuredly meet him. He goes out early every morning with his gun."

"No, no, that would not do. He might think that I was running after him. Besides, our fathers are not on good terms, so that I cannot make his acquaintance. . . . Ah! Nastia, do you know what I'll do? I will dress myself up as a peasant girl!"

"Exactly! Put on a coarse chemise and a *sarafan*, and then go boldly to Tougilovo; I will answer for it that Berestoff will not pass by without taking notice of you."

"And I know how to imitate the style of speech of the peasants about here. Ah, Nastia, my dear Nastia, what an excellent idea!" And Liza went to bed, firmly resolved on putting her plan into execution.

The next morning she began to prepare for the accomplishment of her scheme. She sent to the bazaar and bought some coarse linen, some blue nankeen, and some copper buttons, and with the help of Nastia she cut out for herself a chemise and *sarafan*. She then set all the female servants to work to do the necessary sewing, so that by the evening everything was ready. Liza tried on the new costume; and as she stood before the mirror, she confessed to herself that she had never looked so charming. Then she practiced her part. As she walked she made a low bow and then tossed her head several times, after the manner of a

china cat, spoke in the peasants' dialect, smiled behind her sleeve, and did everything to Nastia's complete satisfaction. One thing only proved irksome to her: she tried to walk barefooted cross the courtyard, but the turf pricked her tender feet, and she found the stones and gravel unbearable. Nastia immediately came to her assistance. She took the measurement of Liza's foot, ran to the fields to Trophim the shepherd, and ordered him to make a pair of bast shoes.

The next morning, almost before it was dawn, Liza was already awake. Everybody in the house was still asleep. Nastia went to the gate to wait for the shepherd. The sound of a horn was heard, and the village flock defiled past the manor house. Trophim, on passing by Nastia, gave her a small pair of colored bast shoes, and received from her a half-rouble in exchange. Liza quietly dressed herself in the peasant's costume, whispered her instructions to Nastia with reference to Miss Jackson, descended the back staircase, and made her way through the garden into the field beyond.

The eastern sky was all aglow, and the golden lines of clouds seemed to be awaiting the sun, as courtiers await their monarch. The bright sky, the freshness of the morning, the dew, the light breeze, and the singing of the birds filled the heart of Liza with childish joy. The fear of meeting some acquaintance seemed to give her wings, for she flew rather than walked. But as she apprached the wood which bounded her father's estate, she slackened her pace.

HERE SHE RESOLVED to wait for Alexei. Her heart beat violently, she knew not why; but is not the fear which accompanies our youthful escapades that which constitutes their greatest charm? Liza advanced into the depth of the wood. The deep murmur of the waving branches seemed to welcome the young girl. Her gaiety vanished. Little by little she abandoned herself to sweet reveries. She thought —but who can say exactly what a young lady of seventeen thinks of, alone in a wood, at six o'clock of a spring morning? And so she walked musing along the pathway which was shaded on both sides by tall trees, when suddenly a magnificent hunting dog came barking and bounding towards her. Liza became alarmed and cried out. But at the same moment a voice called out: *"Tout beau, Sbogar, ici!"* . . . and a young hunter emerged from behind a clump of bushes.

"Don't be afraid, my dear," said he to Liza; "my dog does not bite."

Liza had already recovered from her alarm, and she immediately took advantage of her opportunity.

"But, sir," said she, assuming a half-frightened, half-bashful expression, "I am so afraid; he looks so fierce—he might fly at me again."

Alexei gazed fixedly at the young peasant girl.

"I will accompany you if you are afraid," said he to her: "will you allow me to walk along with you?"

"Who is to hinder you?" replied Liza. "Wills are free, and the road is open to everybody."

"Where do you come from?"

"From Priloutchina; I am the daughter of Vassili the blacksmith, and I am going to gather mushrooms. (Liza carried a basket on her arm.) And you, sir? From Tougilovo, I have no doubt."

"Exactly so," replied Alexei: "I am the young master's valet de chambre."

Alexei wanted to put himself on an equality with her, but Liza looked at him and began to smile.

"That is a fib," said she: "I am not such a fool as you may think. I see very well that you are the young master himself."

"Why do you think so?"

"I think so for a great many reasons."

"But——"

"AS IF IT WERE not possible to distinguish the master from the servant! You are not dressed like a servant, you do not speak like one, and you address your dog in a different way to us."

Liza began to please Alexei more and more. As he was not accustomed to standing upon ceremony with peasant girls, he wanted to embrace her; but Liza drew back from him, and suddenly assumed such a cold and severe look, that Alexei, although much amused, did not venture to renew the attempt.

"If you wish that we should remain good friends," said she with dignity, "be good enough not to forget yourself."

"Who taught you such wisdom?" asked Alexei, bursting into a laugh. "Can it be my friend Nastenka, the chamber maid to your young mistress? See by what paths enlightenment becomes diffused!"

Liza felt that she had stepped out of her rôle, and she immediately recovered herself.

"Do you think," said she, "that I have never been to the manor house? Don't alarm yourself; I have seen and heard a great many things. . . . But," continued she, "if I talk to you, I shall not gather my mushrooms. Go your way, sir, and I will go mine. Pray excuse me." And she was about to move off, but Alexei seized hold of her hand.

"What is your name, my dear?"

"Akoulina," replied Liza, endeavoring to disengage her fingers from his grasp: "but let me go, sir; it is time for me to return home."

"Well, my friend Akoulina, I will certainly pay a visit to your father, Vassili the blacksmith."

"What do you say?" replied Liza quickly; "for Heaven's sake, don't think of doing such a thing! If it were known at home that I had been talking to a gentleman alone in the wood, I should fare very badly, —my father would beat me to death."

"But I really must see you again."

"Well, then, I will come here again some time to gather mushrooms."

"When?"

"Well, tomorrow, if you wish it."

"My dear Akoulina, I would kiss you, but I dare not. Tomorrow, then, at the same time, isn't that so?"

"Yes, yes!"

"And you will not deceive me?"

"I will not deceive you."

"Swear it."

"Well, then, I swear by Holy Friday that I will come."

The young people separated. Liza emerged from the wood, crossed the field, stole into the garden, and hastened to the place where Nastia awaited her.

Drawings by Richard Decker

There she changed her costume, replying absently to the questions of her impatient confidante, and then she repaired to the parlor. The cloth was laid, the breakfast was ready, and Miss Jackson, already powdered and laced up, so that she looked like a wine glass, was cutting thin slices of bread and butter.

Her father praised her for her early walk.

"There is nothing so healthy," said he, "as getting up at daybreak."

Then he cited several instances of human longevity, which he had derived from the English journals, and observed that all persons who had lived to be upwards of a hundred, abstained from brandy and rose at daybreak, winter and summer.

Liza did not listen to him. In her thoughts she was going over all the circumstances of the meeting of that morning, all the conversation of Akoulina with the young hunter, and her conscience began to torment her. In vain did she try to persuade herself that their conversation had not gone beyond the bounds of propriety and that the frolic would be followed by no serious consequences—her conscience spoke louder than her reason. The promise given for the following day troubled her more than anything else, and she almost felt resolved not to keep her solemn oath. But then, might not Alexei, after waiting for her in vain, make his way to the village and search out the daughter of Vassili the blacksmith, the veritable Akoulina—a fat, pock-marked peasant girl—and so discover the prank she had played upon him? This thought frightened Liza, and she resolved to repair again to the little wood the next morning in the same disguise as at first.

On his side, Alexei was in an ecstasy of delight. All day long he thought of his new acquaintance; and in his dreams at night the form of the dark-skinned beauty appeared before him. The morning had scarcely begun to dawn when he was already dressed. Without giving himself time to load his gun, he set out for the fields with his faithful Sbogar and hastened to the place of the promised rendezvous. A half hour of intolerable waiting passed by; at last he caught a glimpse of a blue *sarafan* between the bushes, and he rushed forward to meet his charming Akoulina. She smiled at the ecstatic nature of his thanks, but Alexei immediately observed upon her face traces of sadness and uneasiness. He wished to know the cause. Liza confessed to him that her act seemed to her very frivolous, that she repented of it, that this time she did not wish to break her promised word, but that this meeting would be the last, and she therefore entreated him to break off an acquaintanceship which could not lead to any good.

All this, of course, was expressed in the language of a peasant; but such thoughts and sentiments, so unusual in a simple girl of the lower class, struck Alexei with astonishment. He employed all his eloquence to divert Akoulina from her purpose; he assured her that his intentions were honorable, promised her that he would never give her cause to repent, that he would obey her in everything, and earnestly entreated her not to deprive him of the joy of seeing her alone, if only once a day, or even only twice a week. He spoke the language of true passion, and at that moment he was really in love. Liza listened to him in silence.

"Give me your word," said she at last, "that you will never come to the village in search of me and that you will never seek a meeting with me except those that I shall appoint myself."

Alexei swore by Holy Friday, but she stopped him with a smile.

"I do not want you to swear," said she; "your mere word is sufficient."

After that they began to converse together in a friendly manner, strolling about the wood, until Liza said to him: "It is time for me to return home."

They separated, and when Alexei was left alone, he could not understand how, in two interviews, a simple peasant girl had succeeded in acquiring such influence over him. His relations with Akoulina had for him all the charm of novelty, and although the injunctions of the strange young girl appeared to him to be very severe, the thought of breaking his word never once entered his mind. The fact was that Alexei, in spite of his fatal ring, his mysterious correspondence, and his gloomy disenchantment, was a good and impulsive young fellow with a pure heart capable of enjoying the pleasures of innocence.

WERE I TO LISTEN to my own wishes only, I would here enter into a minute description of the interviews of the young people, of their growing passion for each other, their confidences, occupations, and conversations; but I know that the greater part of my readers would not share my satisfaction. Such details are usually considered tedious and uninteresting, and therefore I will omit them, merely observing that before two months had elapsed Alexei was already hopelessly in love, and Liza equally so, though less demonstrative in revealing the fact. Both were happy in the present and troubled little about the future.

The thought of indissoluble ties frequently passed through their minds, but never had they spoken to each other about the matter. The reason was plain: Alexei, however much attached he might be to his lovely Akoulina, could not forget the distance that separated him from the poor peasant girl; while Liza, knowing the hatred that existed between their parents, did not dare to hope for a mutual reconciliation. All at once an important event occurred which threatened to interrupt their mutual relations.

One bright cold morning—such a morning as is very common during our Russian autumn—Ivan Petrovitch Berestoff went out for a ride on horseback, taking with him three pairs of hunting dogs, a game

keeper, and several stableboys with clappers. At the same time, Gregory Ivanovitch Mouromsky, seduced by the beautiful weather, ordered his bob-tailed mare to be saddled, and started out to visit his domains cultivated in the English style. On approaching the wood, he perceived his neighbor, sitting proudly on his horse, in his cloak lined with foxskin, waiting for a hare which his followers, with loud cries and the rattling of their clappers, had started out of a thicket. If Gregory Ivanovitch had foreseen this meeting, he would certainly have proceeded in another direction, but he came upon Berestoff so unexpectedly that he suddenly found himself no farther than the distance of a pistol shot away from him. There was no help for it; Mouromsky, like a civilized European, rode forward towards his adversary and politely saluted him. Berestoff returned the salute with the characteristic grace of a chained bear, who salutes the public in obedience to the order of his master.

At that moment the hare darted out of the wood and started off across the field. Berestoff and the gamekeeper raised a loud shout, let the dogs loose, and then galloped off in pursuit. Mouromsky's horse, not being accustomed to hunting, took fright and bolted. Mouromsky, who prides himself on being a good horseman, gave it full rein, and inwardly rejoiced at the incident which delivered him from a disagreeable companion. But the horse, reaching a ravine which it had not previously noticed, suddenly sprang to one side, and Mouromsky was thrown from the saddle. Striking the frozen ground with considerable force, he lay there cursing his bob-tailed mare, which, as if recovering from its fright, had suddenly come to a standstill as soon as it felt that it was without a rider.

Ivan Petrovitch hastened towards him and inquired if he had injured himself. In the meantime, the gamekeeper had secured the guilty horse, which he now led forward by the bridle. He helped Mouromsky into the saddle, and Berestoff invited him to his house. Mouromsky could not refuse the invitation, for he felt indebted to him; and so Berestoff returned home, covered with glory for having hunted down a hare and for bringing with him his adversary wounded and almost a prisoner of war.

The two neighbors took breakfast together and conversed with each other in a very friendly manner. Mouromsky requested Berestoff to lend him a *droshky,* for he was obliged to confess that, owing to his bruises, he was not in a condition to return home on horseback. Berestoff conducted him to the steps, and Mouromsky did not take leave of him until he had obtained a promise from him that he would come the next day in company with Alexei Ivanovitch and dine in a friendly way at Priloutchina. In this way was a deeply rooted enmity of long standing apparently brought to an end by the skittishness of a bob-tailed mare.

Liza ran forward to meet Gregory Ivanovitch.

"What does this mean, papa?" said she with astonishment. "Why are you walking lame? Where is your horse? Whose is this *droshky?"*

"You will never guess, my dear," replied Gregory Ivanovitch; and he related to her what had happened.

Liza could not believe her ears. Without giving her time to collect herself, Gregory Ivanovitch then went on to inform her that the two Berestoffs—father and son—would dine with them on the following day.

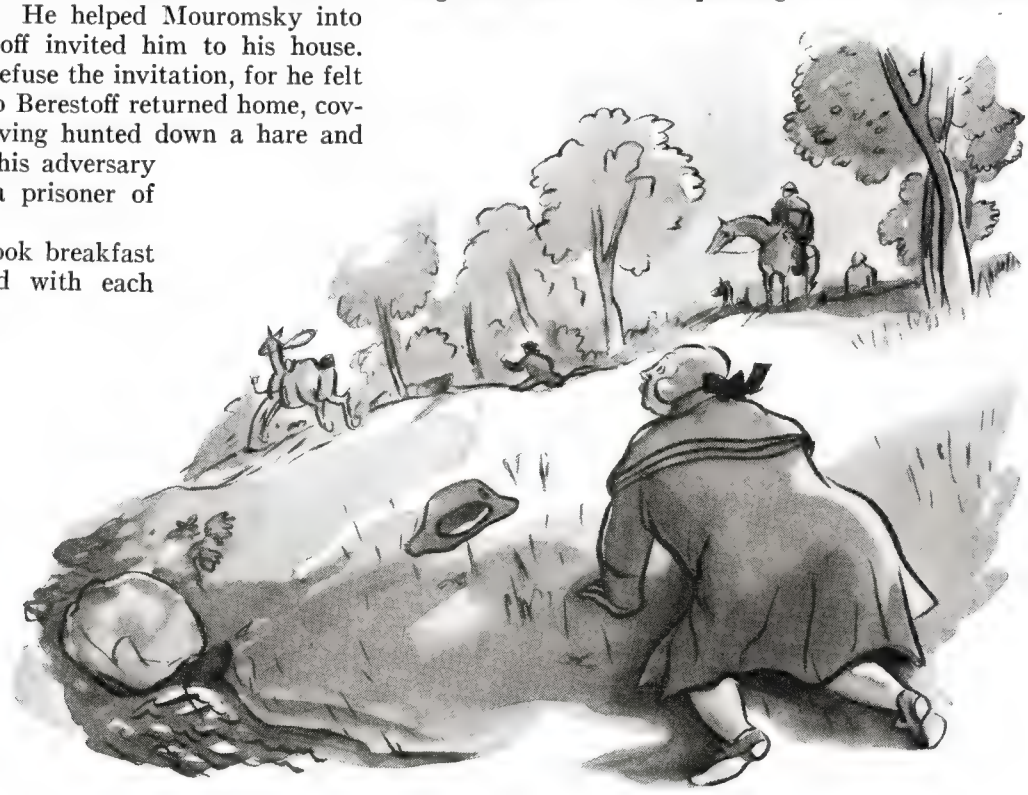
"What do you say?" she exclaimed, turning pale. "The Berestoffs, father and son, will dine with us tomorrow! No, papa, you can do as you please, but I shall not show myself."

"Have you taken leave of your senses?" replied her father. "Since when have you been so bashful? Or do you cherish an hereditary hatred toward him like a heroine of romance? Enough, do not act the fool."

"No, papa, not for anything in the world, not for any treasure would I appear before the Berestoffs."

Gregory Ivanovitch shrugged his shoulders, and did not dispute with her any further, for he knew that by contradiction he would obtain nothing from her.

Lizaveta Gregorievna repaired to her room and summoned Nastia. They both conversed together for a long time about the impending visit. What would



An enmity of long standing was brought to an end by the skittishness of a bob-tailed mare.

Suddenly the door opened and Liza entered the room.

Alexei think if, in the well-bred young lady, he recognized his Akoulina? What opinion would he have of her conduct, of her manners, of her good sense? On the other hand, Liza wished very much to see what impression would be produced upon him by a meeting so unexpected. . . . Suddenly an idea flashed through her mind. She communicated it to Nastia; both felt delighted with it, and they resolved to carry it into effect.

The next day at breakfast, Gregory Ivanovitch asked his daughter if she still intended to avoid the Berestoffs.

"Papa," replied Liza, "I will receive them if you wish it, but on one condition, and that is, that however I may appear before them, or whatever I may do, you will not be angry with me, or show the least sign of astonishment or displeasure."

"Some new freak!" said Gregory Ivanovitch, laughing. "Very well, very well, I agree; do what you like, my dark-eyed romp."

With these words he kissed her on the forehead, and Liza ran off to put her plan into execution.

At two o'clock precisely, a Russian calèche, drawn by six horses, entered the courtyard and rounded the lawn. The elder Berestoff mounted the steps with the assistance of two lackeys in the Mouromsky livery. His son came after him on horseback, and both entered together into the dining room, where the table was already laid. Mouromsky received his neighbors in the most gracious manner, proposed to them to inspect his garden and park before dinner, and conducted them along paths carefully kept and graveled. The elder Berestoff inwardly deplored the time and labor wasted in such useless fancies, but he held his tongue out of politeness. His son shared neither the disapprobation of the economical landowner nor the enthusiasm of the vainglorious Anglomaniac, but waited with impatience for the appearance of his host's daughter, of whom he had heard a great deal; and although his heart, as we know, was already engaged, youthful beauty always had a claim upon his imagination.

Returning to the parlor, they all three sat down; and while the old men recalled their young days and related anecdotes of their respective careers, Alexei considered in his mind what rôle he should play in the presence of Liza. He came to the conclusion that an air of cold indifference would be the most becoming under the circumstances, and he prepared to act accordingly. The door opened; he turned his head with such indifference, with such haughty carelessness, that the heart of the most inveterate coquette would inevitably have shuddered. Unfortunately, instead of Liza, it was old Miss Jackson, who, painted and bedecked, entered the room with downcast eyes and with a low bow, so that Alexei's dignified military salute was lost upon her. He had not succeeded in recovering from his confusion when the door opened again, and this time it was Liza herself who entered.

All rose; her father was just beginning to introduce his guests, when suddenly he stopped short and bit his lips. . . . Liza, his dark-complexioned Liza, was painted white up to the ears, and was more bedizened than even Miss Jackson herself; false curls, much lighter than her own hair, covered her head like the perruque of Louis the Fourteenth; her sleeves *à l'imbécile* stood out like the hooped skirts of Madame de Pompadour; her figure was pinched in like the letter X, and all her mother's jewels, which had not yet found their way to the pawnbroker's, shone upon her fingers, her neck and in her ears.

Alexei could not possibly recognize his Akoulina in the grotesque and brilliant young lady. His father kissed her hand, and he followed his example, though

much against his will; when he touched her little white fingers, it seemed to him that they trembled. In the meantime he succeeded in catching a glimpse of her little foot, intentionally advanced and set off to advantage by the most coquettish shoe imaginable. This reconciled him somewhat to the rest of her toilette. As for the paint and powder, it must be confessed that, in the simplicity of his heart, he had not noticed them at the first glance, and afterwards had no suspicion of them. Gregory Ivanovitch remembered his promise, and endeavored not to show any astonishment; but his daughter's freak seemed to him so amusing, that he could scarcely contain himself. But the person who felt no inclination to laugh was the affected English governess. She had a shrewd suspicion that the paint and powder had been extracted from her chest of drawers, and the deep flush of anger was distinctly visible beneath the artificial whiteness of her face. She darted angry glances at the young madcap, who, reserving her explanations for another time, pretended that she did not notice them.

They sat down to table. Alexei continued to play his rôle of assumed indifference and absence of mind. Liza put on an air of affectation, spoke through her teeth, and only in French. Her father kept constantly looking at her, not understanding her aim, but finding it all exceedingly amusing. The English governess fumed with rage and said not a word. Ivan Petrovitch alone seemed at home; he ate like two, drank heavily, laughed at his own jokes, and grew more talkative and hilarious at every moment.

At last they all rose up from the table; the guests took their departure, and Gregory Ivanovitch gave free vent to his laughter and to his interrogations.

"What put the idea into your head of acting the fool like that with them?" he said to Liza. "But do you know what? The paint suits you admirably. I do not wish to fathom the mysteries of a lady's toilette, but if I were in your place, I would very soon begin to paint; not too much, of course, but just a little."

LIZA WAS ENCHANTED with the success of her stratagem. She embraced her father, promised him that she would consider his advice, and then hastened to conciliate the indignant Miss Jackson, who, with great reluctance consented to open the door and listen to her explanations. Liza was ashamed to appear before strangers with her dark complexion; she had not dared to ask . . . she felt sure that dear, good Miss Jackson would pardon her, etc., etc. Miss Jackson, feeling convinced that Liza had not wished to make her a laughingstock by imitating her, calmed down, kissed her, and as a token of reconciliation, made her a present of a small pot of English paint, which Liza accepted with every appearance of sincere gratitude. The reader will readily imagine that Liza lost no time in repairing to the rendezvous in the little wood the next morning.

"You were at our master's yesterday," she said at once to Alexei. "What do you think of our young mistress?"

Alexei replied that he had not observed her.

"That's a pity!" replied Liza.

"Why so?" asked Alexei.

"Because I wanted to ask you if it is true what they say——"

"What do they say?"

"Is it true, as they say, that I am much like her?"

"What nonsense! She is a perfect monstrosity compared with you."

"Oh, sir, it is very wrong of you to speak like that. Our young mistress is so fair and so stylish! How could I be compared with her!"

ALEXEI VOWED to her that she was more beautiful than all the fair young ladies in creation; and in order to pacify her completely, he began to describe her mistress in such comical terms that Liza laughed heartily. "But," said she with a sigh, "even though our young mistress may be ridiculous, I am but a poor ignorant thing in comparison with her."

"Oh!" said Alexei; "is that anything to break your heart about? If you wish it, I will soon teach you to read and write."

"Yes, indeed," said Liza, "why should I not try?"

"Very well, my dear; we will commence at once."

They sat down. Alexei drew from his pocket a pencil and notebook, and Akoulina learned the alphabet with astonishing rapidity. Alexei could not sufficiently admire her intelligence. The following morning she wished to try to write. At first the pencil refused to obey her, but after a few minutes she was able to trace the letters with tolerable accuracy.

"It is really wonderful!" said Alexei. "Our method produces quicker results than the Lancaster system."

And indeed, at the third lesson Akoulina began to spell through "Nathalie the Boyard's Daughter," interrupting her reading by observations which really filled Alexei with astonishment, and she filled a whole sheet of paper with aphorisms from the same story.

A week went by, and a correspondence was established between them. Their letter box was the hollow of an old oak tree, and Nastia acted as their messenger. Thither Alexei carried his letters written in a bold round hand, and there he found on plain blue paper the delicately traced strokes of his beloved.

Meanwhile, the recently formed acquaintance between Ivan Petrovitch Berestoff and Gregory Ivanovitch Mouromsky soon became transformed into a sincere friendship, under the following circumstances. Mouromsky frequently reflected that, on the death of Ivan Petrovitch, all his possessions would pass into the hands of Alexei Ivanovitch, in which case the latter would be one of the wealthiest landed proprietors in the government, and there would be nothing to hinder him from marrying Liza. The elder Berestoff, on his side, although recognizing in his neighbor a certain extravagance (or, as he termed it, English folly), was perfectly ready to admit that he possessed many excellent qualities, as for example, his rare tact. Gregory Ivanovitch was closely related to Count Pronsky, a man of distinction and of great influence. The count could be of great service to Alexei. By dint of constantly dwelling upon this idea, the two old men came at last to communicate their thoughts to one another. They embraced each other, both promised to do their best to arrange the matter, and they immediately set to work, each on his own side. Mouromsky

foresaw that he would have some difficulty in persuading his Betsy to become more intimately acquainted with Alexei, whom she had not seen since the memorable dinner.

"But," thought Gregory Ivanovitch, "if Alexei came to see us every day, Betsy could not help falling in love with him. That is the natural order of things. Time will settle everything."

Ivan Petrovitch was no less uneasy about the success of his designs. That same evening he summoned his son, lit his pipe, and, after a long pause, said:

"Well, Alesha, what do you think about doing? You have not said anything for a long time about the military service. Or has the Hussar uniform lost its charm for you?"

"No, father," replied Alexei respectfully; "but I see that you do not like the idea of my entering the Hussars, and it is my duty to obey you."

"Good," replied Ivan Petrovitch; "I see that you are an obedient son; that is very consoling to me. . . . On my side, I do not wish to compel you; I do not want to force you to enter . . . at once . . . into the civil service, but, in the meanwhile, I intend you to get married."

"To whom, father," asked Alexei in astonishment.

"To Lizaveta Gregorievna Mouromsky," replied Ivan Petrovitch. "She is a charming bride, is she not?"

"Father, I have not thought of marriage yet."

"You have not thought of it, and therefore I have thought of it for you."

"As you please, but I do not care for Liza Mouromsky in the least."

"You will get to like her afterwards. Love comes with time."

"I do not feel capable of making her happy."

"Do not distress yourself about making her happy. What? Is this how you respect your father's wish? Very well!"

"As you please. I do not wish to marry, and I will not marry."

"You will marry, or I will curse you; and as for my possessions, as true as God is holy, I will sell them and squander the money, and not leave you a farthing. I will give you three days to think about the matter; and in the meantime, don't show yourself in my sight."

Alexei knew that, when his father once took an idea into his head, a nail even would not drive it out, as Taras Skotinin says in the comedy. But Alexei took after his father, and was just as headstrong as he was. He went to his room and began to reflect upon the limits of paternal authority. Then his thoughts reverted to Lizaveta Gregorievna, to his father's solemn vow to make him a beggar, and last of all to Akoulina. For the first time he saw clearly that he was passionately in love with her; the romantic idea of marrying a peasant girl and of living by the labor of their hands came into his head, and the more he thought of such a decisive step, the more reasonable did it seem to him. He wrote to Akoulina a letter in his most legible handwriting, informing her of the misfortune that threatened them, and offering her his hand. He took the letter at once to the postoffice in the wood.

The next day Alexei, still firm in his resolution, rode over early in the morning to visit Mouromsky, in order to explain matters frankly to him. He hoped to excite his generosity and win him over to his side.

"Is Gregory Ivanovitch at home?" asked he, stopping his horse in front of the Priloutchina mansion.

"No," replied the servant; "Gregory Ivanovitch rode out early this morning, and has not yet returned."

"How annoying!" thought Alexei. . . . "Is Lizaveta Gregorievna at home, then?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

Alexei sprang from his horse, and entered without being announced.

"Everything is now going to be decided," thought he, directing his steps towards the parlor; "I will explain everything to Lizaveta herself."

He entered . . . and then stood still as if petrified!

Liza . . . no, Akoulina, dear, dark-haired Akoulina, no longer in a *sarafan,* but in a white morning robe, was sitting in front of the window, reading his letter; she was so occupied with it that she had not heard him enter.

Alexei could not restrain an exclamation of joy. Liza startled, raised her head, uttered a cry, and wished to fly from the room. But he threw himself before her and held her back.

"Akoulina! Akoulina!"

Liza endeavored to liberate herself from his grasp.

"Mais laissez-moi, donc, Monsieur! . . . Mais êtes-vous fou?" she said, twisting herself round.

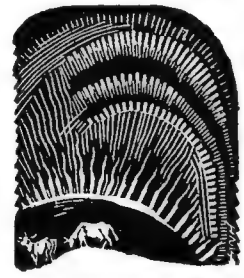
"Akoulina! my dear, dear Akoulina!" he repeated, kissing her hand again and again.

Miss Jackson, a witness of this scene, knew not what to think of it.

At that moment the door opened, and Gregory Ivanovitch entered the room.

"Ah! ah!" said Mouromsky; "but it seems that you have already arranged matters between you."

The reader will spare me the unnecessary obligation of describing the dénouement.



Woodcut by Helen West Heller

The Dark Hills

By Edwin Arlington Robinson

Dark hills at evening in the west,
Where sunset hovers like a sound
Of golden horns that sang to rest
Old bones of warriors under ground,
Far now from all the bannered ways
Where flash the legions of the sun,
You fade—as if the last of days
Were fading, and all wars were done.

So They Say

John Galsworthy:
British author, in America

"I venture to suggest that President Hoover proclaim the anniversary of the signing of the Kellogg Peace Pact as a national holiday. The fact that war has been renounced needs to be impressed upon the people annually. The day needs to be observed in every country."

Prof. Kirtley F. Mather:
head of the Department of Geology, Harvard University

"Although the evolutionary processes do not guarantee progress, the fact that progress has resulted from them is abundant ground for the faith that better things are yet to be."

Ex-King Alfonso:
of Spain

"A King can make mistakes."

Joel Spingarn:
lecturer, at the New School for Social Research

"The proletariat now has some of the mythical character that the divine right of kings had in the seventeenth century."

Arthur Brisbane:
famous editor

"If anyone attacked this nation through the air, it would only burst into tears. It isn't prepared to resent or punish anything."

Louise Maunsell Field:
in the North American Review

"Brave men are becoming rarer than black swans in fiction."

Anne O'Hare McCormick:
in the New York Times Magazine

"Our eagerness to try anything once, and try it in crowds, has covered this continent with wreckage and with sky-scrapers."

Alfred E. Smith:
wet, former Governor of New York State

"If the repeal or the retention of the Eighteenth Amendment is not a political issue, how did it get into the Constitution?"

Judge George A. Bartlett:
of Reno, signer of 20,000 divorce decrees

"Persons who sue for lost affections generally sue for something they do not have to lose. That is why alienation of affection and breach of promise suits are so much rubbish."

Dr. Elmer V. McCollum:
professor at Johns Hopkins University, affirms that mother love is a chemical reaction

"The lack of manganese seems to destroy the instinct of maternal affection."

Leon Trotsky:
exiled official of the Soviet Government of Russia

"America's preponderance of standardized and trustified industry switched over onto the rails of war production, is capable of endowing the United States during a war with such preëminence as we can today scarcely imagine. From this standpoint parity of navies is in fact no parity. It is a preponderance assured beforehand for the one backed by the stronger industry."

Harry P. Rosecan:
prosecuting attorney in St. Louis, censoring the production of "Lysistrata"

"It will probably not be necessary to close down the production, but I feel that such parts of the play as are harmful to the ideals of our citizens should be eliminated. I am really surprised at those Greeks."

Sir Thomas Lipton:
sportsman

"If a business man cannot laugh, he has no right to get rich."

Arthur Krock:
humorist, recites the history of New York City

"Originally, New York City belonged to the aborigines. The last of these, the Indians, after selling Manhattan Island to the Dutch, retired into their native forests. The English then conquered the Dutch, who retired into their clubs—the Knickerbocker and the Union. The Irish then conquered the English, who retired into their clubs—the Racquet and the Brook. The Jews then conquered the Irish, all of whom retired to Southampton."

Ivy Lee:
Public Relations Counsel, at Union Theological Seminary

"Capitalism recognizes the worthlessness of riches as a means of social or individual happiness and the vast superiority of the joys of the spirit."

Editorial:
in The Harris-Dibble Bulletin

"If the same degree of care were expended upon each page of magazine text as is spent on the average advertising page we should enjoy reading more than we do now. It is a great mistake to pay writers by the word. They can then think of too many words. Pay them by the idea and have better magazines."

James A. Reed:
in an anti-League of Nations address before the American Club in Paris

"If you give the United States power over here, you never know where it may end—they may even take your liquor away from you."

Sam A. Lewisohn:
Commissioner of Corrections, New York City

"Operating under forms of capitalism and the spirit of communism, the Soviet system is an economic beverage like coffee with the profit caffeine extracted."

John Q. Tilson:
Republican leader in the House of Representatives

"When there is an uncomfortable feeling, something hurting without the child's knowing what it is all about, he simply cries until the mother finds the cause and applies the remedy. When he grows up and has the same experience he votes the Democratic ticket."

William G. Fern:
British author

"Recent to a Britisher is five years ago. Recent to an American is five minutes ago."

Thyra Samter Winslow:
American author

"People don't get indignant any more. They fear anything unpleasant. Their ideal is a dinner of twelve courses of charlotte russes."

Louis La Beaume:
St. Louis architect, on the violence of America's architectural conversion to modernism

"For the moment we are drunk with emotion like sinners at a camp meeting, shouting 'Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Higher, Higher!' deluding ourselves in the faith that heaven may be reached in an elevator."

Nino Pecararo:
medium, retired, whose psychical phenomena baffled scientists

"People want to be fooled. I've never seen a ghost and I don't believe any one else ever has."

Joseph Lee:
president of the Playground and Recreation Association of America

"Before the coming of leisure, 'life' was the monopoly of the very few."

Helen Wills Moody:
of tennis fame

"If you see a tennis player who looks as if he is working very hard, then that means he isn't very good."

Robert Montgomery:
moving picture star

"There are many men who go through life yearning for the chance to hit an actor."

Dr. Grayson:
Director of Extension Work at the University of Pennsylvania

"Next to women and automobiles, research is the most expensive luxury of American life."

Hugh Herndon, Jr., and Clyde Pangborn:
about to start on a round-the-world flight

"We do not expect to contribute anything of scientific value and we are not making the flight in the hope of promoting aviation, and we are not planning to promote international amity. We are just going to fly around the world."

Daniel Willard:
president, Baltimore and Ohio Railroad

"I would steal before I would starve."

Bishop Philip Cook:
of the Delaware Protestant Episcopal Diocese

"Many of us would be astonished if we knew how many surgeons, lawyers, actors and men in many other professions are accustomed to use stimulants before they are to perform an operation or when they want to key themselves up to meet an important situation."

Will Durant:
story-teller of philosophy

"It is almost impossible to distinguish a politician from a gangster."

Harvey S. Firestone:
tire-manufacturer, friend of Edison and Ford

"Our greatest difficulty is to convince a newcomer, fresh from college, that he must change his thought action from learning to doing."

Robert Frost:
poet

"It would be fair to say that younger poets are influenced by Shakespeare. Specifically I refer to the doorkeeper in Macbeth, who says nothing but makes a few noisy ejaculations. He indeed seems to be the model for young poets."

Baker Brownell:
professor at Northern University, evolves a theory

"When skirts grow longer, an economic depression is approaching. And, conversely, when skirts grow shorter, better times are coming."

An etching by Dorothy Kay, from "Fine Prints of the Year, 1929," courtesy Minton, Balch & Co.

Ashes

By JULIA PETERKIN

Suddenly, at forty, Julia Peterkin began to write about the people among whom she had spent her life—the Negroes on her husband's vast South Carolina plantation. Her recognition as one of the most human and honest writers about the Negro was immediate. Red-haired, she admits to "pushin' hell out o' fifty," and looks thirty.

AN OLD PLANTATION with smooth-planted fields and rich woodlands and pastures, where little shaded streams run, lies right at the edge of a low wide swamp.

Steep red hills, rising sheer above the slimy mud, lift it out of the reach of two yellow-brown rivers that sprawl drowsily along before they come together to form one slow-moving stream.

The rivers are hidden by huge trees garlanded with tangled vines, and the swamp seems a soft, undulating, colorful surface that fades into a low line of faint blue hills far away on the other side.

Those hills are the outside world, but the swamp is wide and pathless.

The two rivers commonly lie complacent, but on occasion they rouse and flood low places with furious, yellow water. They lunge and tear at the hillsides that hold the plantation above them until their violence is spent; then they creep back into their rightful channels, leaving other sodden acres desolate and covered with bent, ruined stalks that show where fields of cotton and corn were ripe and ready for harvest.

The old plantation sits always calm. Undisturbed. The rivers can never reach it. And the outside world may wamble and change, but it cannot come any nearer.

Years pass by and leave things unaltered. The same narrow, red roads run through cotton and cornfields. The same time-grayed cabins send up threads of smoke from their red-clay chimneys. Summer brings the same flowers around doorways, and china-berry and crape-myrtle blossoms to drop gay petals on little half-clothed black children.

Fields lush with cotton and corn are enlivened by bright-turbaned black women. Sinewy men with soft-stepping bare feet laugh and sing as they guide patient mules up and down the long rows.

When winter browns the fields and brings cold winds up from the swamp, women and children huddle over uncertain fires or gather on sunshiny doorsteps while the men creep down to the swamp in search of food and adventure.

There is nothing to hint that life here could be sweet or that its current runs free and strong. Winter, summer, birth, death, these seem to be all.

The main road on the plantation divides. One straggling, rain-rutted fork runs along the edge of a field to a cluster of low, weather-beaten houses grouped under giant red-oak trees. The Quarters, where most of the black people live.

The other fork bends with a swift, smooth curve, and glides into a grove of cedars and live-oaks and magnolias, whose dense evergreen branches hide all beyond them but slight glimpses of white columns and red brick chimneys.

Right where the two roads meet is a sycamore tree. Its milk-white branches reach up to the sky. Its pale, silken leaves glisten and whisper incomplete cadences in the hot summer sunshine.

When frost crisps the leaves and stains them and cuts them away, they flutter down, leaving golden balls to adorn every bough.

There is hardly a sign of the black, twisted roots. There is not a trace to be seen of their silent, tense struggle as they grope deep down in the earth. There is nothing to show how they reach and grapple and hold, or how in the darkness down among the worms they work out mysterious chemistries that change damp clay into beauty.

A LITTLE ONE-ROOMED log cabin sitting back from the crooked plantation road was gray and weather-stained and its shingled roof was green with moss, but its front was strangely like a cheerful face.

Its narrow open front door made a nose, at each side a small square window with a half-open wooden blind made an eye, and the three rickety steps that led from the door into the front yard made a very good mouth.

The face was warped and cracked with age, but it looked pleasant in the bright morning sun. The gnarled crape-myrtle tree that hugged one corner and almost hid the cabin's red clay chimney was gay with pink blossoms. The front yard, divided in the middle by a clean-swept sandy path, was filled with rich-scented red roses and glossy-leaved gardenia bushes, whose white, waxen blooms perfumed the air.

This was old Maum Hannah's home. Most of the land around her had been sold. But the space she occupied was very small, she was no trouble to anybody, and there was really no reason to disturb her. A few hens, a cow, a patch of peanuts, and a vegetable garden fenced around with hand-split clap-boards made her independent. The cross-roads store was not far away, "des a dog's pant" she called it, and there she exchanged well-filled peanuts, new-laid eggs, and frying-size chickens for meal and coffee and plug-cut tobacco. And she was always ready to divide whatever she had with her friends, or with anybody in need.

To a stranger her old arms might look weak and withered, but they were strong enough to wield an ax on the fallen limbs of the trees in the woods back of the house, and the fire in her open fireplace was never allowed to go out, summer or winter.

On this spring morning she sat in a low chair by the fireplace and warmed her crusty bare feet by the charred sticks that burned smokily there among the ashes. She held her breakfast in a pan in her lap and ate slowly while she talked to herself and to the gray cat that lay on the clay hearth by her feet. The cat opened its eyes and purred lazily when she spoke, then drowsed again.

At a sudden rumbling sound outside, the cat jumped up and stretched and walked slowly to the door to look out.

"Who dat?" Maum Hannah asked, and she turned to look out too.

Two strange white men were driving up to the house in a buggy. When they got out, they hitched the horse to the clap-board garden fence.

"A nice house spot," one of them said.

"Yes," the other agreed, "and the darkies say there's a fine spring coming out of the hill right behind the house there."

Maum Hannah was a little hard of hearing, but her eyes were keen. She put down her pan of breakfast and stood in the door. Her astonishment made her forget her manners, until one of the men called out:

"Good morning, Auntie." Then she dropped a low curtsey and answered:

"Good mawnin', suh."

"We're just a-lookin' around a little," the man continued in an apologetic tone, for her old eyes, puzzled and alarmed, were fixed on him.

"Yes, suh," she said politely, but she leaned against the door-facing for support.

"It must be a healthy place. That old woman looks like she might be a hundred years old," one said facetiously, and they both chuckled as they walked back into the woods behind the house toward the spring.

Presently Maum Hannah saw them coming back into the front yard. She watched them step off distances. They drove down a few stakes. When they had finished, one of them came to the doorstep and held out a silver coin to her. She bowed gravely as she took it.

"Buy you some tobacco with this, Auntie," he drawled, and he turned away awkwardly. Then he faced her again, and cleared his throat as if embarrassed.

"Auntie," he hesitated, "I hate to tell you this—but you'll have to make arrangements to go somewhere else, I reckon." He did not meet her eyes.

"You see," he continued, "I've done bought this place, and I'm goin' to build my house right here."

Maum Hannah stared at him, but did not reply.

"Well, good-by," he added, and the two men got into the buggy and drove away.

Maum Hannah watched them until they were out of sight, then she held the coin out in her wrinkled hand and looked at it. It shone bright against the dark-lined palm.

Tears welled up under her shriveled eyelids and hesitated, as if uncertain which path to take through the maze of wrinkles on her cheeks. One shining drop fell with a splash on the silver in her hand. With a sigh she dropped the money into her apron pocket, wiped her eyes with the corner of her apron and turned inside. Taking a handful of meal from a large gourd on the shelf by the door, she scattered it on the ground near the doorstep where a hen with tiny, fluffy chickens around her clucked and scratched.

THE VERY NEXT DAY, white men with wagon-loads of lumber drove into the yard. They had red, sunburned faces, and their shoes and blue overalls were worn and dusty. Maum Hannah looked at them.

"Po-buckra," she said to the cat.

The men sawed and hammered and mixed mortar and smoothed it between red bricks with clinking trowels. Day after day they came. Yellow pine boards made the air fragrant and soon the frame of a new house cast its shadow over Maum Hannah's gardenias and red rose-bushes.

"I 'f'aid they gwine stop bloomin' now," she said sadly to the cat.

At last the house was finished. One of the men who first came walked up the narrow, clean-swept, sandy path and tapped on the side of Maum Hannah's house with a stick. She came to the door and listened as he drawled nasally:

"Auntie, my house is done now. My folks want to move in next week. You'll have to be movin'. You know I told you that at first. We can't have you a-livin' here in our back yard. Of course, if you was young enough to work, it 'ud be different, but you ain't able to do nothing. I'll need your house anyway to put a cook in. I thought you'd 'a' done been gone before now. I told you in time, you know."

Maum Hannah listened attentively. She heard only part of what he said, but she understood. She must go. She must leave home. It was no longer her home, but *his*.

Her loose old lips trembled as she bowed in answer to him.

She did not go to bed that night. She sat in the low chair by the clay hearth where a pine knot fire wavered and flickered. She filled her cob pipe and puffed at it briskly until it burned red, then she mumbled to herself until it died out and grew cold in her fingers. Rousing up, she'd light it with a fresh coal, smoke for a few puffs, then, absorbed in her trouble, she'd forget it and let it go out.

The cat on the hearth looked up and blinked sleepily whenever Maum Hannah repeated:

"He say dis *he* place an' I haffer go f'om heah. Whe' I duh gwine? Who kin tell me dat? Whe' I duh gwine?"

There was Killdee. "My niece," she called him. He was her sister's son and her neighbor. Killdee might come and take her to live with him. But his cabin was very small. Rose's voice was sharp sometimes. No, she could not go there. If Margaret were living—or if she knew where any of her boys were—she might go to them.

She thought of the peaceful graveyard and lifted her old, wrinkled hands above her head in prayer.

"Oh, do, Massa Jedus, he'p me fo' know wha' fo' do. I ain' got no place fo' go. I ain' got nobody fo' tell me. I don' haffer tell You de trouble I got. You know, I ain' got nobody fo' he'p me but You. I know You mus' be gwine he'p me. I eber did been do de bes' I kin. Mebbe sometime I fail.—But, Jedus! Gawd! I know You couldn't hab de hea't to see me suffer! Widout a place to lay my haid." She intoned her prayer and rocked from side to side as she plead for help.

Then she stood up. Tears ran down her cheeks.

"Do gi' me a sign fo' know wha' fo' do. Please, Suh! Do, Massa Jedus! Gi' me a sign! All my chillen's gone an' lef me heah——"

Her bony arms were raised high and her knotted fingers held the cold pipe. Her supplications were emphasized with tense jerks of her arms. With a start she became conscious that ashes from her pipe were trickling down through her fingers and falling on the floor. She stopped and looked at them.

Ashes! Cold ashes! She had asked for a sign and the sign had come! It was *ashes!* Plain as the dawn that streaked the East! There was no doubt of it!

The thought stimulated her like a drug. She went to the door and looked out. A young day reddened the East. The sky was red like fire! "Another sign," she thought. A sign from Heaven.

She lifted her arms and, with tears streaming, said softly:

"Yessuh, Massa Jedus, I understan' You, Suh. You say it mus' be *ashes!* Ashes an' de fiery cloud! Yessuh, I know wha' You tell me fo' do."

WITHOUT HESITATING, she went to the hearth and took up a brand of fire. Walking quickly to the front of the new dwelling and stumbling up the steps, she laid it with trembling hands near the front door. Then she went back into the yard and gathered up an apronful of shavings. She sprinkled these carefully on the smoking pine, and knelt and blew until her breath fanned it into flame. Then she went for more shavings and blocks of wood. When the fire grew strong, she left it and went to her own cabin. She did not sit down but unlocked a trunk in the corner.

Selecting a clean white apron from the clothing there, she put it on, put a stiff-starched white sunbonnet on her head, and tied the strings carefully under her chin. Then she locked the trunk again and put the key in her apron pocket.

The crackle and the roar of the fire outside was startling, but she made herself take time. She closed the wooden blinds of the cabin and latched them on the inside. She pulled the chair away from the hearth, then went out of the door and closed it and locked it behind her. She stepped carefully down the steps, walked past the flaming house, and then on, and on, down the narrow road.

Once she stopped to look back at the flames that already rose high in the sky, but she did not change her steady gait.

"Jedus! It's a long way!" she complained when the road got sandy and her breath became short, but she kept up her pace.

At last the village came in sight. The open spaces became smaller. Low, white-painted cottages huddled close together. She walked slower. Then she stopped and gazed ahead of her, uncertain where to go.

A man driving a team of mules to a wagon was coming. She waited until he reached her, then inquired calmly:

"Son, kin you tell me which-a-away de sheriff lib?"

"Yes'm," the man answered. He stood up in the wagon and looked toward the houses in the little town.

"You see da' kinder high-lookin' house up yonder on da' hill? De one wid de big white pillar in f'ont ob 'em? Da's de place. De sheriff lib right dere."

Her eyes followed where he pointed.

"T'ank you, son," she said; "Gawd bless you," and started on toward the house he indicated.

The man watched her a minute, then he clucked to his mules to move on. She was a stranger to him. What did she want with the sheriff? Such an old woman. He couldn't imagine.

The sheriff had just finished breakfast when she reached the back door and asked to see him.

"Who is she?" he asked the servant who told him.

"I dunno, suh," was the answer. "A old 'oman. Look lak 'e come a long way. 'E seem out o' breat'."

The sheriff lit a cigar and went to see for himself.

"Good morning, Auntie," he said pleasantly in response to her profound curtsey. "What can I do for you this morning?" The old woman looked at his kind face, and tears came to her eyes.

"Cap'n sheriff," she began brokenly, "I too troub-led, suh."

Her dry old hands held to each other nervously.

"I dunno wha' you gwine do wid me, suh——" She swallowed a sob. "I reckon you haffer put me on de chain-gang—— I done so ol', too—— I wouldn't be much 'count at you put me on——"

The sheriff smiled behind his hand.

"Why, Auntie, what have you been doing?"

"A po-buckra man de one done it, suh. He de one. I lib all dis time. I ain't neber do nobody a hahm t'ing een my life, not tell dis mawnin'. No, suh. You kin ax anybody 'bout me, suh, an' dey'll tell you de same t'ing."

"Well, what have you done now?" the sheriff insisted. She came nearer to him, encouraged by his gentleness. She spoke in a low tone.

"Dis is how it been, suh." She looked around to see that nobody heard, then began to tell.

"A po-buckra man come an' buil' 'e house right een my front ya'd. 'E say it *he* place, now. 'E say I got to go way. I been lib een my house eber sence I kin 'member. Ol' Cap'n sell de plantation, but 'e tell me fo' stay whe' I is. I stay. Dis po-buckra man come an' tell me I mus' go. Whe' I gwine? My peoples is all gone. Mos' o' dem a-layin' een de grabeya'd. I dunno why Jedus see fitten to leab me heah all dis long time——" She lifted her apron to wipe her eyes.

"Las' night I call on Him, up yonder. I beg 'em fo' he'p me. Fo' tell me wha' fo' do. I rassle wid 'em tell 'E gi' me a sign. Yessuh! 'E answer me! 'E gi' me one!"

Her puckered old face lighted up with emotion. Her voice quivered.

"'E gi' me a sign f'om heaben, yessuh. *Ashes! Ashes an' fire!* Him up yonder tell me so!"

Then she leaned forward and whispered: "I put fire to de man house. I bu'n 'em down same lak Jedus tell me fo' do. Yessuh! Den I come right on heah fo' tell you I done 'em."

"Did your house burn too?"

"Oh, no, suh. Jedus sen' a win' fo' blow de spark de udder way."

"Who are you, Auntie?" The sheriff's voice was pitying. Gentle.

"Dis duh me, Hannah Jeems, suh. I one o' ol' Mass' Richard Jeems' niggers, suh. My white folks is all gone. Gone an' lef' me. Times was tight. Dey had to sell de plantation an' go." She stood before him awaiting sentence with her eyes cast down.

"You walked all the way here from the James plantation this morning?"

"Yessuh. Quick ez I set de house on fire, I come heah fo' tell you, suh."

"Why did you come to tell me?" he asked.

"Well, suh," she hesitated and a far-away look filled her eyes, "when I was a chillen I heah ol' Mass' Richard say, de niggers ain' know, but *he* know. De sheriff is de bes' frien' de niggers is got een dis worl', next to Him and Jedus. Mass' Richard been a mighty wise man."

The sheriff looked at the pathetic figure before him. At the mesh of fine wrinkles on her face. At the small, black, frightened hands, clasping and unclasping. At the bare, old, dusty feet. They had walked many a weary mile since life for them first began. His own clear eyes became moist.

"Come on into the kitchen, Auntie. The cook will give you a cup of coffee and some breakfast. Then, we'll talk things over."

"T'ank you, suh," she said gravely as she followed him. When he reached the door, he faced her again and held up a finger.

"It's best not to talk much, Auntie," he warned her.

She smiled at him brightly.

"Ef da man didn' been a po-buckra 'e wouldn' do me so," she said wistfully. His brow was knit as if he were uncertain what to say.

"Auntie," he spoke slowly, distinctly, "you believe in the Bible, don't you?"

"Oh, yessuh," she affirmed solemnly, "I can' read 'em, but I b'lieb 'em."

"Did you ever hear how the Bible says you must not let your right hand know what your left hand does?"

"Oh, yessuh," she said reverently.

"Can you remember that passage of Scripture? I think you can." She looked at him shrewdly, then she smiled and bowed very low.

"T'ank you, suh. T'ank you! An' may Gawd bless you, suh!"

The sheriff was embarrassed. He cleared his throat and awkwardly flicked the ashes off his cigar.

"Auntie," he hesitated, "I'm thinking about riding up that way this morning. I might take you back home." Maum Hannah bowed again.

THE DISTANCE to the cross-roads store was soon covered by the sheriff's high-powered car. He stopped.

"Jim," he called out to the proprietor, "I hear one of your neighbors lost his new house by fire last night. Did he have any insurance on it?"

"Yes, sir," Jim answered. "Wasn't he lucky to have it?"

"How does he think the house caught?" asked the sheriff.

"He doesn't know, sir, unless it caught from a spark out of Maum Hannah's chimney. It seems she was gone off for the night."

"Yes," said the sheriff, "she came all the way to me hunting for a place to stay. I'm taking her back home now. She may as well stay on there for the present, don't you think so?"

Jim nodded his head confidently.

"I tell you, sheriff, I don't believe anybody'd build a house there again. It's a bad-luck place. It always was."

When Maum Hannah got out of the car in front of her home, a great pile of ashes still smoldered there. She held to the sheriff's hand with both of her quivering ones when she told him good-by.

"Gawd bless you, son! Gawd bless you," she sobbed gratefully.

"Come back to me if you ever get in trouble again," the sheriff told her.

"T'ank you kindly, suh," she answered, "but I ain' gwine nebber risk gittin' in trouble no mo'. Not me."

She unlocked her door and fed the cat, and added a few pieces of wood to the fire; then she scattered meal for the frightened hen and little chickens.

When the fire blazed bright, she drew up the little chair before it and sat down. She was tired. She sat still and smoked and nodded. As she dozed, she said softly to the cat:

"Ashes is de bes' t'ing eber was fo' roses."

◆ ◆

The Span of Life

Translated from the Armenian by Belinda Sinclair

ONCE UPON A TIME God called together man, the cat, the dog, the donkey and the monkey, to see how long each desired to have his span of life. He asked the cat, "How long do you desire to live? I will give you twenty years."

The cat replied, "What do I have to do all my life?"

"You will have to be the servant of man. You will have to live in his house and keep it free from rats and mice. Always you must be on guard, both day and night, that they may not slip in and destroy or befoul the food that man stores up for himself. For this, man will let you live in his house and will feed you from the scraps of his table and will give you some of his love. He will require you to be always quiet."

"Oh," said the cat, "if that is so, I don't want to live twenty years. Ten years is enough for me."

"All right," answered God, "I will take ten years off of the twenty that I promised you and lay it over here. Someone may want more than twenty years." The cat thanked him and went her way. The dog was then called and asked how many years he wanted to live.

"I have allotted you twenty years," said God.

"What do I have to do all my life?" asked the dog.

"You will have to live with man and protect him and his children from any harm that might come upon them. You will also protect his goods from thieves. It will be your duty to bark and sound an alarm when anything comes near. You must protect the lives of him and his family even though you die for it. In return he will love you and will give you the scraps from his table to eat and the bones to gnaw."

"Well," said the dog, "that being the case, I don't care to live but ten years."

"All right," answered God, "I will cut off ten years of the twenty that I promised you and lay it over here for someone that wishes to live a long time."

The dog thanked him and went his way.

Next the donkey was called. "I am giving you twenty years of life," said God. "How long do you wish to live?"

"What do I have to do?" asked the donkey.

"You will have to be the servant of man. You will have always to serve him patiently and never complain. You will have to pull or carry heavy loads for him. If he is impatient and whips you sometimes, you will have to make the best of it. In return he will feed you and give you a place to sleep."

"Then twenty years is more than I want," said the donkey. "You may give me ten."

"Very well," answered God, "I will cut off ten years from the twenty that I have given you and lay it over here for someone that desires to live longer."

The donkey thanked him and trotted away.

When the monkey was called he was asked how long he wanted to live.

"It all depends on what I am expected to do."

God then told him that man would catch him in his forest home and make a pet out of him and keep him about his home; that he would be expected to amuse his master by his funny antics. For this man would love him and feed him and give him a home.

"If that is the case," replied the monkey, "ten years will be plenty for me."

"You are the one to be pleased," answered God. "I will now take the ten years that you do not want and put them over here. Someone else may want them."

Lastly, man was called.

"I have given the animals twenty years each for their span of life. As I am going to make you ruler over them, I am going to give you thirty years. How many do you desire?" asked God.

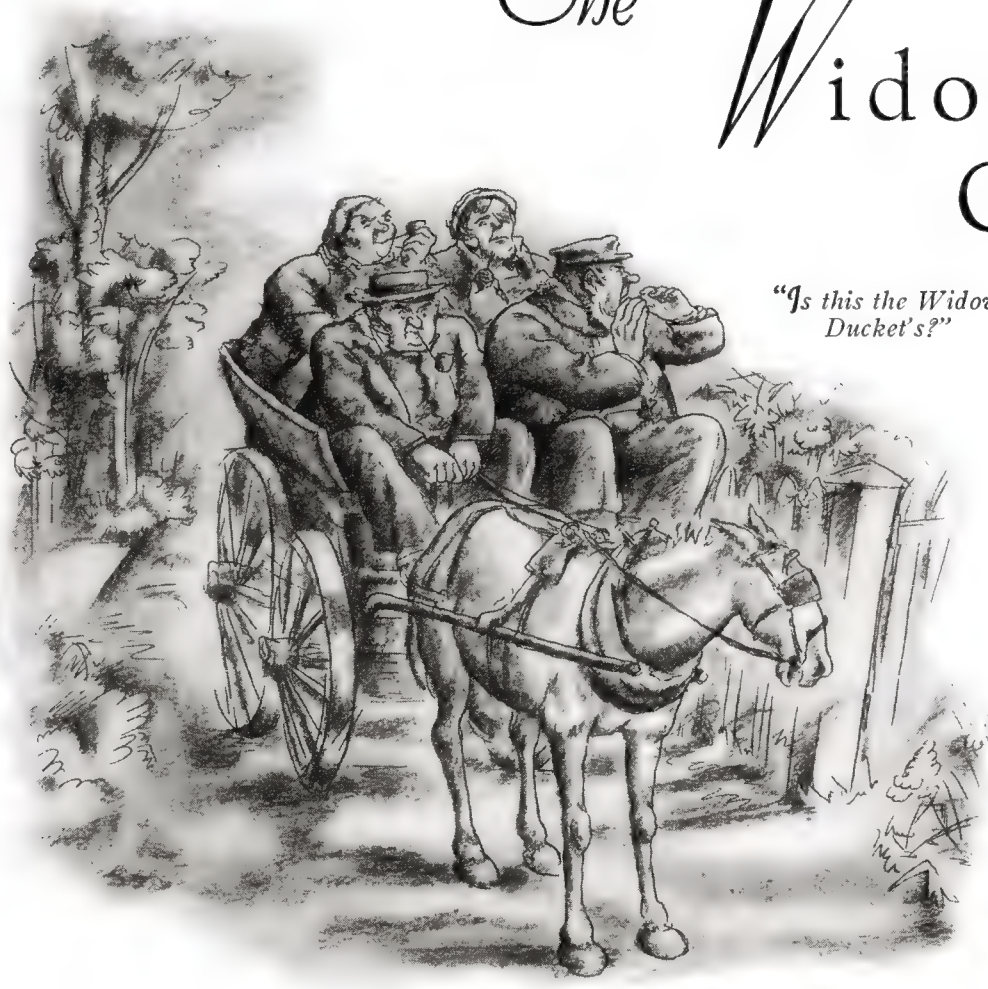
"I want just as many years as I can have," answered man. "What will I be expected to do all my life?"

God said, "You will have the first twenty to grow to manhood and I want you to use it for good. The next ten years you will use to fit yourself in order to take care of this life that I am giving you, and also to take care of and rule over kindly other lives that seem to be given into your care. Then I am going to give you the ten years the cat refused. In these ten years you must be ever on the watch that no one steals from you what I am giving you. And I will also give you the ten years that the dog refused. In them you must be faithful to your fellow man and be ever true to your friends as your faithful dog is true to you.

"I am also going to give you the ten years that the donkey refused. In it you must work hard to provide you and your family with enough to eat and wear. I am also going to give you the ten years that the monkey refused. This will make you seventy years, or three score years and ten. In these years you will be given a place in your son's house, and you will be expected to amuse the children with funny doings and sayings, even as you expected the monkey to do."

Four sailors out-yarned by a widow—A hilarious farce

The Widow's Cruise



"Is this the Widow Ducket's?"

THE WIDOW DUCKET lived in a small village about ten miles from the New Jersey sea-coast. In this village she was born, here she had married and buried her husband, and here she expected somebody to bury her; but she was in no hurry for this, for she had scarcely reached middle age. She was a tall woman with no apparent fat in her composition, and full of activity, both muscular and mental.

She rose at six o'clock in the morning, cooked breakfast, set the table, washed the dishes when the meal was over, milked, churned, swept, washed, ironed, worked in her little garden, attended to the flowers in the front yard, and in the afternoon knitted and quilted and sewed, and after tea she either went to see her neighbors or had them come to see her. When it was really dark she lighted the lamp in her parlor and read for an hour, and if it happened to be one of Miss Mary Wilkins' books that she read she expressed doubts as to the realism of the characters therein described.

These doubts she expressed to Dorcas Networthy, who was a small, plump woman, with a solemn face, who had lived with the widow for many years and who had become her devoted disciple. Whatever the widow did, that also did Dorcas—not so well, for her heart told her she could never expect to do that, but with a yearning anxiety to do everything as well as she could. She rose at five minutes past six, and in a subsidiary way she helped to get the breakfast, to eat it, to wash up the dishes, to work in the garden, to quilt, to sew, to visit and receive, and no one could have tried harder than she did to keep awake when the widow read aloud in the evening.

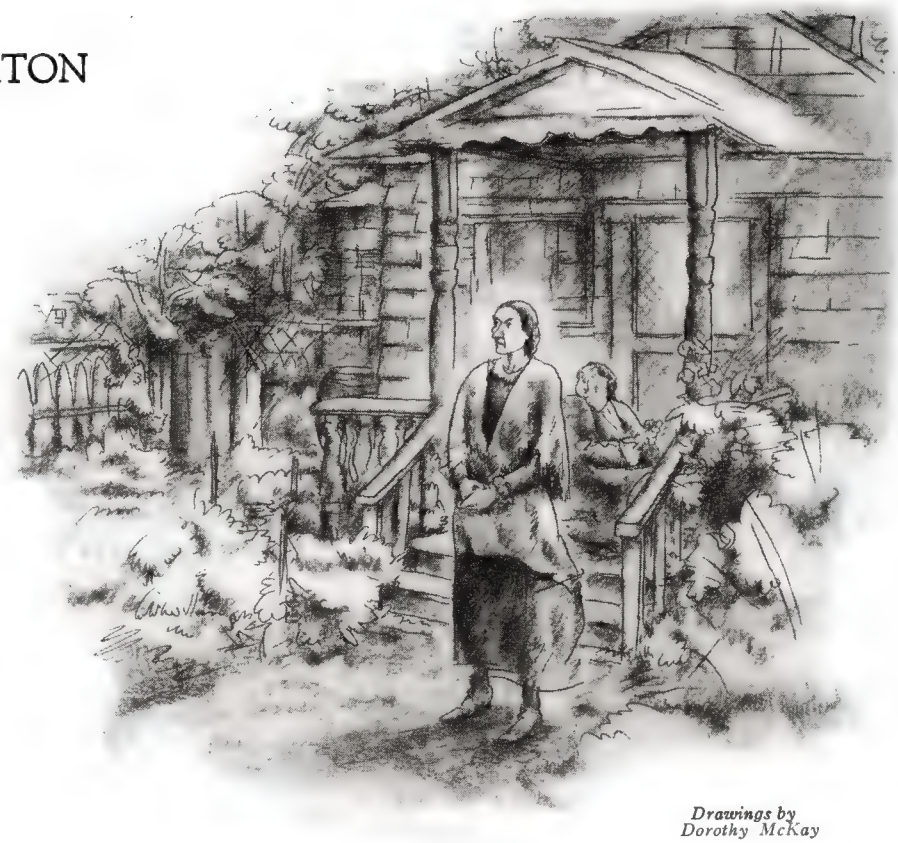
All these things happened every day in the summertime, but in the winter the widow and Dorcas cleared the snow from their little front path instead of attending to the flowers, and in the evening they lighted a fire as well as a lamp in the parlor.

Sometimes, however, something different happened, but this was not often, only a few times in the year. One of the different things occurred when Mrs. Ducket and Dorcas were sitting on their little front porch one summer afternoon, one on the little bench on one side of the door, and the other on the little bench on the other side of the door, each waiting until she should hear the clock strike five, to prepare tea. But it was not yet a quarter to five when a one-horse wagon containing four men came slowly down the street. Dorcas first saw the wagon, and she instantly stopped knitting.

"Mercy on me!" she exclaimed. "Whoever those people are, they are strangers here, and they don't know where to stop, for they first go to one side of the street and then to the other."

by FRANK STOCKTON

GENTLE *editor of St. Nicholas Magazine, Mr. Stockton (1834-1902) did not give up fairy-stories to write for grown-ups until he was 38. Then he produced "Rudder Grange," "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine," "The Hunting of the Snark," "The Widow's Cruise."*



Drawings by Dorothy McKay

The widow looked around sharply. "Humph!" said she. "Those men are sailormen. You might see that in a twinklin' of an eye. Sailormen always drive that way, because that is the way they sail ships. They first tack in one direction and then in another."

"Mr. Ducket didn't like the sea?" remarked Dorcas, for about the three hundredth time.

"No, he didn't," answered the widow, for about the two hundred and fiftieth time, for there had been occasions when she thought Dorcas put this question inopportunely. "He hated it, and he was drowned in it through trustin' a sailorman, which I never did nor shall. Do you really believe those men are comin' here?"

"Upon my word I do!" said Dorcas, and her opinion was correct.

The wagon drew up in front of Mrs. Ducket's little white house, and the two women sat rigidly, their hands in their laps, staring at the man who drove.

This was an elderly personage with whitish hair, and under his chin a thin whitish beard, which waved in the gentle breeze and gave Dorcas the idea that his head was filled with hair which was leaking out from below.

"Is this the Widow Ducket's?" inquired this elderly man, in a strong, penetrating voice.

"That's my name," said the widow, and laying her knitting on the bench beside her she went to the gate. Dorcas also laid her knitting on the bench beside her and went to the gate.

"I was told," said the elderly man, "at a house we touched at about a quarter of a mile back, that the Widow Ducket's was the only house in this village where there was any chance of me and my mates getting a meal. We are four sailors, and we are making from the bay over to Cuppertown, and that's eight miles ahead yet, and we are all pretty sharp set for something to eat."

"This is the place," said the widow, "and I do give meals if there is enough in the house and everything comes handy."

"Does everything come handy today?" said he.

"It does," said she, "and you can hitch your horse and come in; but I haven't got anything for him."

"Oh, that's all right," said the man, "we brought along stores for him, so we'll just make fast and then come in."

The two women hurried into the house in a state of bustling preparation, for the furnishing of this meal meant one dollar in cash.

The four mariners, all elderly men, descended from the wagon, each one scrambling with alacrity over a different wheel.

A box of broken ship-biscuit was brought out and put on the ground in front of the horse, who immediately set himself to eating with great satisfaction.

Tea was a little late that day, because there were s x persons to provide for instead of two, but it was a good meal, and after the four seamen had washed their hands and faces at the pump in the back yard and had wiped them on two towels furnished by Dorcas, they all came in and sat down. Mrs. Ducket seated herself at the head of the table with the dignity proper to the mistress of the house, and Dorcas seated herself at the other end with the dignity proper to the disciple of the mistress. No service was necessary, for everything that was to be eaten or drunk was on the table.

When each of the elderly mariners had had as much bread and butter, quickly baked soda-biscuit, dried beef, cold ham, cold tongue, and preserved fruit of every variety known, as his storage capacity would

permit, the mariner in command, Captain Bird, pushed back his chair, whereupon the other mariners pushed back their chairs.

"Madam," said Captain Bird, "we have all made a good meal, which didn't need to be no better nor more of it, and we're satisfied; but the horse out there has not had time to rest himself enough to go the eight miles that lies ahead of us, so, if it's all the same to you and this good lady, we'd like to sit on that front porch awhile and smoke our pipes. I was a-looking at that porch when I came in, and I bethought to myself what a rare good place it was to smoke a pipe in."

"There's pipes been smoked there," said the widow, rising, "and it can be done again. Inside the house I don't allow tobacco, but on the porch neither of us minds."

So the four captains betook themselves to the porch,

two of them seating themselves on the little bench on one side of the door, and two of them on the little bench on the other side of the door, and lighted their pipes.

"Shall we clear off the table and wash up the dishes," said Dorcas, "or wait until they are gone?"

"We will wait until they are gone," said the widow, "for now that they are here we might as well have a bit of a chat with them. When a sailorman lights his pipe he is generally willin' to talk, but when he is eatin' you can't get a word out of him."

Without thinking it necessary to ask permission, for the house belonged to her, the Widow Ducket brought a chair and put it in the hall close to the open front door, and Dorcas brought another chair and seated herself by the side of the widow.

"Do all you sailormen belong down there at the bay?" asked Mrs. Ducket; thus the conversation began, and in a few minutes it had reached a point at which Captain Bird thought it proper to say that a great many strange things happen to seamen sailing on the sea which landspeople never dream of.

"Such as anything in particular?" asked the widow, at which remark Dorcas clasped her hands in expectancy.

At this question each of the mariners took his pipe from his mouth and gazed upon the floor in thought.

"There's a good many strange things happened to me and my mates at sea. Would you and that other lady like to hear any of them?" asked Captain Bird.

"We would like to hear them if they are true," said the widow.

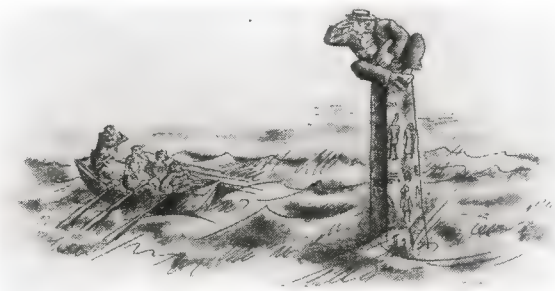
"There's nothing happened to me and my mates that isn't true," said Captain Bird, "and here is something that once happened to me: I was on a whaling v'yage when a big sperm-whale, just as mad as a fiery bull, came at us, head on, and struck the ship at the stern with such tremendous force that his head crashed right through her timbers and he went nearly half his length into her hull. The hold was mostly filled with empty barrels, for we was just beginning our v'yage, and when he had made kindling wood of these there was room enough for him. We all expected that it wouldn't take five minutes for the vessel to fill and go to the bottom, and we made ready to take to the boats; but it turned out we didn't need to take to no boats, for as fast as the water rushed into the hold of the ship, that whale drank it and squirted it up through the two blow-holes in the top of his head, and as there was an open hatchway just over his head, the water all went into the sea again, and that whale kept working day and night pumping the water out until we beached the vessel on the island of Trinidad—the whale helping us wonderful on our way over by the powerful working of his tail, which, being outside in the water, acted like a propeller. I don't believe anything stranger than that ever happened to a whaling-ship."

"No," said the widow, "I don't believe anything ever did."

Captain Bird now looked at Captain Sanderson, and the latter took his pipe out of his mouth and said that in all his sailing around the world he had never known anything queerer than what happened to a big steamship he chanced to be on, which ran into an island in a fog. Everybody on board thought the ship was wrecked, but it had twin screws, and was going at such a tremendous speed that it turned the island entirely upside down and sailed over it, and we had heard tell that even now people sailing over the spot could look down into the water and see the roots of the trees and the cellars of the houses.

Captain Sanderson now put his pipe back into his mouth, and Captain Burress took out his pipe.

"I was once in an obelisk-ship," said he, "that used to trade regular between Egypt and New York, carrying obelisks. We had a big obelisk on board. The way they ship obelisks is to make a hole in the stern



of the ship, and run the obelisk in, p'inted end foremost; and this obelisk filled up nearly the whole of that ship from stern to bow. We was about ten days out, and sailing afore a northeast gale with the engines at full speed, when suddenly we spied breakers ahead, and our captain saw we was about to run on a bank. Now if we hadn't had an obelisk on board we might have sailed over that bank, but the captain knew that with an obelisk on board we drew too much water for

this, and that we'd be wrecked in about fifty-five seconds if something wasn't done quick. So he had to do something quick, and this is what he did: He ordered all steam on, and drove slam-bang on that bank. Just as he expected, we stopped so suddint that that big obelisk bounced for'ard, its p'inted end foremost, and went clean through the bow and shot out into the sea. The minute it did that the vessel was so lightened that it rose in the water and we easily steamed over the bank. There was one man knocked overboard by the shock when we struck, but as soon as we missed him we went back after him and we got him all right. You see, when that obelisk went overboard, its butt-end, which was heaviest, went down first, and when it touched the bottom it just stood there, and as it was such a big obelisk there was about five and a half feet of it stuck out of the water. The man who was knocked overboard he just swum for that obelisk and he climbed up the hiryglyphics. It was a mighty fine obelisk, and the Egyptians had cut their hiryglyphics good and deep, so that the man could get hand and foot hold; and when we got to him and took him off, he was sitting high and dry on the p'inted end of that obelisk. It was a great pity about the obelisk, for it was a good one, but as I never heard the company tried to raise it, I expect it is standing there yet."

"You wouldn't suppose that I have a sea-story to tell, but I have——"

Captain Burress now put his pipe back into his mouth and looked at Captain Jenkinson, who removed his pipe and said:

"The queerest thing that ever happened to me was about a shark. We was off the Banks, and the time of year was July, and the ice was coming down, and we got in among a lot of it. Not far away, off our weather bow, there was a little iceberg which had such a queerness about it that the captain and three men went in a boat to look at it. The ice was mighty clear ice, and you could see almost through it, and right inside of it, not more than three feet above the water-line, and about two feet, or maybe twenty inches, inside the ice, was a whopping big shark, about fourteen feet long—a regular man-eater—frozen in there hard and fast. 'Bless my soul,' said the captain, 'this is a wonderful curiosity, and I'm going to git him out.' Just then one of the men said he saw the shark wink, but the captain wouldn't believe him, for he said that shark was frozen stiff and hard and couldn't wink. You see, the captain had his own idees about things, and he knew that whales was warm-blooded and would freeze if they was shut up in ice, but he forgot that sharks was not whales and that they're cold-blooded just like toads. And there is toads that has been shut up in rocks for thousands of years, and they stayed alive, no matter how cold the place was, because they was cold-blooded, and when the rocks was split, out hopped the frog. But, as I said before, the captain forgot sharks was cold-blooded, and he determined to git that one out.

"Now you both know, being housekeepers, that if you take a needle and drive it into a hunk of ice you can split it. The captain had a sail-needle with him, and so he drove it into the iceberg right alongside of the shark and split it. Now the minute he did it he knew that the man was right when he said he saw the shark wink, for it flopped out of that iceberg quicker nor a flash of lightning."

"What a happy fish he must have been!" ejaculated Dorcas, forgetful of precedent, so great was her emotion.

"Yes," said Captain Jenkinson, "it was a happy fish enough, but it wasn't a happy captain. You see, that shark hadn't had anything to eat, perhaps for a thousand years, until the captain came along."

"Surely you sailormen do see strange things," now said the widow, "and the strangest thing about them is that they are true."

"Yes, indeed," said Dorcas, "that is the most wonderful thing."

"You wouldn't suppose," said the Widow Ducket, glancing from one bench of mariners to the other, "that I have a sea-story to tell, but I have, and if you like I will tell it to you."

Captain Bird looked up a little surprised.

"We would like to hear it—indeed, we would, madam," said he.

"Ay, aye!" said Captain Burress, and the two other mariners nodded.

"It was a good while ago," she said, "when I was living on the shore near the head of the bay, that my husband was away and I was left alone in the house. One mornin' my sister-in-law, who lived on the other side of the bay, sent me word by a boy on a horse that she hadn't any oil in the house to fill the lamp that she always put in the window to light her husband home, who was a fisherman, and if I would send her some by the boy she would pay me back as soon as they bought oil. The boy said he would stop on his way home and take the oil to her, but he never did stop, or perhaps he never went back, and about five

o'clock I began to get dreadfully worried, for I knew if that lamp wasn't in my sister-in-law's window by dark she might be a widow before midnight. So I said to myself, 'I've got to get that oil to her, no matter what happens or how it's done.' Of course I couldn't tell what might happen, but there was only one way it could be done, and that was for me to get into the boat that was tied to the post down by the water, and take it to her, for it was too far for me to walk around by the head of the bay. Now, the trouble was, I didn't know no more about a boat and the managin' of it than any one of you sailormen knows about clear-starchin'. But there wasn't no use of thinkin' what I knew and what I didn't know, for I had to take it to her, and there was no way of doin' it except in that boat. So I filled a gallon can, for I thought I might as well take enough while I was about it, and I went down to the water and I unhitched that boat and I put the oil-can into her, and then I got in, and off I started, and when I was about a quarter of a mile from the shore——"

"Madam," interrupted Captain Bird, "did you row or—or was there a sail to the boat?"

The widow looked at the questioner for a moment. "No," said she, "I didn't row. I forgot to bring the oars from the house; but it didn't matter, for I didn't know how to use them, and if there had been a sail I couldn't have put it up, for I didn't know how to use it, either. I used the rudder to make the boat go. The rudder was the only thing I knew anything about. I'd held a rudder when I was a little girl, and I knew how to work it. So I just took hold of the handle of the rudder and turned it round and round, and that made the boat go ahead, you know, and——"

"Madam!" exclaimed Captain Bird, and the other elderly mariners took their pipes from their mouths.

"YES, THAT IS THE WAY I did it," continued the widow, briskly. "Big steamships are made to go by a propeller turning round at their back ends, and I made the rudder work in the same way, and I got along very well, too, until suddenly, when I was about a quarter of a mile from the shore, a most terrible and awful storm arose. There must have been a typhoon or a cyclone out at sea, for the waves came up the bay bigger than houses, and when they got to the head of the bay they turned around and tried to get out to sea again. So in this way they continually met, and made the most awful and roarin' pilin' up of waves that ever was known.

"My little boat was pitched about as if it had been a feather in a breeze, and when the front part of it was cleavin' itself down into the water the hind part was stickin' up until the rudder whizzed around like a patent churn with no milk in it. The thunder began to roar and the lightnin' flashed, and three seagulls, so nearly frightened to death that they began to turn up the whites of their eyes, flew down and sat on one of the seats of the boat, forgettin' in that awful moment that man was their nat'ral enemy. I had a couple of biscuits in my pocket, because I had thought I might want a bite in crossing, and I crumbled up one of these and fed the poor creatures. Then I began to wonder what I was goin' to do, for things were gettin' awfuller and awfuller every instant, and the little boat was a-heavin' and a-pitchin' and a-rollin' and h'istin' itself up, first on one end and then on the other, to such an extent that if I hadn't kept tight hold of the rudder-handle I'd slipped off the seat I was sittin' on.

"All of a sudden I remembered that oil in the can; but just as I was puttin' my fingers on the cork my conscience smote me. 'Am I goin' to use this oil,' I said to myself, 'and let my sister-in-law's husband be wrecked for want of it?' And then I thought that he wouldn't want it all that night, and perhaps they would buy oil the next day, and so I poured out about a tumblerful of it on the water, and I can just tell you sailormen that you never saw anything act as prompt as that did.

"In three seconds, or perhaps five, the water all around me, for the distance of a small front yard, was just as flat as a table and as smooth as glass, and so invitin' in appearance that the three gulls jumped out of the boat and began to swim about on it, primin' their feathers and lookin' at themselves in the transparent depths, though I must say that one of them made an awful face as he dipped his bill into the water and tasted kerosene.

"Now I had time to sit quiet in the midst of the placid space I had made for myself, and rest from workin' of the rudder. Truly it was a wonderful and marvelous thing to look at. The waves was roarin' and leapin' up all around me higher than the roof of this house, and sometimes their tops would reach over so that they nearly met and shut out all view of the stormy sky, which seemed as if it was bein' torn to pieces by blazin' lightnin', while the thunder pealed so tremendous that it almost drowned the roar of the waves.

"Not only above and all around me was everything terrific and fearful, but even under me it was the same, for there was a big crack in the bottom of the boat as wide as my hand, and through this I could see down into the water beneath, and there was——"

"Madam!" ejaculated Captain Bird, the hand which had been holding his pipe a few inches from his mouth now dropping to his knee; and at this motion the hands which held the pipes of the three other mariners dropped to their knees.

"Of course it sounds strange," continued the widow, "but I know that people can see down into clear water, and the water under me was clear, and the crack was wide enough for me to see through, and down under me was sharks and swordfishes and other horrible water creatures, which I had never seen before, all driven into the bay, I haven't a doubt, by the violence of the storm out at sea. The thought of my bein' upset and fallin' in among those monsters made my very blood run cold, and involuntary-like I began to turn the handle of the rudder, and in a moment I shot into a wall of ragin' sea-water that was towerin' around me. For a second I was fairly blinded and stunned, but I had the cork out of that oil can in no time, and very soon—you'd scarcely believe it if I told you how soon—I had another placid mill-pond surroundin' of me. I sat there a-pantin' and fannin' with my straw hat, for you'd better believe I was flustered,

"——and so I poured out about a tumblerful of oil on the water ——"

"and in no time I had a placid mill-pond surroundin' of me."

and then I began to think how long it would take me to make a line of mill-ponds clean across the head of the bay, and how much oil it would need, and whether I had enough. So I sat and calculated that if a tumblerful of oil would make a smooth place about seven yards across, which I should say was the width of the one I was in—which I calculated by a measure of my eye as to how many breadths of carpet it would take to cover it—and if the bay was two miles across betwixt our house and my sister-in-law's, and, although I couldn't get the thing down to exact figures, I saw pretty soon that I wouldn't have oil enough to make a level cuttin' through all those mountainous billows, and besides, even if I had enough to take me across, what would be the good of goin' if there wasn't any oil left to fill my sister-in-law's lamp?

"While I was thinkin' and calculatin' a perfectly dreadful thing happened, which made me think if I didn't get out of this pretty soon I'd find myself in a mighty risky predicament. The oil-can, which I had forgotten to put the cork in, toppled over, and before I could grab it every drop of the oil ran into the hind part of the boat, where it was soaked up by a lot of dry dust that was there. No wonder my heart sank when I saw this. Glancin' wildly around me, as people will do when they are scared, I saw the smooth place I was in gettin' smaller and smaller, for the kerosene was evaporatin', as it will do even off woolen clothes if you give it time enough. The first pond I had come out of seemed to be covered up, and the great, towerin', throbbin' precipice of sea-water was a-closin' around me.

"Castin' down my eyes in despair, I happened to look through the crack in the bottom of the boat, and oh, what a blessed relief it was! for down there everything was smooth and still, and I could see the sand on the bottom, as level and hard, no doubt, as it was on the beach.

"Suddenly the thought struck me that that bottom would give me the only chance I had of gettin' out of the frightful fix I was in. If I could fill that oil-can with air, and then puttin' it under my arm and takin' a long breath if I could drop down on that smooth bottom, I might run along toward shore, as far as I could, and then, when I felt my breath was givin' out, I could take a pull at the oil-can and take another run, and then take another pull and another run, and perhaps the can would hold air enough for me until I got near enough to shore to wade to dry land. To be sure, the sharks and other monsters were down there, but then they must have been awfully frightened, and perhaps they might not remember that man was their nat'ral enemy. Anyway, I thought it would be better to try the smooth water passage down there than stay and be swallowed up by the ragin' waves on top.

"So I blew the can full of air and corked it, and then I tore up some of the boards from the bottom of the boat so as to make a hole big enough for me to get through—and you sailormen needn't wriggle so when I say that, for you all know a divin'-bell hasn't any bottom at all and the water never comes in—and so when I got the hole big enough I took the oil-can under my arm, and was just about to slip down through it when I saw an awful turtle a-walkin' through the sand at the bottom. Now, I might trust

sharks and swordfishes and sea-serpents to be frightened and forget about their nat'ral enemies, but I never could trust a gray turtle as big as a cart, with a black neck a yard long, with yellow bags to its jaws, to forget anything or to remember anything. I'd as lieve get into a bath-tub with a live crab as to go down there. It wasn't of no use even so much as thinkin' of it, so I gave up that plan and didn't once look through that hole again."

"And what did you do, madam?" asked Captain Bird, who was regarding her with a face of stone.

"I used electricity," she said. "Now don't start as if you had a shock of it. That's what I used. When I was younger than I was then, and sometimes visited friends in the city, we often amused ourselves by rubbing our feet on the carpet until we got ourselves so full of electricity that we could put up our fingers and light the gas. So I said to myself that if I could get full of electricity for the purpose of lightin' the gas I could get full of it for other purposes, and so, without losin' a moment, I set to work. I stood up on one of the seats, which was dry, and I rubbed the bottoms of my shoes backward and forward on it with such violence and swiftness that they pretty soon got warm and I began fillin' with electricity, and when I was fully charged with it from my toes to the top of my head, I just sprang into the water and swam ashore. Of course I couldn't sink, bein' full of electricity."

Captain Bird heaved a long sigh and rose to his feet, whereupon the other mariners rose to their feet. "Madam," said Captain Bird, "what's to pay for the supper and —the rest of the entertainment?"

"The supper is twenty-five cents apiece," said the Widow Ducket, "and everything else is free, gratis."

Whereupon each mariner put his hand into his trousers pocket, pulled out a silver quarter, and handed it to the widow. Then, with four solemn "Good evenin's," they went out to the front gate.

"Cast off, Captain Jenkinson," said Captain Bird, "and you, Captain Burress, clew him up for'ard. You can stay in the bow, Captain Sanderson, and take the sheet-lines. I'll go aft."

All being ready, each of the elderly mariners clambered over a wheel, and having seated themselves, they prepared to lay their course for Cuppertown.

But just as they were about to start, Captain Jenkinson asked that they lay to a bit, and clambering down over his wheel, he went up to the door where the widow and Dorcas were still standing.

"Madam," said he, "I just came back to ask what became of your brother-in-law through his wife's not bein' able to put no light in the window?"

"The storm drove him ashore on our side of the bay," said she, "and the next mornin' he came up to our house, and I told him all that had happened to me. And when he took our boat and went home and told that story to his wife, she just packed up and went out West, and got divorced from him. And it served him right, too."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Captain Jenkinson, and going out of the gate, he clambered up over the wheel, and the wagon cleared for Cuppertown.

When the elderly mariners were gone, the Widow Ducket, still standing in the door, turned to Dorcas.

"Think of it!" she said indignantly. "To tell all that to me in my own house! And after I had opened my one jar of brandied peaches, that I'd been keepin' all this time for special company!"

"In your own house!" ejaculated Dorcas. "And not one of them brandied peaches left!"

The widow jingled the four quarters in her hand before she slipped them into her pocket.

"Anyway, Dorcas," she remarked, "I think we can now say we are square with all the world, and so let's go in and wash the dishes."

"Yes," said Dorcas, "we're square."

Jorrocks and Pigg After the Day's Hunt

ABOUT NINE Betsy brought the supper tray, and Jorrocks would treat Pigg to a glass of brandy-and-water. One glass led to another, and they had a strong talk about hunting. They drank each other's healths, then the healths of the hounds.

"I'll give you old Priestess' good 'ealth!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, holding up his glass. "Fine old betch, with her tan eye-brows—thinks I never saw a better 'ound—wise as a Christian!" Pigg proposed Manager. Mr. Jorrocks gave Ravager. Pigg gave Lavender; and they drank Mercury, and Affable, and Crowner, and Lousey, and Mountebank and Milliner—almost all the pack in short, each in turn being best. A, what a dog one was to find a fox. A, what a dog another was to drive a scent.

The fire began to hiss, and Mr. Jorrocks felt confident his prophecy (of rain on the morrow) was about to be fulfilled. "Look out of the winder, James, and see wot'un a night it is," said he to Pigg. . . .

James staggered up, and after a momentary grope about the room—for they were sitting without candles —exclaimed, "Hellish dark, and smells of cheese!"

"Smells o' cheese!" repeated Mr. Jorrocks looking around in astonishment; "smells o' cheese'—vy, man, you've got your nob i' the cupboard."

—ROBERT SURTEES' *Handley Cross.*

By James Abbott McNeill Whistler, courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum of Art

The Ten Books I Reread Most

By Hugh Walpole

This is not an interesting list, but at least it is an honest one.

1. Shakespeare.
2. Hazlitt's *Essays.*
3. *The Oxford Book of English Verse.* Edited by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch.
4. Butcher and Lang's translation of *The Odyssey.*
5. Tolstoi's *War and Peace.*
6. Hardy's *Tess of the D'Ubervilles, Jude the Obscure, Far from the Madding Crowd, The Return of the Native, The Mayor of Casterbridge,* and *Two on a Tower.*
7. Edward Fitzgerald's *Letters.*
8. Keats' *Poems* and *Letters.*
9. Wordsworth's *Poems.*
10. Conan Doyle's *Adventures of Sherlock Holmes* (complete in one volume).

I refuse to be frightened by the conventionality of choosing Shakespeare.

I read him almost continuously—on an average about a play a week. His richness is his great quality and he is richer at every reading—often richest when he is at his most absurd and careless.

Hazlitt is incomparable for wise counsel to anyone interested in letters—although he had no notion how to lead his own life wisely. His prose is so human that it ought to be careless, but is not.

Q's anthology remains, I think, the best.

The Odyssey is the perfect companion—after Shakespeare best of all. It has the excitement of Dumas, the poetry of Keats, the humor of Dickens—then begins its own greatness.

Tolstoi's *War and Peace* is saner than Dostoevsky and so suited to every mood. There is something for everyone here.

I can read and reread Hardy because of his honesty, his poetry and his creation of character.

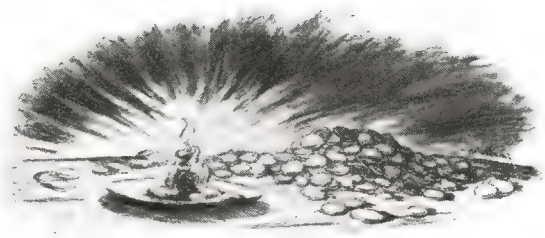
Edward Fitzgerald's letters are the most tranquilizing, comforting letters in the English language.

Keats' *Poems*—no reason needed. The *Letters,* for their richness, pathos and intimacy, and because they lead you on to think more of others than yourself.

I know Wordsworth wrote many bad poems, but in the worst of them there is always a line worth finding—and as for the best of them!

I read Sherlock Holmes because I forget him the moment I finish him, and can always reread him with rich, childish surprise. They are stained with my youth! This is Truth.

"THE BEST *reading is rereading—it alone is the guarantee of friendship and settled taste." We asked Mr. Walpole to name the books which are his bedside companions, believing that the books which Mr. Walpole chooses as his best friends would be of interest to our readers.*—The Editors.



The Hands

How I Came to Write This Story:

THE STORY, "The Hands of the Enemy" had its genesis some years ago when I was writing a play of tent-show life called "Doubling In Brass." My problem was to find a dramatic thread of story on which to hang the comedy of the play. The incident used in "The Hands of the Enemy" was first conceived as a prologue to the play. But, as I progressed, I came upon a story much more pertinent to the tent-show life, so I abandoned this beginning. Some time after, while casting about for an idea for a short story, I remembered the idea of my original prologue and turned it into a short story. Thinking that its excessive dramatic quality would appeal to more popular magazines than had hitherto taken my work, I sent it around to the big circulation periodicals. But they would have none of it. It was too short, it was too long, it was too melodramatic! Quite disheartened, I sent it to "Harper's Magazine" feeling sure that a story too melodramatic for the magazines appealing to a large audience would certainly not have any appeal to the editors of a conservative periodical. Imagine my surprise to have it received enthusiastically by the editors. Which shows that you never can tell!

CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE

WITHIN A HUNDRED YARDS of the hill's crest Walton Pringle's pocket-flash winked spasmodically and died. He paused a moment to catch his breath; the pull up from the creek bed had winded him and the sting of cold rain in his face added a further discomfort. If he hadn't dawdled at Preston's Flat, hoping for the rain to cease or abate, he would have made his objective before nightfall. But since he had elected to wait so long, it would have been much better to continue there until next morning. As it was, he felt sure that he had strayed from the trail—a particularly unhappy thought to a man who could claim only a speaking acquaintance with the wilderness. And this too under the pall of a stormy night without the slightest ray of light to guide him. Well, the best he could do was to stumble on: it was far better to keep moving in circles than to resign himself to inactivity and chills.

He was glad now that he had been persuaded to take a pistol when he came away from Walden's Glen. If he were lost, at least he could provide himself with game, and in the mountains one could never tell how long one might wander aimlessly along false paths once the proper trail was abandoned. At first this pistol business had seemed absurd: California was no longer a bandit country, and even if it were he had nothing worth stealing. A jack-knife, a pocket-flash, two bars of chocolate, and a sheaf of notes on "Itinerant and Rural Labor and Its Relation to Crime" were poor pickings for a hold-up man. His notes especially were valueless to anyone save himself, and even their loss would not have been irreparable. He was still near enough to his investigations to have the material for his book clearly fixed in his mind and, once back at his desk in San Francisco, he would be able to recall every detail of the last two weeks spent among the

of the Enemy

By CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE

One of the ablest craftsmen in the modern short story, combining intensity of drama with powerful restraint, Mr. Dobie, of San Francisco, in 1916 retired from the insurance business in order to write.

The youth's dead mother probably had had just such a pinched, yellow, wistful face.

Drawings by Edward Staloff

economic nomads of the mountains. But in spite of all these obvious guarantees against violence, it appeared that there *were* reasons for being forearmed. . . . It was Lem Thatcher, one of the old-timers, who had put him straight on this point.

"Bandits be damned!" Thatcher had exclaimed. "But how about a stray bobcat? Or a crazy man? Or a lost trail? . . . A man who goes into the open with nuthin' but a jack-knife and a couple o' bars o' chocolate is a fool. . . . Give a man a gun and you give him the next thing to a partner."

Under the depression of the moment he felt that his original stupidity lay not so much in failing to realize the needs of such a trip as in essaying the venture at all. Why hadn't he been sensible and taken the stage as far as Rock Point and swung on from there to Marchel Duplin's cabin? He had no time to waste, and had there been no other reason this alternative would have given him several additional hours with a man who, everybody conceded, knew more about sheep-herding than any other within a hundred miles. He had talked to a Basque shepherd near Compton's and to a Mexican herder just the other side of Willow Creek, attempting to get sidelights on their profession, but they had been taciturn and he without the proper moisture for limbering their tongues. Duplin, everybody conceded, was exceptionally garrulous for a sheep-herder even when he had not the help of thin wine. It seemed expedient, then, to go to Duplin if he wished properly to complete the picture of rural economy whose drawing he contemplated. But for an untrained mountaineer—a tenderfoot, in fact—it was nothing save a whimsical extravagance to plunge along a fifteen-mile trail through forest and shifting granite when an easier course was open. Being valley bred he hadn't expected rain in August, but if he had stopped to think he might have known that anything was climatically possible in the mountains.

Stumbling, crawling, cursing, somehow in spite of the blackness he felt himself making progress uphill. Presently his feet touched level ground. This in itself was reassuring. He raised his eyes in a desperate effort to pierce the gloom, took a few steps forward—and suddenly, miraculously, found himself in a clearing from which beckoned the friendly light of a cabin.

"I didn't do nuthin', honest I didn't . . . I hope to die if——"

With a smothered exclamation of joy he quickened his gait, almost running forward, and the next instant he had gained the window, instinctively stopping to peer within.

The unreality of the scene which met his eye gave Walton Pringle a feeling that he was either dreaming or gazing down on a stage set for a play: only sleep or the theater seemed capable of a picture so filled with melodrama. But in the theater one was never at once spectator and participant, and in sleep one did not have the tangible physical discomfort which he felt. He drew his rain-soaked body closer against the cabin, raising himself on his toes so that he might get a better view of the interior. A man stood hovering over a table lighted by an anemic candle and through his fingers dripped a slow trickle of silver. In a corner, uncannily outlined by a steady gleam of light, was a crucifix nailed to the wall and below it lay a couch piled with disordered bed clothing. On the floor, midway between table and couch, was sprawled the figure of a man—arms flung wide, his black-bearded face upturned—a startling inanimate thing that made Walton Pringle turn away with a shudder. The man at the table undoubtedly was a thief. Was he also a murderer?

FOR THE SECOND TIME that night Pringle was glad he was provided with a pistol, and yet in spite of his preparedness he had a momentary misgiving, an indecision: to be secured against an unavoidable contingency was one thing; to push deliberately into trouble was quite another. Pringle was no coward but he knew his limitations; he was not trained in any superlative skill with firearms. Was it discreet then to thrust oneself across the path of a desperate man?

He continued to gaze through the window with morbid fascination and uncertainty; the picture was too revealing—violence had been done, that was obvious; plunder was in process of accomplishment. A sudden disgust at his weak-kneed prudence stiffened his decision. At that moment the wind, flinging itself through the pine trees, sent a shower of twigs upon the cabin roof. The face at the table was lifted with a tragic sense of insecurity and fear; Pringle saw that it was the face of a young man, almost a boy. For a brief moment their eyes met; then without further ado Pringle crept swiftly to the door, hurling his body against it in anticipation of barred progress. The force of the impact carried him well into the room. The youth was on his feet and an exclamation halted on his thin pallid lips. Pringle whipped out his gun.

Walton Pringle did not utter a word; he merely gazed questioningly at the youth, who began to whine.

"I didn't do nuthin', honest I didn't. . . . I hope to die if——"

Pringle cut him short with an imperious gesture. The lad's manner as well as his physique was filled with a shambling, retarded maturity. His face was curiously pale for one from a rural environment, and his hair that should have been vivid and red had been sunburnt to a vague straw color.

"Hand over your gun!" Pringle demanded.

The youth straightened himself with a flicker of confidence. "I ain't got none!" he threw back.

Pringle searched him: he had told the truth. "Come then, give me a hand here!" he commanded, laying his own weapon on the table.

Together they lifted the inert body from the floor and placed it on the couch.

"He's dead!" the youth ventured.

Pringle put his hand to the man's heart. "So it seems," he returned dryly.

The dead man was swarthy and beetle-browed, with wiry blue-black hair and beard. He was undressed save for a suit of thick woolen underwear and his feet were encased in heavy knitted gray socks. An ugly gash clotted his brow and the ooze of blood trickling thickly from the wound was staining the bedclothes. A flash of intuition lighted up Pringle's mental gropings.

"Is this Marchel Duplin's cabin?"

The youth stared, then nodded.

"And is this Marchel Duplin?"

"Yes."

Almost with the same movement Pringle and the youth turned away, the lad dropping into a chair before the table.

Pringle drew a bench from the wall and straddled it. "What's your name?" he demanded.

"Sam—Sam Allen."

"Where do you come from?"

"Down—down by Walden's Glen."

"Ah! . . . And what are you doing here?"

"Gettin' out o' the wet, mostly."

Pringle pointed to the heap of coins on the table. "And making a little clean-up on the side, eh? . . . Well, what have you got to say for yourself?"

Sam Allen dropped his ineffectual blue eyes. "Nuthin' much . . . I come here to get outa the rain, like I said before. He was layin' on the bed there, mutterin' to hisself, and burning up with fever. I went up to him and I says, 'Marchel, don't yer know me?' With that he grabs me by the throat. I never *did* see anybody get such a stranglehold on a man. . . . I jest couldn't pry him loose. He went down like a chunk o' lead. And when his head struck the ground"—Sam Allen shuddered—"It was jest like a rotten watermelon went squash. . . . I didn't dare look fer a minute, and when I did he was dead!"

"And then you proceeded to rob him, eh? Without even waiting to lift his dead body from the floor . . . or seeing what you could do to help him?"

Sam Allen shook his head. "I know when a man's dead . . . and I don't like to touch 'em, somehow—that is—not all by myself. It was different when you come. Besides, I've heerd tell that the law likes things left in a case like this—that it's better not to touch nothin'."

Pringle could not forego a sneer; really, the youth was too ineffectual! "Nothing except money, I suppose!"

Sam Allen ignored the sarcasm; it is doubtful if it really made an impression. "It musta got kicked out from under his pillow in the scuffle. . . . Anyway, I seen it layin' there on the floor, jest where his head struck, almost. Of course I was curious." He turned a childishly eager face toward Pringle. "Do you know, he

had nigh onto fifty dollars in that there bag of his."

"Indeed!"

But again Pringle's sarcasm rebounded and fell flat. Apparently Sam Allen was not quick witted. He mistook irony for interest. Without further urging the youth began to tell about himself. His father had a hog ranch just this side of Walden's Glen—a drab, filthy spot. This father kept drunk most of the time on a potent brand of moonshine which he himself distilled. The whole drudgery of the place had fallen on the boy. "Cows I wouldn't have minded so much —they ain't dirty like pigs—leastways what they eat ain't!" He breathed hard when he spoke and his clipped words took on descriptive vehemence. The whole atmosphere of the Allen ranch rose in a fetid mist before Walton Pringle: hog wallow, sour swill, obscene grunts and squealings, the beastly drunkenness of Allen senior. Since no mention was made of a woman's presence, Pringle divined that there was none. Sam Allen had grown sick to death of it all and had run away: without money, provisions, or proper clothing—even lacking decent footgear—without plans. It was a pitiful story and yet it damned him superlatively; gave point to the situation in which he had been found. Listening to him Pringle lost the conviction that he was a premeditated murderer, but there seemed no reasonable doubt that he was an accidental one. It seemed he knew well the Duplin cabin; used to steal up there on rare occasions, when Marchel was out shepherding, to share the Frenchman's dribbles of thin wine. He liked wine. One mouthful and your heart felt freer, more gay. Why, one could sing then—almost. At least Marchel Duplin could. Moonshine never gave a man a singing mood—only a nasty one. At this point Pringle could not forego a question: Did he know that Duplin had money? . . . Allen hesitated and Pringle had an impulse to warn him against answering; it didn't seem fair to let the boy unwittingly incriminate himself. But before Pringle could caution him the youth blurted out the truth: he had heard something of it. Pringle felt his heart contract in a rush of pity: the whole situation was so obvious—a desperate, weak, perhaps degenerate boy rushing blindly toward freedom and disaster. Had Duplin's wine jug been part of the youth's hapless plan? Had he attempted to get the shepherd drunk before he despoiled him?

At all events he hadn't managed skilfully and the Frenchman had put up a fight. The results spoke for themselves. Well, it all came back to heredity and environment. He'd have an interesting lot of notes on this case. No theorizing this time but something at first hand, alive and palpitating. Quite suddenly he found his pity receding, submerged by his scientific desire for truth. The youth before him was like a moth pinned to the wall, before which the investigator lost all sentimental interest in his eagerness to measure the duration of the death agony. Now was the time to get data, before fear or caution stepped in to dam up Sam Allen's naïve garrulity. Pringle was interested in the youth's mother. But Sam Allen couldn't remember much: Lizzie Evans, that had been her name—a girl who "worked out." Yet the very economy of this picture was illuminating. Lizzie Evans, a girl who "worked out." It was perfect! A girl who doubtless had been ruined, to use the phrase of unemancipated women. She probably had had just such a pinched, yellow, wistful face as the son she had borne to feed the hangman's noose. Pringle had a fad for reconstructing the faces of mothers from the bolder outlines of their male offspring. He usually found the test successful even with the most rugged material; he had a feeling that in this case his imagination did not need to overleap any confines whatsoever to achieve its goal. Lizzie Allen, born Evans, had died: a futile, weak, anemic slip of a girl, stifled by the nauseous vapors of the hog pens. Not that Sam Allen put it so, but Pringle could read a shorthand of life almost as skilfully as a complete script.

He swung the conversation back to Allen senior. The son embellished the portrait with a wealth of sinister details, finishing with a malicious little chuckle.

"An' he's deputy sheriff for the district, too, moonshinin' an' all. . . . Oh, I've seen him track fellers down an' shoot 'em when they had the goods on him. Didn't matter whether they was guilty or not. . . . I've seen him beat 'em, too—over the head—with the butt of a pistol—or anything else that came handy!"

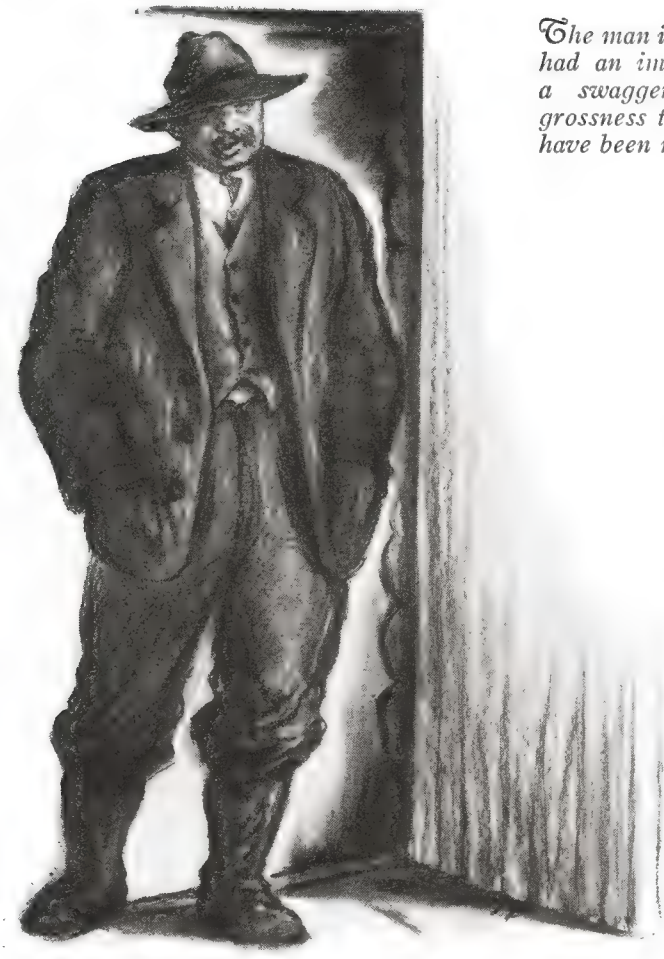
Pringle turned his eyes to the inanimate figure on the bed. How completely everything was dovetailing! *"I've seen him beat 'em, too, over the head."* Precisely. For all the youth's inadequacy he had absorbed some of the inhumanities from his sire.

A strange exalted cruelty began to stir in Walton Pringle, the cruelty of an animal on the scent of some furtive thing pitifully intent on escape. His mood must have communicated itself, for suddenly Sam Allen fell into a silence that no amount of prodding could shatter. Well, there could be little more that bore upon the particular issue. Pringle began to think of the most expedient move. He found himself shivering. Naturally, since he had been wet to the skin. . . . A rusty stove huddled itself just below one of the windows, sending its pipe crazily through a shattered pane. Pringle suggested a fire; dumbly the youth assented. Together they began to collect debris from the cabin floor: crumpled newspapers, empty cartons, a handful of pine cones. Soon a cheerful blaze crackled and roared. Even Sam Allen found its warmth agreeable but its cheer did not serve to melt his sudden reticence.

Presently for lack of fuel the fire began to spend itself and its snap and roar sank to a faint hiss. The night too seemed to have grown miraculously silent. Pringle rose and threw open the cabin door. The rain had stopped, even the wind had fallen, and through a rent in the storm clouds far to the east a faint glow gave promise of a rising moon.

Pringle closed the door and went back to his place before the stove. The situation in which he found himself made him suddenly restive. It seemed as if he could not possibly wait until morning to settle the issue that must ultimately be settled.

Walden's Glen lay a good fifteen miles to the east, but at least it was for the most part down grade. His



The man in the doorway had an impressive bulk, a swaggering, insolent grossness that must once have been robustly virile.

exhaustion of the previous hour had been swallowed up in the absorbing shock of drama. He felt like making a decisive move, and yet a certain pity for Sam Allen, shrinking visibly before his questioning gaze, made him resolve to give the youth a meager choice in the matter. He sauntered casually to the table. The candle was guttering to a feeble decline, and it threw out a flickering light that touched with spasmodic fire the coins lying in a disordered heap where Sam Allen had abandoned them. Pringle ran his hand nervously through the silver pile.

"What do you think," he asked abruptly, "shall we strike out for Walden's Glen now, or wait till morning?" Sam Allen gave a gasp. Then recovering himself, he returned with slow drawling defiance.

"If you're headed that way, suit yourself. . . . But I set out to leave Walden's Glen and I don't see no reason why I should go back."

Pringle felt himself grow ominously cool. "I dare say you don't. But, unfortunately for you, there *are* reasons. . . . In a way I'm sorry I walked into this mess. But I did walk in and I can't shirk my responsibility. There's the law to reckon with, you know!"

Sam Allen's lips began to tremble. "I tell you it was an accident. Don't you believe me?"

"No."

"And you mean to give me up—to—my father?"

Deputy sheriff for the district! For a moment even Pringle trembled: the picture which the youth had drawn of his sire had been too vivid. And besides, the bare situation was pregnant with disaster.

"I'm afraid there's no help for it," Pringle returned, trying to check any show of emotion. Sam Allen crept nearer to the table like a whipped dog. Pringle was stirred to a profound pity. "Besides," he went on more softly, "your father can't really touch you. You'll have all the law on your side."

Even in his terror the youth could not check a sneer. "Much you know about it!" he cried passionately.

"But I'll go with you—don't you understand—every step of the way . . . I mean, I'll stand by you till everything's put straight." Pringle broke off suddenly. Sam Allen's white face seemed to draw closer to the table and his two eyes were fixed craftily upon the gun which Pringle had neglected to restore to his hip pocket.

An intense nervous silence followed; Pringle made a swift movement toward the pistol, and the next moment the candle was violently extinguished.

Pringle stood momentarily inactive under the shock of surprise. The slam of the door roused him. He went stumbling through the gloom, knocking down impediments in his path until he gained the open. The moon was still hidden by the thick clouds in the east, but directly overhead a few stars showed dimly through thin vapors rising from the drenched hills.

Almost at once he realized the futility of pursuit. He knew nothing about the country, and besides, the greatest service he could render was to report the situation promptly. An aroused community would deal effectively with the murderer—he wouldn't get very far with his lack of resources and wit.

Pringle went back into the cabin and lighted the candle, forcing the stub out of the candlestick to prolong its life. The pile of silver had been scattered about by the impact of stumbling figures but it appeared otherwise intact; the pistol, however, had disappeared. Pringle laughed to himself, shrugging his shoulders. It was plain that he had much to learn about the custody of prisoners. Urged by the expediency of taking stock of all emphatic details connected with the situation, he raised the candle and swept the interior with its faint radiance. This was the first comprehensive view he had taken of the room. But there was really little of fresh significance: the cot on which lay the body of Marchel Duplin, the rusting stove, the table, the one chair, the bench; and over in a corner—back of the door when it swung open—a burlap curtain screening a shallow triangle. This last item was the only detail which had previously escaped him, partly because of its neutral color and partly because it hung in the shadow. A faint suspicion crossed him as he caught the movement of the curtain. He put the light down on the table. Could it be that the slammed door following on Allen's apparent exit had been a clever ruse? He took a quick gliding step forward and thrust the curtain dramatically aside, almost expecting to find Sam Allen cowering behind it. But the space revealed nothing except a muddle of clothes and discarded boots, and a sharp current of air drifting through a wide crevice in the floor.

The reaction from the tenseness of expectation left him shivering. An impatience for the whole situation swept over him. He felt relieved that young Allen had fled, eluded him. It lifted an unpleasant duty from his shoulders and at the same time confirmed the youth's guilt. He would have hated, now that he considered it, to be the instrument for turning an uncertain situation into an inevitable one. His testimony might have dammed an innocent man—that he was now willing to concede. But Allen's escape immeasurably cleared the issue: innocent people were never fearful. How many, *many* times, in divers forms, had this truism been brought home to him!

Yet in spite of the emphatic case against young Allen, Pringle felt the necessity of having his own movements clear in his mind. He'd be questioned, naturally; that went without saying. Quite rapidly he recapitulated the events of the day: the start from Walden's Glen at sunrise, the untoward rain at noon, his dawdling in the shelter of a redwood hollow against a sudden clearing; his resolve to push on when he saw no prospect of the storm's abatement. . . . It all sounded so clear and simple. Once he explained his mission, any testimony he might give must gather added weight. And his credentials would render his testimony doubly valuable. His book on *Radical Movements in Relation to Post-War Problems* would carry him past any reasonable skepticism, and then a B.A. from Yale and the prospects of a Ph.D. from Columbia ought to impress even a rural magistrate.

He decided to count the money and take it with him to Walden's Glen. It wasn't safe to leave it in the cabin, and besides, it had a significant bearing on the case. In a half hour, he figured, the moon would be fully risen and if the sky continued to clear he would have a brilliantly lighted path to travel back.

He drew the single chair up to the table and fell to his task. The money was in all denominations of silver, but mostly quarters and halves. He began to group them into systematic piles. A faint scraping sound made him pause. . . . A twig, probably, brushing against the house. . . . He continued counting the money. Again the sound came. This time a tremor ran through him as he stopped his task. He kept his eye straight ahead as if fearing to turn to the right or left. Then slowly, fearfully, with the inevitability of one who feels other eyes fixed ironically upon him, he turned and looked up at the window, very much as Sam Allen had done less than an hour before. . . . A man's face answered his startled gaze and the next instant the door flew open.

Walton Pringle rose in his seat, again repeating the gesture of Sam Allen in a like situation. A faint, almost imperceptible sense of this analogy crept over him; he felt his heart suddenly contract.

The man in the doorway had an impressive bulk, a swaggering insolent grossness that must once have been robustly virile. His coarse under-lip had sufficient force to crowd upward a ragged mustache, and as he stepped heavily into the circle of light, Walton Pringle felt a glint of sardonic and unpropitiable humor leap at him from two piglike eyes.

"Where's Duplin?" the stranger demanded.

Pringle pointed to the cot. The visitor strode up to it and drew down the quilt. "Dead, eh!" He bent over closer. "Ah, a tolerable blow on the head. . . . Neat job, I'd say." He flung back the quilt over the face of the corpse with a gesture that showed an absolute indifference, a contempt even for the presence of death.

"Well, stranger, suppose you tell me who you are?" There was an authority in his drawling suaveness which brought a quick answer. "Pringle, eh? . . . And just what are you doing here?"

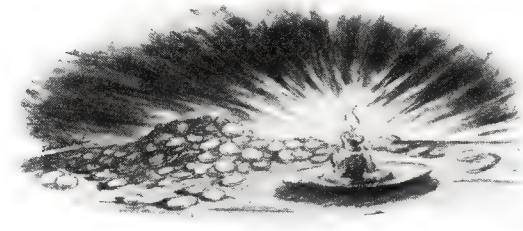
Pringle stiffened with a rallied dignity. "I might ask you the same question. And I might ask your name, too, if I felt at all curious. As a matter of fact, I'm not, but I must decline to be cross-examined by a man I don't know."

A grim humor played about the protruding underlip. "Correct, stranger, correct as hell! My name happens to be Allen—Hank Allen. That don't mean nuthin' to yer, does it? Well, I'll go further. I'm deputy sheriff for this county and I've got a right to question any man I take a notion to question. It ain't exactly a right I work overtime, but when I come into a man's cabin and find that man dead and a stranger pawin' over his money, I guess I just naturally calc'late that I'd better get on the job." He threw a pair of handcuffs on the table. "Why I happen to be here don't matter much, I guess. A man sometimes goes hunting for jack rabbit and brings home venison. You get me, don't yer?"

Walton Pringle stood motionless, trying to still the beating of his heart. He understood something now of Sam Allen's terror, Sam Allen's fear of being turned over to his father. But he knew also that a betrayal of fear would be one of the worst moves he could make.

"You don't have to tell me why you're here," he said quietly, "now that I know your name. There's a runaway lad mixed up in it somewhere, if I'm not mistaken."

The barest possible flash of surprise lighted up the features of Hank Allen, destroying for a moment their brutal immobility. "I ain't saying 'yes' or 'no' to that," he half laughed, recovering his careless manner.



"But I don't figger how that answers the question at hand."

Pringle smiled a superior smile. "Perhaps you're not the only one to look through the window at a stranger sitting before this table *pawin'* over a dead man's money. Perhaps I wasn't the first in the field. Perhaps there is more than you fancy to connect up a runaway lad with the question at hand. Who knows?"

Hank Allen's shoulders drooped forward with almost impalpable menace and his brows drew down tightly. "Look here, Pringle, I ain't accustomed to

movin' in circles. When I shoot, I shoot straight. What's more, I usually set the pace. In other words, let's have no more riddles. Good plain language suits me. What's on your mind?"

Pringle shrugged his shoulders with a hint of triumph and proceeded to tell his adversary just what was on his mind in good plain language that he felt would suit Hank Allen down to the ground. But as he progressed he found an uneasiness halting the glibness with which he had opened fire: Hank Allen's impassivity became as inscrutable and sinister as a tragic mask whose inflexible outlines concealed a surface animate with fly-blown depravity. He finished upon a note of pity for the youth and rested his case with a tremulousness of spirit which disclosed that he was pleading his cause rather than Sam Allen's; and pleading, as Sam Allen himself had done, to a tribunal that had already reached its verdict.

"I'm not saying the boy meant to do it, mind you," he repeated, stung to a reiteration by Allen's ominous silence. "And I'm right here to do all I can to pull him out of a hole. *My* testimony ought to have some weight."

Allen ignored Pringle's egotistic flourish. "Let's see," he mused coldly, "what time did you strike out from Walden's Glen?"

"At seven this morning."

"And it took you until nearly nine at night to make this cabin? . . . You're a mighty slow walker, if you ask me."

"The rain came on shortly after one o'clock. I thought it might let up, so I dodged into the shelter of a redwood stump near Preston's Flat. But it only grew worse. At five I decided to push on."

Suddenly Pringle stopped, chilled by the fact that Hank Allen's air of sneering incredulity was rendering devoid of substance the most truthful statements. Even in his own ears they rang out falsely. He desperately recovered himself and again took up his defense. It was terrifying how hollow even his credentials sounded, let alone the story of the day's events: a Yale B.A., a Ph.D. from Columbia, the author of *Radical Movements in Relation to Post-War Problems*—every statement he made grew more incredible, more fictitious, more hopeless. It was as if the monumental skepticism of Hank Allen were capable of destroying all reality. When he had finished, Hank Allen cleared his throat significantly.

"You'll have a mighty interesting story to tell the judge," he half sneered, half chuckled.

The brevity of Hank Allen's comment was packed with presage, and yet for a fleeting moment Walton Pringle took courage. A judge—precisely! A judge would be quite a different matter. Really, the situation was little short of absurd! In answer Hank Allen merely turned his gaze toward the disheveled cot, and he continued to tap the table significantly with the empty handcuffs.

In the portentous silence which followed, Walton Pringle's thoughts leaped to Sam Allen. Had his own skepticism of the previous hour also flattened the youth's defense? If he had listened with an open mind would the boy's far-fetched statements have held germs of reasonability? After all, what was there so extravagant in Sam Allen's tale? It could have happened just as he had said. But there was the youth's absurd escape. What point did any man have in damning himself with any move so suspicious?

As for Allen senior, what did he really think? It was almost incredible to imagine that he fancied Walton Pringle guilty. Then why the pose? Did some smoldering clan spirit in him rouse instinctively to his own flesh and blood in its extremity? Or would his son's disgrace expose his own delinquencies? The story that Pringle had listened to must merely have scratched the surface of his father's infamies. No, it was patent that Allen senior was in no position to invite the law to review his private record. . . . Yet he must know that he could but postpone the inevitable. What would happen tomorrow when the proper magistrate heard the real truth? The thought, spinning through Walton Pringle's brain, gave him a sudden feeling of boldness. After all, what had ***he*** to fear? He rose in his seat, all his confidence recaptured.

"Mr. Allen," he said clearly, "you are quite right. I *have* an interesting story to tell the judge. Therefore, I think the sooner I tell it the better. Shall we start back to Walden's Glen at once?"

A sardonic smile fastened itself on Pringle. He picked up the handcuffs. "If you will oblige me—" he nodded toward Pringle's folded arms.

The faint suggestion of a chill crept over Pringle. "Do I understand, Mr. Allen, that you intend to put me to the indignity of handcuffs?" Allen shrugged. "No, I won't have it! I'll be damned if I will!"

"You won't have it? Come now, that ain't pretty talk. And it ain't reasonable talk, neither." He narrowed his eyes. "Resisting an officer of the law is sometimes a messy job, stranger."

Pringle's resistance died before the covert snarl in Allen's voice. He put out his wrists and in the next instant he felt a cold clasp of steel encircling them and heard the click of the lock. At the moment he remembered the words of Sam Allen: *"I've seen him beat 'em, too, over the head, with the butt end of a pistol—or anything else that came handy."* And in a swift, terrible moment of revelation he knew that that was just what Hank Allen intended to do.

He fell back on the bench utterly helpless and without defense. Every story of the law's brutality that had ever reached his ears seemed to beat mockingly about him. He remembered now that not one of these tales had ever concerned an unshackled victim. No, what petty tyrants liked best was something prostrate which they could kick and trample with impunity. That was always the normal complement of bullying but in this case corruption gave the hand of authority an added incentive. Hank Allen would murder him not only for the pleasure of the performance but to save his own hide. A man struck down for resisting an officer would tell no tales. And how neatly the situation would be cleared up: a suspected murderer paying the penalty of his crime without process or expense of law. A bit of sound judicial economy, to tell the truth, in a community not given to rating life too dearly. And he thought that he had managed it all so cleverly!

A shadowy form crept stealthily toward the table . . . halted as if sensing a living presence.

At this point he noticed that Hank Allen was intent on investigating a menacing six-shooter and his mind moved alertly past all the futile movements he could make toward defense. Where was Hank Allen planning his latest atrocity—here in Marchel Duplin's cabin or somewhere on the trail to Walden's Glen? Here in the cabin—or he missed his guess—with a litter of broken furniture to add confirmation to a tale of resistance.

His gaze swept the room with a sudden hunger for even a drab background to life, as if his soul longed to carry a homely memory with it into the impending darkness. He saw the tumbled cot, the rusting stove, the table before him with a sudden passionate sense of their rude symbolism. Even the guttering candle, almost spent, took on significance. It was the candle, blown into untimely darkness, that had paved the way for his predicament. If only his pocket-flash had worked! Upon such trivialities did life itself depend! A flickering candle . . . a flickering candle . . . a flickering— The rhythmic beat of this reiteration snapped. Unconsciously he had looked past the gleam of light to the closed door and the burlap curtain, screening its shallow triangle, swaying gently in the half darkness. Abruptly candlelight, doorway, and curtain became fused into a unit—startling and lucid. Would it be possible? The prospect left him as breathless as a dash of cold water; he could hear himself gasp. Hank Allen fixed him with a suspicious glance.

"What's the matter?" he demanded brutally.

Pringle's mind cleared to a point of supreme intuition.

"I'm—I'm ill!" he gasped. "Would—would you mind opening the door—it's suffocating in here."

Hank Allen hesitated, then a diabolic humor seemed to move him to compliance. He threw back the door with a chuckle and resumed his seat. It was as if he had said, "Try it, my friend, if it amuses you!"

For a brief moment Walton Pringle closed his eyes; then quite suddenly opened them, took in a deep breath, and with a quick upward leap he blew out the candle.

Drawing himself flatly against the wall, Pringle felt the impact of the door swinging back before Allen's stumbling pursuit. It was inconceivable that a man on such good terms with subterfuge could have been tricked by anything so obvious as a slammed door. But how long would he remain tricked? He wouldn't search the hills all night, nor would he be likely to strike out for Walden's Glen without returning to the cabin. Pringle's first elation at the extraordinary success of his ruse fell before the realization of his plight. What chance had a handcuffed man in any case? And his attempt to escape—how beautifully that colored his guilt! *Innocent people were never fearful.* The memory of this mental deduction bit at him sharply. Yet with all the odds against him he felt that he must plan something and that quickly. Cautiously moving back the open door he peered over its rim. At first his vision could not pierce the gloom, but suddenly a flood of moonlight released from the imprisonment of dispersing clouds made a path of silver into the cabin. Pringle listened: everything was extraordinarily still.

All at once the silence was cracked by a keen report. A snapping fusillade answered Pringle's mental interrogation. . . . He heard a shrill cry, clipped and terrible. Then the silence fell again. . . . Presently the soft beat of cautious footfalls drifted toward the cabin. Pringle withdrew to the curtain's shelter. Something fluttered to the threshold. Then slowly, warily, the door was closed.

Pringle leaned sidewise, the tail of one eye thrust past the curtain's edge. Moonlight was flooding now even through the grimy windowpane. A shadowy form crept stealthily toward the table, halted as if sensing a living presence, turned sharply and revealed the unmistakable outlines of Sam Allen's ineffectual face.

Walton Pringle gave a cry of mingled relief and surprise and stepped from his hiding place.

The youth shrank back. "I—I wondered where you were," he gasped. He gave a little hysterical flourish

with his right hand and Pringle saw that he held the stolen pistol. "Well, I'm a murderer *now!*" he spit out with quivering venom. In a flash Pringle knew everything, and yet he could only stammer:

"You don't mean . . . *not your father!*"

The youth's face grew ashen. "Who else did you think?" He gave a scraping laugh. "Would *you* stand up and let him get you, if you had a chance to shoot first? I guess not. . . . Well, what are you going to do about it?"

Pringle brought his shackled wrists into the moonlight. "Damned little, I fancy!"

Young Allen put an incredulous finger on the handcuffs. "What's the idea?"

Pringle smiled ironically. "Just a little joke of your father's. He pretended he thought I was the murderer. He was for taking me back to Walden's Glen." He stopped, overcome with a passion for self-accusation, self-abasement: "Just as I wanted to take you back. . . . Yes, on the surface he was as self-righteous and smug as I was. But he didn't fool me. I knew that he intended to murder me in cold blood—to save your hide and incidentally his. . . . Well, I blew out the candle as you did—to—to save myself."

A curious look came over Sam Allen's face. Walton Pringle had a feeling that for the second time that night he had delivered himself into the hands of the enemy.

"You were a fool to tell me that," Sam Allen drawled, with a hint of his father's biting irony in his voice. "I wouldn't have thought of such an easy way out, all by myself. . . . Yer know what I mean, don't yer?"

Pringle felt himself grow unnaturally calm. "You mean you could shoot me down and settle everything for yourself? . . . Yes, you could. Dead men tell no tales, and in this case three dead men would be even more silent than two. . . . I can't say that I blame you. I didn't give any quarter in your pinch; why should you spare me?" Sam Allen gave an impatient cough and his words vibrated with sudden and strange maturity as he said coldly:

"I'm trying to figure it out. . . . It *would* be simpler to kill you." He held up the pistol, gazing at it with the tragic fascination of a stripling who has tasted his first victory—drawn his first blood. His whole body seemed animated with some strange new power that still struggled for foothold. Was the spirit of Hank Allen so soon fighting for a place in which to lodge its sinister corruption? . . . Suddenly he began to shiver violently. "No, it wouldn't be simpler," he half whispered—"not in the long run. . . . What do you say? Shall we go back to Walden's Glen—together?"

A faint blur dimmed Pringle's gaze. "I don't deserve it!" he cried with a vehement passion. "Upon my word, I don't!" Sam Allen laid the pistol on the table.

"Shucks!" he said, "everybody makes mistakes."

And at that moment Walton Pringle fancied that the pinched, yellow, wistful face before him re-created with a curiously poignant glory the face of Lizzie Allen, born Evans—the girl who had "worked out"!

◆ ◆

"No Spik English"

They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.—SHAKESPEARE

PROBABLY THE ONLY LETTER Napoleon wrote in English is the following to Count Lascases:

> Since sixt wect y learn the English and y do not any progress. Sixt week do fourty and two day. If might have learn fivty word, for day, i could know it two thousands and two hundred. It is in the dictionary more of fourty thousand: even he could most twenty; bot much of tems. For know it or hundred and twenty week, which do more two years. After this you shall agree that the study one tongue is a great labour who it must do into the young.

Napoleon entertained ideas of political success in England or in the United States, so his attempt to learn English had a strictly utilitarian object.

Had he read Beaumarchais, he might have abandoned the attempt to learn forty thousand words:

> Ah English! 'Tis a beautiful language. A man needs little of it to go a long way. With *God-dam*, one never lacks anything in England. Would you like to have some good chicken? Just step into an inn and make this gesture (*Figaro goes through the motions of turning a spit*) *God-dam!* You will get salted beef and no bread. Are you partial to Burgundy or to claret? All you have to do is this (*he acts as if he were uncorking a bottle*) *God-dam!* You will get a mug of beer, a beautiful tin mug overflowing with foam. That's what I call satisfaction. And should you chance upon a pretty little girl who minces along with lowered eyelids, her elbows brushed back and her hips swaying a little, you press your joined fingers on your mouth, gingerly—thus—Ah! *God-dam!* She gives you a healthy slap in the face. That proves that she understands you. True that the English add a few other words here and there when they converse, but that is just for the form of it, and it is easy to see that *God-dam* is the foundation of the language.

Voltaire learned Figaro's password, but he did not depend solely upon it. He kept a notebook in which he practiced the new language: "english tongue, barren and barbarous in his origin is now plentiful and sweet, like a garden full of exoticks plants." The following is a good sample of what he could do:

> Where there is not liberty of conscience, there is seldom liberty of trade, the same tyranny encroaching upon the commerce as upon Relligion. In the Commonwealths and other free contrys one may see in a see port, as many Relligions as shipps, the same god is there differently worship'd by jews, mahometans, heathens, catholiques, quackers, anabaptistes, which write strenuously one against the other, but deal together freely and with trust and peace.

It is a far cry from Voltaire to men like Saurat, Angellier, Lagouis, Dimnet, who write English better than many a native. —HERMAN SCHNURER.

Quips *and* Cranks

Drawings by Heinrich Kley

THERE WAS ONCE at the court of Frederick the Great of Prussia an Englishman with an amazing memory. One day Voltaire was due to read to Frederick a new poem in his honor. Frederick arranged that the Englishman should be able to overhear it from the next room.

Voltaire arrived and read out his masterpiece—an ode of great length.

"Very nice," said Frederick, "but of course I have heard it before."

At this point the Englishman wandered casually in and was asked if he had ever heard a poem beginning so-and-so.

To Voltaire's horror, the Englishman took up the line and went on reciting word for word the poem Voltaire had just read. Anguished, Voltaire tore his manuscript to pieces. Then, the joke being explained, the Englishman had to dictate the poem again to Voltaire.

La Fontaine, having attended the funeral of a friend, absent-mindedly went to call upon him a short time afterward. "Dead? Impossible!" he exclaimed on hearing the sad news; then recollecting himself, he patted the servant's arm.

"True enough," he said. "I was there."

Lawrence Sterne, as a young man, turned his hand to all sorts of writing. A friend of his had rented a window in one of the paved alleys near Cornhill for the sale of stationery. "I hired," said Sterne, "one of the panes of glass from my friend and stuck up the following advertisement which got instant results.

"Epigrams, Anagrams, Paragrams, Chronograms, Monograms, Epitaphs, Epithalamiums, Prologues, Epilogues, Madrigals, Interludes, Advertisements, Letters, Petitions, Memorials on every occasion. Essays on all subjects. Pamphlets for and against ministers, with Sermons upon any text or for any sect, to be written here on reasonable terms, by —A. B. PHILOLOGER."

A lady who was charmed by the writings of Mirabeau and who had never seen him wrote an admiring letter begging that Mirabeau at least send her a description of himself. He replied: "Figure to yourself a tiger that has had the smallpox."

"Finding the North Pole," says Mr. Dooley, "is like sitting down on the ice anywhere."

Mark Twain had been invited to attend an authors' reception at the White House, during the first term of President Cleveland. Mrs. Clemens, aware of her husband's propensity for doing the wrong thing at the wrong time, had slipped a note into the pocket of his dress waistcoat concerning his conduct under a given set of circumstances.

When he reached the White House and was shaking hands with the President, he suddenly turned, saying by way of apology, "If your Excellency will excuse me, I will come back in a moment, I have a very important matter to attend to." Turning to Mrs. Cleveland he gave her his card on which he had written "He Did Not"—and asked her to sign her name below those words.

"He did not? He did not what?" she remarked, surprised.

"Oh," said Mark, "never mind. We cannot stop to discuss that now. Won't you sign your name?"

"Why," she said, "I cannot commit myself in that way. Who is it that didn't?—and what is it that he didn't?"

"Oh," he said, impatiently, "time is flying, flying, flying! Won't you take me out of my distress and sign your name to it? It's all right. I give you my word it's all right."

She looked nonplussed, but hesitatingly and mechanically she took his pen and said: "I will sign it. I will take the risk. But you must tell me all about it, right afterward, so that you can be arrested before you get out of the house, in case there should be anything criminal about this."

Then she signed, and the humorist handed her Mrs. Clemens' note, which was very brief, very simple, and very much to the point. It said, *"Don't wear your arctics in the White House."*

"George Sand," said Heinrich Heine, "is, indeed, as beautiful as the Venus de Milo, and has the additional advantage of being much younger than the latter."

Coleridge, whenever he read a book, would write in the margin any thought that might occur to him.

In one of the books which he borrowed from Charles Lamb (a copy of Donne's poems) appears this glimmer, at least, of conscience:

"I shall die soon, my dear Charles Lamb, and then you will not be angry that I have bescribbled your book. S. T. C. 2d May, 1811."

BOCCACCIO'S Story

"Griselda, wilt thou have me for thy husband?"

THERE WAS in olden days a certain Marquis of Saluzzo, Gualtieri by name, a young man, but head of the house, who, having neither wife nor child, passed his time in nought else but in hawking and hunting, and of taking a wife and begetting children had no thought; wherein he should have been accounted very wise: but his vassals, brooking it ill, did oftentimes entreat him to take a wife, that he might not die without an heir, and they be left without a lord; offering to find him one of such a pattern, and of such parentage, that he might marry with good hope, and be well content with the sequel. To whom "My friends," replied Gualtieri, "you enforce me to that which I had resolved never to do, seeing how hard it is to find a wife whose ways accord well with one's own, and how plentiful is the supply of such as run counter thereto, and how grievous a life he leads who chances upon a lady that matches ill with him. And to say that you think to know the daughters by the qualities of their fathers and mothers, and thereby—so you would argue—to provide me with a wife to my liking, is but folly; for I wot not how you may penetrate the secrets of their mothers so as to know their fathers; and granted that you do know them, daughters oftentimes resemble neither of their parents. However, as you are minded to rivet these fetters upon me, I am content that so it be; and that I may have no cause to reproach any but myself, should it turn out ill, I am resolved that my wife shall be of my own choosing; but of this rest assured, that no matter whom I choose, if she receive not from you the honor due to a lady, you shall prove to your great cost how sorely I resent being thus constrained by your importunity to take a wife against my will."

The worthy men replied that they were well content, so only he would marry without more ado. And Gualtieri, who had long noted with approval the mien of a poor girl that dwelt on a farm hard by his house, and found her fair enough, deemed that with her he might pass a tolerably happy life. Wherefore he sought no further, but forthwith resolved to marry her; and having sent for her father, who was a very poor man, he contracted with him to take her to wife. Which done, Gualtieri assembled all the friends he had in those parts, and, "My friends," quoth he, "you were and are minded that I should take a wife, and rather to comply with your wishes, than for any desire that I had to marry, I have made up my mind to do so. You remember the promise you gave me, to wit, that whomsoever I should take, you would pay her the honor due to a lady. Which promise I now require you to keep, the time being come when I am to keep mine. I have found hard by here a maiden after mine own heart, whom I propose to take to wife, and to bring hither to my house in the course of a few days. Wherefore bethink you how you may make the nuptial feast splendid, and welcome her with all honor, that I may confess myself satisfied with your observance of your promise, as you will be with my observance of mine." The worthy men, one and all,

Everyone thinks he knows the story of patient Griselda. But you do not know it until you have read the charming story as Boccaccio first told it.

# of Griselda

Translation by J. M. Riggs
Illustrations by James Daugherty

answered with alacrity that they were well content, and that, whoever she might be, they would entreat her as a lady, and pay her all due honor as such. After which, they all addressed them to make goodly and grand and gladsome celebration of the event, as did also Gualtieri. He arranged for a wedding most stately and fair, and bade thereto a goodly number of his friends and kinsfolk, and great gentlemen, and others, of the neighborhood; and therewithal he caused many a fine and costly robe to be cut and fashioned to the figure of a girl who seemed to him of the like proportions as the girl that he proposed to wed; and laid in store, besides, of girdles and rings, with a costly and beautiful crown, and all the other paraphernalia of a bride.

The day that he appointed for the wedding being come, about half tierce he got him to horse with as many as had come to do him honor, and having made all needful dispositions, "Gentlemen," quoth he, "'tis time to go bring the bride." And so away he rode with his company to the village; where, being come to the house of the girl's father, they found her returning from the spring with a bucket of water, making all the haste she could, that she might afterwards go with the other women to see Gualtieri's bride come by. Whom Gualtieri no sooner saw, than he called her by her name, to wit, Griselda, and asked her where her father was. To whom she modestly made answer: "My lord, he is in the house." Whereupon Gualtieri dismounted, and having bidden the rest await him without, entered the cottage alone; and meeting her father, whose name was Giannucolo, "I am come," quoth he, "to wed Griselda, but first of all there are some matters I would learn from her own lips in thy presence." He then asked her, whether, if he took her to wife, she would study to comply with his wishes, and be not wroth, no matter what he might say or do, and be obedient, with not a few other questions of a like sort; to all which she answered, Aye. Whereupon Gualtieri took her by the hand, led her forth, and before the eyes of all his company, and as many other folk as were there caused her to strip naked, and let

"So here is your ring, with which you espoused me; take it back."

Wondrous was the cheer which they made with the children, and all made merry. . . .

bring the garments that he had had fashioned for her, and had her forthwith arrayed therein, and upon her unkempt head let set a crown; and then, while all wondered, "Gentlemen," quoth he, "this is she whom I purpose to make my wife, so she be minded to have me for husband." Then, she standing abashed and astonished, he turned to her, saying: "Griselda, wilt thou have me for thy husband?" To whom, "Aye, my lord," answered she. "And I will have thee to wife," said he, and married her before them all. And having set her upon a palfrey, he brought her home with pomp.

The wedding was fair and stately, and had he married a daughter of the King of France, the feast could not have been more splendid. It seemed as if, with the change of her garb, the bride had acquired a new dignity of mind and mien. She was, as we have said, fair of form and feature; and therewithal she was now grown so engaging and gracious and debonair, that she showed no longer as the shepherdess and the daughter of Giannucolo, but as the daughter of some noble lord, insomuch that she caused as many as had known her before to marvel. Moreover, she was so obedient and devoted to her husband, that he deemed himself the happiest and luckiest man in the world. And likewise so gracious and kindly was she to her husband's vassals, that there was none of them but loved her more dearly than himself, and was zealous to do her honor and prayed for her welfare and prosperity and aggrandizement, and instead of, as erstwhile, saying that Gualtieri had done foolishly to take her to wife, now averred that he had not his like in the world for wisdom and discernment, for that, save to him, her noble qualities would ever have remained hidden under her sorry apparel and the garb of the peasant girl.

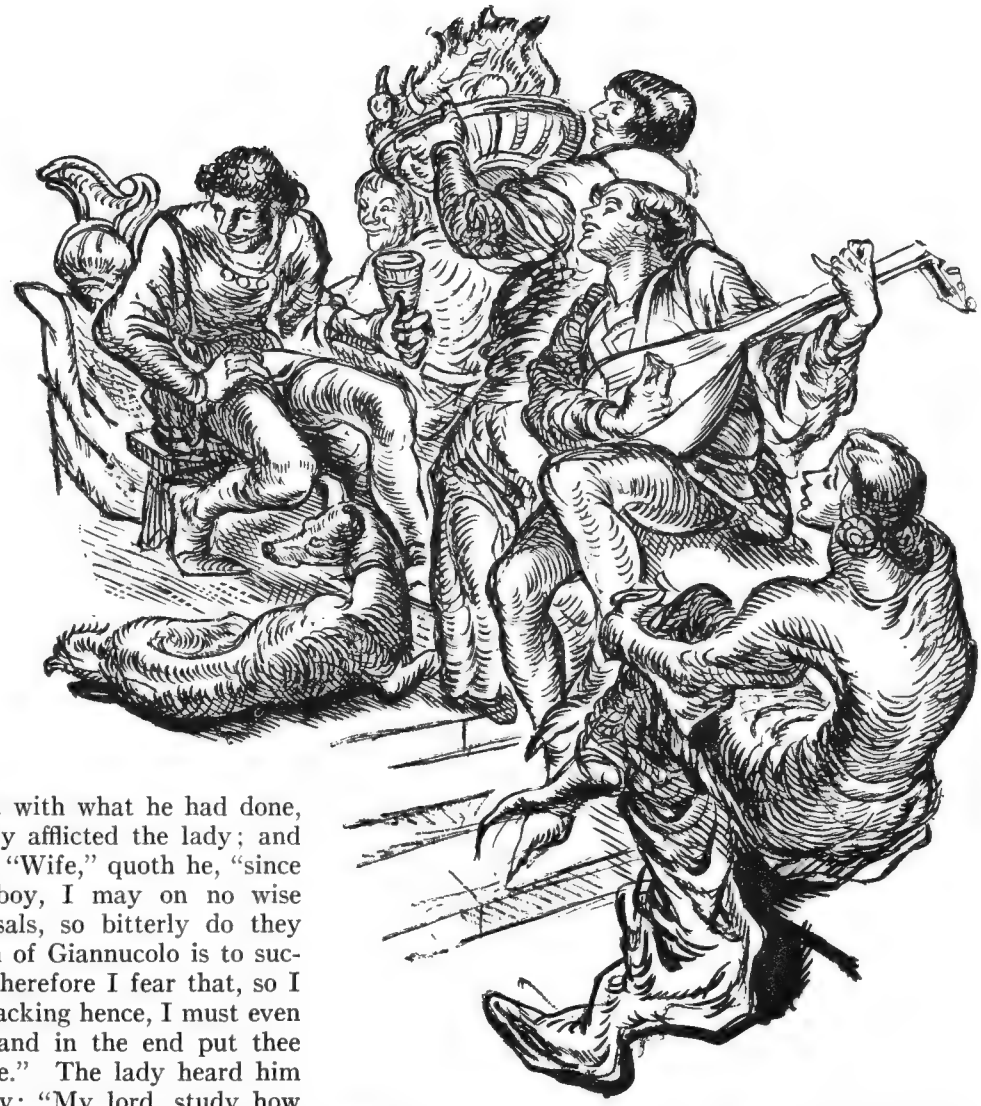
And in short she so comported herself as in no long time to bring it to pass that, not only in the marquisate, but far and wide besides, her virtues and her admirable conversation were matter of common talk, and, if aught had been said to the disadvantage of her husband, when he married her, the judgment was now altogether to the contrary effect.

She had not been long with Gualtieri before she conceived; and in due time she was delivered of a girl, whereat Gualtieri made great cheer. But, soon after, a strange humor took possession of him, to wit, to put her patience to the proof by prolonged and intolerable hard usage; wherefore he began by afflicting her with his gibes, putting on a vexed air, and telling her that his vassals were most sorely dissatisfied with her by reason of her base condition, and all the more so since they saw that she was a mother, and that they did naught but most ruefully murmur at the birth of a daughter. Whereto Griselda, without the least change of countenance or sign of discomposure, made answer:

"My lord, do with me as thou mayest deem best for thine own honor and comfort, for well I wot that I am of less account than thee, and unworthy of this honorable estate to which of thy courtesy thou hast advanced me." By which answer Gualtieri was well pleased, witting that she was in no degree puffed up with pride by his or any other's honorable entreatment of her.

A while afterwards, having in general terms given his wife to understand that the vassals could not endure her daughter, he sent her a message by a servant. So the servant came, and "Madame," quoth he with a dolorous mien, "so I value my life, I must needs do my lord's bidding. He has bidden me take your daughter and . . ." He said no more, but the lady by what she heard, and read in his face, and remembered of her husband's words, understood that he was bidden to put the child to death.

She presently took the child from the cradle, and having kissed and blessed her, albeit she was very sore at heart, she changed not countenance, but placed it in the servant's arms, saying: "See that thou leave nought undone that my lord and thine has charged thee to do, but leave her not so that the beasts and the birds devour her, unless he have so bidden thee." So



. . . and most discreet beyond all compare they accounted Griselda.

the servant took the child, and told Gualtieri what the lady had said; and Gualtieri, marveling at her constancy, sent him with the child to Bologna, to one of his kinswomen, whom he besought to rear and educate the child with all care, but never to let it be known whose child she was.

Soon after it befell that the lady again conceived, and in due time was delivered of a son, whereat Gualtieri was overjoyed. But, not content with what he had done, he now even more poignantly afflicted the lady; and one day with a ruffled mien, "Wife," quoth he, "since thou gavest birth to this boy, I may on no wise live in peace with my vassals, so bitterly do they reproach me that a grandson of Giannucolo is to succeed me as their lord; and therefore I fear that, so I be not minded to be sent a packing hence, I must even do herein as I did before, and in the end put thee away, and take another wife." The lady heard him patiently, and answered only: "My lord, study how thou mayst content thee and best please thyself, and waste no thought upon me, for there is nought I desire save in so far as I know that 'tis thy pleasure." Not many days after, Gualtieri, in like manner as he had sent for the daughter, sent for the son, and having made a show of putting him to death, provided for his, as for the girl"s nurture, at Bologna. Whereat the lady showed no more discomposure of countenance or speech than at the loss of her daughter: which Gualtieri found passing strange, and inly affirmed that there was never another woman in the world that would have so done. And but that he had marked that she was most tenderly affectionate towards her children, while 'twas well pleasing to him, he had supposed that she was tired of them, whereas he knew that 'twas of her discretion that she so did. His vassals, who believed that he had put the children to death, held him mightily to blame for his cruelty, and felt the utmost compassion for the lady. She, however, said never aught to the ladies that condoled with her on the death of her children, but that the pleasure of him that had begotten them was her pleasure likewise.

Years not a few had passed since the girl's birth, when Gualtieri at length deemed the time come to put his wife's patience to the final proof. Accordingly, in the presence of a great company of his vassals he declared that on no wise might he longer brook to have Griselda to wife, that he confessed that in taking her he had done a sorry thing and the act of a stripling, and that he therefore meant to do what he could to procure the Pope's dispensation to put Griselda away and take another wife; for which cause being much upbraided by many worthy men, he made no other answer but only that needs must it so be. Whereof the lady being apprised, and now deeming that she must look to go back to her father's house, and perchance tend the sheep, as she had aforetime, and see him, to whom she was utterly devoted, engrossed by another woman, did inly bewail herself right sorely; but still with the same composed mien with which she had borne Fortune's former buffets, she set herself to endure this last outrage. Nor was it long before Gualtieri by counterfeit letters, which he caused to be sent to him from Rome, made his vassals believe that the Pope had thereby given him a dispensation to put Griselda away, and take another wife. Wherefore, having caused her to be brought before him, he said to her in the presence of not a few, "Wife, by license granted me by the Pope, I am now free to put thee away, and take another wife; and, for that my forbears have always been great gentlemen and lords of these parts, whereas thine have ever been husbandmen, I purpose that thou go back to Giannucolo's

house with the dowry that thou broughtest me; whereupon I shall bring home a lady that I have found, and who is meet to be my wife."

'Twas not without travail most grievous that the lady, as she heard this announcement, got the better of her woman's nature, and suppressing her tears, made answer: "My lord, I ever knew that my low degree was in no wise congruous with your nobility, and acknowledged that the rank I had with you was of your and God's bestowal, nor did I ever make as if it were mine by gift, or so esteem it, but still accounted it as a loan. 'Tis your pleasure to recall it, and therefore it should be, and is, my pleasure to render it up to you. So, here is your ring, with which you espoused me; take it back. You bid me take with me the dowry that I brought you; which to do will require neither paymaster on your part nor purse nor packhorse on mine; for I am not unmindful that naked was I when you first had me. And if you deem it seemly that that body in which I have borne children, by you begotten, be beheld of all, naked will I depart; but yet, I pray you, be pleased, in guerdon of the virginity that I brought you and take not away, to suffer me to bear hence upon my back a single shift —I crave no more—beside my dowry." There was nought of which Gualtieri was so fain as to weep; but yet setting his face as a flint, he made answer: "I allow thee a shift to thy back; so get thee hence."

All that stood by besought him to give her a robe, that she, who had been his wife for thirteen years, might not be seen to quit his house in so sorry and shameful a plight, having nought on her but a shift. But their entreaties went for nothing; the lady in her shift, and barefoot and bareheaded, having bade them adieu, departed the house, and went back to her father amid the tears and lamentations of all that saw her. Giannucolo, who had ever deemed it a thing incredible that Gualtieri should keep his daughter to wife, and had looked for this to happen every day, and had kept the clothes that she had put off on the morning that Gualtieri had wedded her, now brought them to her; and she, having resumed them, applied herself to the petty drudgery of her father's house, as she had been wont, enduring with fortitude this cruel visitation of adverse Fortune.

Now no sooner had Gualtieri dismissed Griselda, than he gave his vassals to understand that he had taken to wife a daughter of one of the Counts of Panago. He made great preparations as for the nuptials, during which he sent for Griselda. To whom, being come, quoth he, "I am bringing hither my new bride, and in this her first home-coming I purpose to show her honor: and thou knowest that women I have none in the house that know how to set chambers in due order, or attend to the many other matters that so joyful an event requires; wherefore do thou, that understandest these things better than another, see to all that needs be done, and bid hither such ladies as thou mayst see fit, and receive them, as if thou wert the lady of the house, and then, when the nuptials are ended, thou mayst go back to thy cottage." Albeit each of these words pierced Griselda's heart like a knife, for that, in resigning her good fortune, she had not been able to renounce the love she bore Gualtieri, nevertheless, "My lord," she made answer, "I am ready and prompt to do your pleasure." And so, clad in her sorry garments of coarse romagnole, she entered the house, which, but a little before, she had quitted in her shift, and addressed her to sweep the chambers, and arrange arras and cushions in the halls, and make ready the kitchen, and set her hand to everything, as if she had been a paltry serving-wench; nor did she rest until she had brought all into such meet and seemly trim as the occasion demanded. This done, she invited in Gualtieri's name all the ladies of those parts to be present at his nuptials, and awaited the event. The day being come, still wearing her sorry weeds, but in heart and soul and mien the lady, she received the ladies as they came and gave each a gladsome greeting.

Now Gualtieri, as we said, had caused his children to be carefully nurtured and brought up by a kinswoman of his at Bologna, which kinswoman was married into the family of the Counts of Panago; and, the girl being now twelve years old, and the loveliest creature that ever was seen, and the boy being about six years old, he had sent word to his kinswoman's husband at Bologna, praying him to be pleased to come with this girl and boy of his to Saluzzo, and to see that he brought a goodly and honorable company with him, and to give all to understand that he brought the girl to him to wife, and on no wise to disclose to any who she really was. The gentleman did as the Marquis bade him, and within a few days of his setting forth arrived at Saluzzo about breakfast-time with the girl, and her brother, and a noble company, and found all the folk of those parts, and much people besides, gathered there in expectation of Gualtieri's new bride. Who, being received by the ladies, was no sooner come into the hall, where the tables were set, than Griselda advanced to meet her, saying with hearty cheer: "Welcome, my lady." So the ladies, who had with much instance but in vain, besought Gualtieri, either

Song

By Maurice Maeterlinck

THREE little maidens they have slain,
To find out what their hearts contain.

The first of them was brimmed with bliss,
And everywhere her blood was shed,
For full three years three serpents hiss.

The second full of kindness sweet,
And everywhere her blood was shed,
Three lambs three years have grass to eat.

The third was full of pain and rue,
And everywhere her blood was shed,
Three seraphim watch three years through.

—*Translated by* Jethro Bithell

to let Griselda keep in another room, or at any rate to furnish her with one of the robes that had been hers, that she might not present herself in such a sorry guise before the strangers, sat down to table; and the service being begun, the eyes of all were set on the girl, and everyone said that Gualtieri had made a good exchange, and Griselda joined with the rest in greatly commending her, and also her little brother. And now Gualtieri, sated at last with all that he had seen of his wife's patience, marking that this new and strange turn made not the least alteration in her demeanor, and being well assured that 'twas not due to apathy, for he knew her to be of excellent understanding, deemed it time to relieve her of the suffering which he judged her to dissemble under a resolute front; and so, having called her to him in presence of them all, he said with a smile, "And what thinkest thou of our bride?" "My lord," replied Griselda, "I think mighty well of her; and if she be but as discreet as she is fair, and so I deem her—I make no doubt but you may reckon to lead with her a life of incomparable felicity; but with all earnestness I entreat you, that you spare her those tribulations which you did once inflict upon another that was yours, for I scarce think she would be able to bear them as well because she is younger, and for that she has been delicately nurtured, whereas that other had known no respite of hardship since she was but a little child." Marking that she made no doubt but that the girl was to be his wife, and yet spoke never a whit the less sweetly, Gualtieri caused her to sit down beside him, and, "Griselda," said he, " 'tis now time that thou see the reward of thy long patience and those, who have deemed me cruel and unjust and insensate, should know that what I did was done of purpose aforethought, for that I was minded to give both thee and them a lesson, that thou mightest learn to be a wife, and they in like manner might learn how to take and keep a wife, and that I might beget me perpetual peace with thee for the rest of my life; whereof being in great fear, when I came to take a wife, lest I should be disappointed, I, therefore, to put the matter to the proof, did, and how sorely thou knowest, harass and afflict thee. And since I never knew thee either by deed or by word to deviate from my will, I now, deeming myself to have of thee that assurance of happiness which I desired, am minded to restore to thee at once all that, step by step, I took from thee, and by extremity of joy to compensate the tribulations that I inflicted on thee. Receive, then, this girl, whom thou supposest to be my bride, and her brother, with glad heart, as thy children and mine. These are they, whom by thee and many another it has long been supposed that I did ruthlessly to death, and I am thy husband, that loves thee more dearly than aught else, deeming that other there is none that has the like good cause to be well content with his wife."

Which said, he embraced and kissed her; and then, while she wept for joy, they rose and hied them there where sat the daughter all astonished to hear the news, whom, as also her brother, they tenderly embraced, and explained to them, and many others that stood by, the whole mystery. Whereat the ladies, transported with delight, rose from table and betook them with Griselda to a chamber, and, with better omen, divested her of her sorry garb, and arrayed her in one of her own robes of state; and so, in guise of a lady (howbeit in her rags she had showed as no less) they led her back into the hall. Wondrous was the cheer which there they made with the children; and all overjoyed at the event, they revelled and made merry amain, and prolonged the festivities for several days, and very discreet they pronounced Gualtieri, albeit they censured as intolerably harsh the probation to which he had subjected Griselda, and most discreet beyond all compare they accounted Griselda.

Some days after, the Count of Panago returned to Bologna, and Gualtieri took Giannucolo from his husbandry, and established him in honor as his father-in-law, wherein to his great solace he lived for the rest of his days. Gualtieri himself, having mated his daughter with a husband of high degree, lived long and happily thereafter with Griselda, to whom he ever paid all honor.

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The Twenty Great Short Stories *of the* Bible

THE BIBLE is one of the greatest collections of short stories in the world. With *The Arabian Nights* and the *Decameron* it forms a literary heritage out of which the modern short story has developed. New Testament parables such as "The Good Samaritan" foreshadow the modern short short story.

So rich is *The Bible* in literary treasure that any attempt to list the best stories in it leads also to great differences of opinion. This list was compiled by James S. Stevens for his critical volume, *The English Bible*. His list omits such favorites as "Abraham's Sacrifice of Isaac" and "Salome."

1. Joseph. *Genesis* 37-48.
2. Balaam and Balak. *Numbers* 22-24.
3. The Capture of Jericho. *Joshua* 6.
4. The Wars of Gideon. *Judges* 6-8.
5. Jephthah's Daughter. *Judges* 11.
6. Samson. *Judges* 14-16.
7. Ruth. (The whole book.)
8. David and Goliath. 1. *Samuel* 17.
9. David and Jonathan. 1. *Samuel* 18-20.
10. Elijah and the Prophets of Baal. 1. *Kings* 18.
11. Naboth's Vineyard. 1. *Kings* 21.
12. The Ascension of Elijah. 2. *Kings* 2.
13. Esther. (The whole book.)
14. The Three Hebrew Children. *Daniel* 3.
15. Daniel in the Lion's Den. *Daniel* 6.
16. Jonah. (The whole book.)
17. The Good Samaritan. *Luke* 10: 25-37.
18. The Prodigal Son. *Luke* 15: 11-32.
19. The Lame Man of Bethesda. *John* 5: 1-9.
20. The Shipwreck of Paul. *Acts* 27.

Riders to the Sea

"Patterns," by Robert Nisbet, courtesy Kennedy & Co.

One of the greatest of all modern Irish one-act plays.

CHARACTERS
- MAURYA, *an old woman.*
- BARTLEY, *her son.*
- CATHLEEN, *her daughter.*
- NORA, *a younger daughter.*
- MEN AND WOMEN.

SCENE—*An island off the west of Ireland.*

Cottage kitchen, with nets, oilskins, spinning wheel, some new boards standing by the wall, etc. CATHLEEN, *a girl of about twenty, finishes kneading cake, and puts it down in the pot-oven by the fire; then wipes her hands, and begins to spin at the wheel.* NORA, *a young girl, puts her head in at the door.*

NORA (*in a low voice*)—Where is she?

CATHLEEN—She's lying down, God help her, and may be sleeping, if she's able. (NORA *comes in softly, and takes a bundle from under her shawl.*)

CATHLEEN (*spinning the wheel rapidly*)—What is it you have?

NORA—The young priest is after bringing them. It's a shirt and a plain stocking were got off a drowned man in Donegal. (CATHLEEN *stops her wheel with a sudden movement, and leans out to listen.*)

NORA—We're to find out if it's Michael's they are, some time herself will be down looking by the sea.

CATHLEEN—How would they be Michael's, Nora? How would he go the length of that way to the far north?

NORA—The young priest says he's known the like of it. "If it's Michael's they are," says he, "you can tell herself he's got a clean burial by the grace of God, and if they're not his, let no one say a word about them, for she'll be getting her death," says he, "with crying and lamenting." (*The door which* NORA *half closed is blown open by a gust of wind.*)

CATHLEEN (*looking out anxiously*)—Did you ask him would he stop Bartley going this day with the horses to the Galway fair?

NORA—"I won't stop him," says he, "but let you not be afraid. Herself does be saying prayers half through the night, and the Almighty God won't leave her destitute," says he, "with no son living."

CATHLEEN—Is the sea bad by the white rocks, Nora?

NORA—Middling bad, God help us. There's a great roaring in the west, and it's worse it'll be getting when the tide's turned to the wind. (*She goes over to the table with the bundle.*) Shall I open it now?

CATHLEEN—Maybe she'd wake up on us, and come in before we'd done. (*Coming to the table*)—It's a long time we'll be, and the two of us crying.

NORA (*goes to the inner door and listens*)—She's moving about on the bed. She'll be coming in a minute.

CATHLEEN—Give me the ladder, and I'll put them up in the turf-loft, the way she won't know of them at all, and maybe when the tide turns she'll be going down to see would he be floating from the east. (*They put the ladder against the gable of the chimney;* CATHLEEN *goes up a few steps and hides the bundle in the turf-loft.*. MAURYA *comes from the inner room.*)

MAURYA (*looking up at* CATHLEEN *and speaking*

By JOHN MILLINGTON SYNGE

SYNGE is one of the great names in the astonishing Irish Literary Renaissance of thirty years ago, although he lived comparatively few years (1871-1902), and wrote little. Most famous of his handful of plays is The Riders to the Sea; *others are* Deirdre of the Sorrows *and* The Playboy of the Western World. *He is one of the group with Yeats and Lady Gregory: artistically and in service to his country's literature, he ranks with them.*

"The Kitchen," by James Abbott McNeill Whistler, courtesy Harlow, McDonald & Co.

querulously)—Isn't it turf enough you have for this day and evening?

CATHLEEN—There's a cake baking at the fire for a short space (*throwing down the turf*) and Bartley will want it when the tide turns if he goes to Connemara. (NORA *picks up the turf and puts it round the pot-oven.*)

MAURYA (*sitting down on a stool at the fire*)—He won't go this day with the wind rising from the south and west. He won't go this day, for the young priest will stop him surely.

NORA—He'll not stop him, mother, and I heard Eamon Simon and Stephen Pheety and Colum Shawn saying he would go.

MAURYA—Where is he itself?

NORA—He went down to see would there be another boat sailing in the week, and I'm thinking it won't be long till he's here now, for the tide's turning at the green head, and the hooker's tacking from the east.

CATHLEEN—I hear someone passing the big stones.

NORA (*looking out*)—He's coming now, and he in a hurry.

BARTLEY (*comes in and looks round the room. Speaking sadly and quietly*)—Where is the bit of new rope, Cathleen, was bought in Connemara?

CATHLEEN (*coming down*)—Give it to him, Nora; it's on a nail by the white boards. I hung it up this morning, for the pig with the black feet was eating it.

NORA (*giving him a rope*)—Is that it, Bartley?

MAURYA—You'd do right to leave that rope, Bartley, hanging by the boards. (BARTLEY *takes the rope.*) It will be wanting in this place, I'm telling you, if Michael is washed up tomorrow morning, or the next morning, or any morning in the week, for it's a deep grave we'll make him by the grace of God.

BARTLEY (*beginning to work with the rope*)—I've no halter the way I can ride down on the mare, and I must go now quickly. This is the one boat going for two weeks or beyond it, and the fair will be a good fair for horses I heard them saying below.

MAURYA—It's a hard thing they'll be saying below if the body is washed up and there's no man in it to make the coffin, and I after giving a big price for the finest white boards you'd find in Connemara. (*She looks round at the boards.*)

BARTLEY—How would it be washed up, and we after looking each day for nine days, and a strong wind blowing a while back from the west and south?

MAURYA—If it wasn't found itself, that wind is raising the sea, and there was a star up against the moon, and it rising in the night. If it was a hundred horses, or a thousand horses you had itself, what is the price of a thousand horses against a son where there is one son only?

BARTLEY (*working at the halter, to* CATHLEEN)—Let you go down each day, and see the sheep aren't jumping in on the rye, and if the jobber comes you can sell the pig with the black feet if there is a good price going.

MAURYA—How would the like of her get a good price for a pig?

BARTLEY (*to* CATHLEEN)—If the west wind holds with the last bit of the moon let you and Nora get up weed enough for another cock for the keep. It's hard set we'll be from this day with no one in it but one man to work.

MAURYA—It's hard set we'll be surely the day you're drownd'd with the rest. What way will I live and the girls with me, and I an old woman looking for the grave? (BARTLEY *lays down the halter, takes off his old coat, and puts on a newer one of the same flannel.*)

BARTLEY (*to* NORA)—Is she coming to the pier?

NORA (*looking out*)—She's passing the green head and letting fall her sails.

BARTLEY (*getting his purse and tobacco*)—I'll have half an hour to go down, and you'll see me coming again in two days, or in three days, or maybe in four days if the wind is bad.

MAURYA (*turning round to the fire, and putting her shawl over her head*)—Isn't it a hard and cruel man won't hear a word from an old woman, and she holding him from the sea?

CATHLEEN—It's the life of a young man to be going on the sea, and who would listen to an old woman with one thing and she saying it over?

BARTLEY (*taking the halter*)—I must go now quickly. I'll ride down on the red mare, and the gray pony'll run behind me. . . . The blessing of God on you. (*He goes out.*)

MAURYA (*crying out as he is in the door*)—He's gone now, God spare us, and we'll not see him again. He's gone now, and when the black night is falling I'll have no son left me in the world.

CATHLEEN—Why wouldn't you give him your blessing and he looking round in the door? Isn't it sorrow enough is on everyone in this house without your sending him out with an unlucky word behind him, and a hard word in his ear? (MAURYA *takes up the tongs and begins raking the fire aimlessly without looking round.*)

NORA (*turning towards her*)—You're taking away the turf from the cake.

CATHLEEN (*crying out*)—The Son of God forgive us, Nora, we're after forgetting his bit of bread. (*She comes over to the fire.*)

NORA—And it's destroyed he'll be going till dark night, and he after eating nothing since the sun went up.

CATHLEEN (*turning the cake out of the oven*)—It's destroyed he'll be, surely. There's no sense left on any person in a house where an old woman will be talking forever. (MAURYA *sways herself on her stool.*)

CATHLEEN (*cutting off some of the bread and rolling it in a cloth; to* MAURYA)—Let you go down now to the spring well and give him this and he passing. You'll see him then and the dark word will be broken, and you can say "God speed you," the way he'll be easy in his mind.

MAURYA (*taking the bread*)—Will I be in it as soon as himself?

CATHLEEN—If you go now quickly.

MAURYA (*standing up unsteadily*)—It's hard set I am to walk.

CATHLEEN (*looking at her anxiously*)—Give her the stick, Nora, or maybe she'll slip on the big stones.

NORA—What stick?

CATHLEEN—The stick Michael brought from Connemara.

MAURYA (*taking a stick* NORA *gives her*)—In the big world the old people do be leaving things after them for their sons and children, but in this place it is the young men do be leaving things behind for them that do be old. (*She goes out slowly.* NORA *goes over to the ladder.*)

CATHLEEN—Wait, Nora, maybe she'd turn back quickly. She's that sorry, God help her, you wouldn't know the thing she'd do.

NORA—Is she gone round by the bush?

CATHLEEN (*looking out*)—She's gone now. Throw it down quickly, for the Lord knows when she'll be out of it again.

NORA (*getting the bundle from the loft*)—The young priest said he'd be passing tomorrow, and we might go down and speak to him below if it's Michael's they are surely.

CATHLEEN (*taking the bundle*)—Did he say what way they were found?

NORA (*coming down*)—"There were two men," says he, "and they rowing round with poteen before the cocks crowed, and the oar of one of them caught the body, and they passing the black cliffs of the north."

CATHLEEN (*trying to open the bundle*)—Give me a knife, Nora, the string's perished with the salt water, and there's a black knot on it you wouldn't loosen in a week.

NORA (*giving her a knife*)—I've heard tell it was a long way to Donegal.

CATHLEEN (*cutting the string*)—It is surely. There was a man in here a while ago—the man sold us that knife—and he said if you set off walking from the rocks beyond, it would be seven days you'd be in Donegal.

NORA—And what time would a man take, and he floating? (CATHLEEN *opens the bundle and takes out a bit of a stocking. They look at them eagerly.*)

CATHLEEN (*in a low voice*)—The Lord spare us, Nora! Isn't it a queer hard thing to say if it's his they are surely?

NORA—I'll get his shirt off the hook the way we can put the one flannel on the other. (*She looks through some clothes hanging in the corner.*) It's not with them, Cathleen, and where will it be?

CATHLEEN—I'm thinking Bartley put it on him in the morning, for his own shirt was heavy with the salt in it. (*Pointing to the corner.*) There's a bit of a sleeve was of the same stuff. Give me that and it will do. (NORA *brings it to her and they compare the flannel.*)

CATHLEEN—It's the same stuff, Nora; but if it is itself aren't there great rolls of it in the shops of Galway, and isn't it many another man may have a shirt of it as well as Michael himself?

NORA (*who has taken up the stocking and counted the stitches, crying out*)—It's Michael, Cathleen, it's Michael; God spare his soul, and what will herself say when she hears this story, and Bartley on the sea?

CATHLEEN (*taking the stocking*)—It's a plain stocking.

NORA—It's the second one of the third pair I knitted, and I put up three score stitches, and I dropped four of them.

CATHLEEN (*counts the stitches*)—It's that number is in it. (*Crying out.*) Ah, Nora, isn't it a bitter thing to think of him floating that way to the far north, and no one to keen him but the black hags that do be flying on the sea?

NORA (*swinging herself round, and throwing out her arms on the clothes*)—And isn't it a pitiful thing when there is nothing left of a man who was a great

rower and fisher, but a bit of an old shirt and a plain stocking?

CATHLEEN (*after an instant*)—Tell me is herself coming, Nora? I hear a little sound on the path.

NORA (*looking out*)—She is, Cathleen. She's coming up to the door.

CATHLEEN—Put these things away before she'll come in. Maybe it's easier she'll be after giving her blessing to Bartley, and we won't let on we've heard anything the time he's on the sea.

NORA (*helping* CATHLEEN *to close the bundle*)—We'll put them here in the corner. (*They put them into a hole in the chimney corner.* CATHLEEN *goes back to the spinning-wheel.*)

NORA—Will she see it was crying I was?

CATHLEEN—Keep your back to the door the way the light'll not be on you. (NORA *sits down at the chimney corner, with her back to the door.* MAURYA *comes in very slowly, without looking at the girls, and goes over to her stool at the other side of the fire. The cloth with the bread is still in her hand. The girls look at each other, and* NORA *points to the bundle of bread.*)

CATHLEEN (*after spinning for a moment*)—You didn't give him his bit of bread? (MAURYA *begins to keen softly, without turning round.*)

CATHLEEN—Did you see him riding down? (MAURYA *goes on keening.*)

CATHLEEN (*a little impatiently*)—God forgive you; isn't it a better thing to raise your voice and tell what you seen, than to be making lamentation for a thing that's done? Did you see Bartley, I'm saying to you.

MAURYA (*with a weak voice*)—My heart's broken from this day.

CATHLEEN (*as before*)—Did you see Bartley?

MAURYA—I seen the fearfulest thing.

CATHLEEN (*leaves her wheel and looks out*)—God forgive you; he's riding the mare now over the green head, and the gray pony behind him.

MAURYA (*starts, so that her shawl falls back from her head and shows her white tossed hair. With a frightened voice*)—The gray pony behind him.

CATHLEEN (*coming to the fire*)—What is it ails you, at all?

MAURYA (*speaking very slowly*)—I've seen the fearfulest thing any person has seen, since the day Bride Dara seen the dead man with the child in his arms.

CATHLEEN AND NORA—Uah. (*They crouch down in front of the old woman at the fire.*)

NORA—Tell us what it is you seen.

MAURYA—I went down to the spring well, and I stood there saying a prayer to myself. Then Bartley came along, and he riding on the red mare with the gray pony behind him. (*She puts up her hands, as if to hide something from her eyes.*) The Son of God spare us, Nora!

CATHLEEN—What is it you seen?

MAURYA—I seen Michael himself.

CATHLEEN (*speaking softly*)—You did not, mother; it wasn't Michael you seen, for his body is after being found in the far north, and he's got a clean burial by the grace of God.

MAURYA (*a little defiantly*)—I'm after seeing him this day, and he riding and galloping. Bartley came first on the red mare; and I tried to say "God speed you," but something choked the words in my throat. He went by quickly; and "The blessing of God on you," says he, and I could say nothing. I looked up then, and I crying, at the gray pony, and there was Michael upon it—with fine clothes on him, and new shoes on his feet.

CATHLEEN (*begins to keen*)—It's destroyed we are from this day. It's destroyed, surely.

NORA—Didn't the young priest say the Almighty God wouldn't leave her destitute with no son living?

MAURYA (*in a low voice, but clearly*)—It's little the like of him knows of the sea. . . . Bartley will be lost now, and let you call in Eamon and make me a good coffin out of the white boards, for I won't live after them. I've had a husband, and a husband's father, and six sons in this house—six fine men, though it was a hard birth I had with every one of them and they coming to the world—and some of them were found and some of them were not found, but they're gone now the lot of them. . . . There were Stephen and Shawn were lost in the great wind, and found after in the Bay of Gregory of the Golden Mouth and carried up the two of them on the one plank, and in by that door. (*She pauses for a moment, the girls start as if they heard something through the door that is half open behind them.*)

NORA (*in a whisper*)—Did you hear that, Cathleen? Did you hear a noise in the northeast?

CATHLEEN (*in a whisper*)—There's someone after crying out by the seashore.

MAURYA (*continues without hearing anything*)—There was Sheamus and his father, and his own father again, were lost in a dark night, and not a stick or sign was seen of them when the sun went up. There was Patch after was drowned out of a curagh that turned over. I was sitting here with Bartley, and he a baby, lying on my two knees, and I seen two women, and three women, and four women coming in, and they crossing themselves, and not saying a word. I looked out then, and there were men coming after them, and they holding a thing in the half of a red sail, and water dripping out of it—it was a dry day, Nora—and leaving a track to the door. (*She pauses again with her hand stretched out towards the door. It opens softly and old women begin to come in, crossing themselves on the threshold, and kneeling down in front of the stage with red petticoats over their heads.*)

MAURYA (*half in a dream, to* CATHLEEN)—Is it Patch, or Michael, or what is it at all?

CATHLEEN—Michael is after being found in the far north, and when he is found there how could he be here in this place?

MAURYA—There does be a power of young men floating round in the sea, and what way would they know if it was Michael they had, or another man like him, for when a man is nine days in the sea, and the wind blowing, it's hard set his own mother would be to say what man was it.

CATHLEEN—It's Michael, God spare him, for they're after sending us a bit of his clothes from the far north. (*She reaches out and hands* MAURYA *the clothes that belonged to* MICHAEL. MAURYA *stands up slowly, and takes them in her hands.* NORA *looks out.*)

NORA—They're carrying a thing among them and there's water dripping out of it and leaving a track by the big stones.

CATHLEEN (*in a whisper to the women who have come in*)—Is it Bartley it is?

ONE OF THE WOMEN—It is surely, God rest his soul. (*Two younger women come in and pull out the table. Then men carry in the body of* BARTLEY, *laid on a plank, with a bit of a sail over it, and lay it on the table.*)

CATHLEEN (*to the women, as they are doing so*)—What way was he drowned?

ONE OF THE WOMEN—The gray pony knocked him into the sea, and he was washed out where there is a great surf on the white rocks. (MAURYA *has gone over and knelt down at the head of the table. The women are keening softly and swaying themselves with a slow movement.* CATHLEEN *and* NORA *kneel at the other end of the table. The men kneel near the door.*)

MAURYA (*raising her head and speaking as if she did not see the people around her*)—They're all gone now, and there isn't anything more the sea can do to me. . . . I'll have no call now to be up crying and praying when the wind breaks from the south, and you can hear the surf is in the east, and the surf is in the west, making a great stir with the two noises, and they hitting one on the other. I'll have no call now to be going down and getting Holy Water in the dark nights after Samhain, and I won't care what way the sea is when the other women will be keening. (*To* NORA.) Give me the Holy Water, Nora, there's a small cup still on the dresser. (NORA *gives it to her.*)

MAURYA (*drops* MICHAEL'S *clothes across* BARTLEY'S *feet, and sprinkles the Holy Water over him*)—It isn't that I haven't prayed for you, Bartley, to the Almighty God. It isn't that I haven't said prayers in the dark night till you wouldn't know what I'd be saying; but it's a great rest I'll have now, and it's time surely. It's a great rest I'll have now, and great sleeping in the long nights after Samhain, if it's only a bit of wet flour we do have to eat, and maybe a fish that would be stinking. (*She kneels down again, crossing herself, and saying prayers under her breath.*)

CATHLEEN (*to an old man*)—Maybe yourself and Eamon would make a coffin when the sun rises. We have fine white boards herself bought, God help her, thinking Michael would be found, and I have a new cake you can eat while you'll be working.

THE OLD MAN (*looking at the boards*)—Are there nails with them?

CATHLEEN—There are not, Colum; we didn't think of the nails.

ANOTHER MAN—It's a great wonder she wouldn't think of the nails, and all the coffins she's seen made already.

CATHLEEN—It's getting old she is, and broken. (MAURYA *stands up again very slowly and spreads out the pieces of* MICHAEL'S *clothes beside the body, sprinkling them with the last of the Holy Water.*)

NORA (*in a whisper to* CATHLEEN)—She's quiet now and easy; but the day Michael was drowned you could hear her crying out from this to the spring well. It's fonder she was of Michael, and would anyone have thought that?

CATHLEEN (*slowly and clearly*)—An old woman will be soon tired with anything she will do, and isn't it nine days herself is after crying and keening, and making great sorrow in the house?

MAURYA (*puts the empty cup mouth downwards on the table, and lays her hands together on* BARTLEY'S *feet*)—They're all together this time, and the end is come. May the Almighty God have mercy on Bartley's soul, and on Michael's soul, and on the souls of Sheamus and Patch, and Stephen and Shawn (*bending her head*); and may He have mercy on my soul, Nora, and on the soul of everyone is left living in the world.

(*She pauses, and the keen rises a little more loudly from the women, then sinks away.*)

MAURYA (*continuing*)—Michael has a clean burial in the far north, by the grace of the Almighty God. Bartley will have a fine coffin out of the white boards, and a deep grave surely. What more can we want than that? No man at all can be living forever, and we must be satisfied. (*She kneels down again and the curtain falls slowly.*)

◆

Woman's Constancy

By JOHN DONNE

◆

Now thou hast lov'd me one whole day,
To morrow when thou leav'st, what wilt thou say?
Wilt thou then Antedate some new made vow?
Or say that now
We are not just those persons, which we were?
Or, that oathes made in reverential feare
Of Love, and his wrath, any may forsweare?
Or, as true deaths, true maryages untie,
So lovers contracts, images of those,
Binde but till sleep, deaths image, them unloose?
Or, your owne end to Justifie,
For having purpos'd change, and falsehood; you
Can have no way but falsehood to be true?
Vaine lunatique, against these scapes I could
Dispute and conquer, if I would,
Which I abstaine to doe,
For by to morrow, I may think so too.

The Romance of

Drawings by John Alan Maxwell

Manon Lescaut

By Abbé Prévost

Translated by Mary Letha Elting

The Story So Far:

A young French nobleman, the Chevalier des Grieux, just returned from America, where he had followed his mistress into exile, tells the story of his life and great love to a kindly acquaintance.

When he was only a boy of seventeen, quiet and religious, the Chevalier met and fell instantly in love with the beautiful young girl, Manon Lescaut. They elope to Paris and live in perfect happiness until their finances give out and Manon resorts to a wealthy lover to eke out their fortunes. The lover betrays the Chevalier's whereabouts to his father, and the young man is taken home. Finally, convinced of Manon's perfidy, he decides to enter the Church.

While he is studying for the priesthood, Manon comes to see him, their old love flames up again, and he rejoins her. With the money she has accumulated from her former liaison, they take a country house at Chaillot and an apartment in Paris. A fire completely destroys their Chaillot house, and at the same time all their money is stolen. Much against the Chevalier's will, Manon again resorts to a lover, old M. de G. M——, planning to obtain his money and jewels, and then trick him by going off with the Chevalier. But M. de G. M—— has his revenge. He succeeds in tracing them and has Manon sent to the reformatory and the Chevalier to Saint-Lazare. The Chevalier finally escapes, and with the aid of M. de T——, rescues Manon. They are in hiding at Chaillot when M. de T—— introduces his friend, the son of M. de G. M——. Young M. de G. M—— falls madly in love with Manon, and since the Chevalier and Manon are in desperate financial straits, Manon resolves to go off with young G. M——, in order to rob him as she did his father. She is to escape from M. de G. M—— in the evening, but when the Chevalier goes to meet her at the appointed place, he finds instead a young girl with a formal note from Manon telling of her inability to keep her appointment.

Part IV

There was something so cruel and insulting in the letter that I hesitated for a while half-way between anger and sorrow and tried to forget completely the faithless, lying little creature. I glanced at the girl before me. She was very pretty, and I could have wished that she was sufficiently so to make me faithless in my turn. But I didn't find the same fine, languorous eyes, the same divine figure, the same coloring and texture of love, in short that inexhaustible treasure of charm that nature had showered on Manon.

"No, no," I said, turning my eyes away. "The thankless woman who sent you knows well enough that it was a useless errand. Go back and tell her for me to enjoy her wickedness and to enjoy it if she can without remorse. I abandon her absolutely, and at the same time, I renounce all women. They couldn't be as lovely as she, and they are probably just as base and treacherous."

I was on the point of leaving the restaurant and renouncing all claims to Manon. The mortal jealousy that tore my heart was disguised under a mournful and somber tranquillity. I thought I was more near being cured of my passion than I had ever been before, since I didn't feel any of the violent emotions which had troubled me on similar occasions. But I was as much deceived by love as I thought I had been by G. M—— and Manon.

"Go! Take back to that traitor G. M.—— the despair your cursed letter has brought me."

The girl who had brought me the letter saw that I was about to leave and asked what I wanted her to take back to M. de G. M—— and the lady who was with him. I turned back, and with a change which would be unbelievable to those who have never felt violent passions, I suddenly found that my tranquillity had changed to a terrible fit of rage.

"Go!" I cried. "Take back to that traitor G. M—— and his lying mistress the despair your cursed letter has brought me. But tell them that they shan't laugh at it for long. I'll cut both their throats with my own hand.".

I threw myself into a chair. My hat dropped on one side, my cane on the other. Two rivers of bitter tears sprang from my eyes. The furious anger I had just felt changed into profound sorrow. I could only cry and groan and sigh.

"Come here, my child," I said to the girl. "Come here, since it is you they have sent to console me. Tell me if you know any consolation for rage and despair and for the desire to kill one's self after killing two traitors who don't deserve to live. Yes, come here," I continued as she took a few timid steps toward me. "Dry my tears and bring peace to my heart. Tell me you love me, so that I can get used to hearing it from someone besides my unfaithful Manon. You are pretty. Perhaps I could love you, too."

I should think she was probably sixteen or seventeen years old and seemed more modest than most of her sort. She was extremely surprised by such a strange scene. Still, she came to me and gave me several little caresses, but I pushed her away from me.

"What do you want?" I demanded. "Ha! You are a woman. I detest all your sex and can't stand them any longer. Your sweet face promises me still more treachery. Go away and leave me alone."

She curtsied without daring to say anything and turned to leave. I cried to her to stop.

"But tell me at least," I continued, "why, how, and for what purpose were you sent here? How did you know my name and place where you could find me?"

She told me that she knew M. de G. M—— slightly. He had sent for her about five o'clock, and the lackey had taken her to a big house where she found him playing piquet with a pretty lady. Both of them had asked her to bring me the letter and told her that she would find me in a carriage at the end of rue Saint-André. I asked if they hadn't said anything else. She blushed and replied that they had given her to hope that I would ask her to keep me company.

"They deceived you, my poor child," I said. "They deceived you. You are a woman. You should have a lover. But you should have a rich and happy one, and you can't find him here. Go back to M. de G. M——. He has everything to make himself loved. He has furnished houses and carriages to give away. As for me, who have only love and fidelity to offer, women scorn my misery and make my simplicity their plaything."

I talked on, sadly or violently, as one burst of passion after another swept over me. At last my frenzy wore itself out, and I could think a little. I compared this last misfortune with the others of the same sort that I had already endured, and I found that there wasn't really any more reason for despair than there had been the first time. I knew Manon. Why should I worry so much over trouble that I should have foreseen? Why not rather seek a remedy for it?

To try to tear her violently from G. M——'s arms was a desperate measure that would only ruin me and had not the slightest chance of success. But it seemed to me that if I could talk with her for the least little while, I could unquestionably win her heart. I knew so well all its tender spots! I was so sure that she loved me! I would have wagered that she had conceived even the bizarre idea of sending me a pretty girl to console me, and that she had done it out of pity for my suffering. I resolved to use all my wits to see her. Among a great many plans, I finally decided on this one:

M. de T—— had always helped me with too much real affection for me to doubt his sincerity or his readiness. I proposed to go to see him immediately and get him to call G. M—— away on the pretext of important business. I needed only a half hour to talk to Manon. My plan was to see her in her own house, which would not be hard if G. M—— were away.

This decision quieted me somewhat. I gave some money to the girl, who was still with me, to keep her from going back to Manon and G. M——. I took her address and made her think I would come to spend the night with her. Then I got into my cab and drove at top speed to M. de T——'s house. I was fortunate enough to find him in. I had worried a little about that on the way. A few words gave him to understand my trouble and the help I had come to ask. He was amazed that G. M—— had been able to seduce Manon. And since he did not know the part I had had in my own misfortune, he generously offered to muster all his friends to use hand and sword for the rescue of my mistress. I explained that such a demonstration would be disastrous for Manon and me.

"Let's keep our blood for extremities," I said. "I think I know a way that is gentler and just as hopeful."

He pledged himself to do what I asked. I repeated that it was only a matter of sending word to G. M—— that he had to see him and then keep him away for an hour or two. He left with me to carry out my plan. We had to think up some excuse for keeping G. M—— away so long. I advised him first to write a short note, addressed from a café, in which he would ask him to meet him there on important business that could not possibly be delayed.

"I shall watch," I added, "and the moment he leaves I'll go in. There won't be any difficulty, for no one knows me there but Manon and Marcel, my valet. Meanwhile you will be with G. M——. You can tell him that the important business is about money. You have just lost yours in cards and have given your note for a large sum with the same bad luck. You will need some time to go to his strong box, and that will give me enough to carry out my plan."

M. de T—— agreed. I left him at a restaurant where he proceeded to write the note, and I went to take my place a few steps from Manon's house. I saw the messenger arrive and G. M—— go out on foot a moment later, followed by a lackey. I gave him time to be well away and went up to the door. In spite of all my anger I knocked with the respect you have for a temple. Fortunately it was Marcel who answered. I made him a sign to keep still. Although I had nothing to fear from the other servants, I asked him in a low tone if he could take me to Manon's room without being seen. He said it would be easy if we went quietly up the main stairway.

"Let's go quickly, then," I said. "And while I am there try to keep any one from coming up."

I reached her room without mishap. Manon was reading. I had to marvel at the curious girl's nature. Instead of being frightened or timid when she saw me, she showed only those light signs of surprise which you can't control when you meet someone you think is far away.

"Oh, it's you, my love," she said and kissed me with her usual tenderness. "Heavens! How bold you are! Who would have expected to see you here today?"

I pushed her away from me disdainfully and stepped back. The gesture couldn't help disconcerting her. She stood still, looking at me, and changed color. I was really so delighted to see her again that, for all my just causes for anger, I scarcely had the strength to open my lips to scold her. But my heart still bled from her cruelty. I reminded myself of it quickly to excite my scorn and tried to make my eyes gleam with another fire than love. I remained silent for a while, and she noticed my agitation. I saw her tremble, apparently with fear. I couldn't endure the scene any longer.

He promised that, if they would spare his life, he would disclose everything.

"Oh, Manon!" I said in a tender voice. "Faithless, faithless Manon! Where shall I begin? You are pale and trembling, and I am still so sensitive to your tiniest pains that I am afraid to wound you too much with reproaches. But, Manon, I tell you, you have pierced my heart with your treachery. You don't do things like that to a lover unless you want to kill him. This is the third time, Manon. I've counted them. It is impossible to forget. It is for you to decide this minute what's to be done; for my poor heart is worn out. It is ready to break from suffering. I can't go on," I added sinking into a chair. "I scarcely have the strength to speak or move."

She did not answer me, but dropped down beside me and buried her head on my knees, hiding her face in my hands. I felt them wet with her tears. God! What emotions didn't I have!

"Ah, Manon, Manon," I sighed again. "It is rather late for tears when you have caused my death. You pretend a sorrow that you can't possibly feel. I am

(*Continued on page* 93)

Bassano ware is of the true eighteenth century "Classic Revival" type, and may be grouped with the French Empire and Directoire styles. It is usually a rich cream-white, and when decorated the colors are soft and appealing.
Courtesy of Carbone, Inc.

Italian Pottery

SINCE THE DAWN of recorded history pottery has held its own as one of the most interesting of the arts, and its progress has kept step with advancing civilization in almost every country in the world.

Extensive excavations reveal the fact that all over the world, wherever there was clay, prehistoric man made pottery, and as the great nations of the past emerged from the shadows they each developed the potter's art in an individual way. The famous old countries at the eastern end of the Mediterranean—Egypt, Assyria, Phœnicia, Greece, and Asia Minor—furnish the earliest examples of pottery extant, along with the earliest specimens of almost every other branch of art. Egypt knew the secrets of glowing colors and brilliant glazes—Greece fashioned vases of such purity of form that they have never been surpassed—and the Roman Empire lit potters' fires throughout the length and breadth of their conquered lands—fires which have never since been entirely extinguished. But with the fall of the Empire, its pottery, together with its other achievements, was for a long time forgotten—only to be revived and modified by the communities of monks who eventually replaced the Roman legions as the great civilizing influence of Europe.

Meantime, the westward march of the Mohammedans brought into Spain the knowledge and methods hitherto confined to the East—and it was from them Italy gleaned the inspiration and technique which was later to develop into a great national art.

Tangled and obscure are the threads of information concerning the potter's art in Italy from the decline of the Empire until the thirteenth century. That pottery was made in this era is evidenced by the discs, or *bacini,* inset in the walls of certain churches of Pisa and other towns—and by crude crocks made for domestic use, none of which show foreign taste, or bear signs of the tin-enamel introduced by the Moors. The *bacini* are accepted as the only identified examples of a purely ornamental pottery produced in Italy prior to the Renaissance. The crocks were made of coarse reddish clay, coated over with a "slip" of fine white earth, and the design is scratched through the white surface, revealing the dark body beneath—a transparent glaze covering the whole. This simple process was known as *graffiato,* and still flourishes among the humbler potters of Italy, having a distinctive beauty of its own. The fact that the name, *mezzamajolica,* was given to this home-made ware indicates that it was regarded as a cheap substitute for finer articles which were imported from Spain.

As early as the twelfth century the superior pottery of the Moslem nations had begun to attract attention in Europe, and it is probably true that Saracen potters were brought into Italy, at the same time that Italian potters were seeking new ideas in the workshops of Spain. Tin-enamel was known and used in the East in the sixth century B. C., but tin was scarce in most countries and worth its weight in gold—hence it was not until Oriental potters brought their skill to Spain, where tin abounded, that it sprang into wide use—paving the way for the production of the wonderful Italian majolica of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Likewise, the art of luster decoration came from the Orient via Spain, making its belated appearance on Italian wares in the late fifteenth century.

We should pause here to consider briefly the confusing subjects of glazes and enamels. There is a clear distinction between tin, or stanniferous enamel, and the more Oriental and better known slip cover process, with its transparent alkaline glaze, which we have already mentioned. The former has no need of a slip coating, because the addition of oxide of tin to a glaze rich in lead forms a dense white enamel, sufficiently opaque to disguise completely the underlying clay—creating a perfect foundation for the painter's brush, as well as for the thin iridescent metallic films that we

Beautifully modeled fruits emphasize the sculptured character of Della Robbia's enameled terra-cotta. The body of this vase is in light blue, the modeling polychrome. British Museum.

The factories of Nove and Bassano stand side by side in the high Apennines, in constant danger during the war of attack by German aeroplanes. Below are examples of Nove ware, identical with Bassano in composition and spirit.

Above, "L'art Moderne," of Italy is true to the artistic traditions of its beauty-loving country. Examples from Savona.
Courtesy of Carbone, Inc.

Spouted Faenza vase, dated 1537, now in the Victoria and Albert Museum. Genuine Faenza ware exemplifies the use of powerful colors and ornamental patterns which often show Persian influence.
Courtesy of Carbone, Inc.

know as lusters. Glazes are legion, but tin-enamel is the outstanding feature of Italian majolica, in which we are interested at the moment, and we will, therefore, follow its development.

The name majolica was originally applied only to the lustered wares that were imported into Italy from Majorca, but later was generally used, and still is, to mean all varieties of Italian enameled pottery. Majorca, one of the Balearic Islands then in the possession of the Moors, was the center of a large export trade of a white ware decorated with arabesques traced in golden luster.

The story goes that in the twelfth century the proud principality of Pisa sent her fleets hither and yon on conquest bent, and in the year 1115, after a year's siege, took the coveted town of Majorca, returning home laden with spoils and booty—including many pieces of pottery made by the Moors, the most marvelous artificers of the time.

The approximate epoch in which Italian pottery, freeing itself from the crude traditions of the common potmaker, assumed an essentially national character under the name of majolica, is not known, but it is certain that by the end of the fourteenth century a knowledge of tin-enamel was widespread in Italy, and comparison of Italian majolica of this era with contemporary Hispano-Moresque wares (the products of Spain under Mussulman rule) reveals such a striking similarity as to prove a direct connection between the two. But so strong was the artistic spirit of Italians that they were not content to imitate foreign models; we wonder at the rapidity with which they naturalized alien influences. The majolist aspired to rank as a creative artist, and it was not long before his work laid true claim to that distinction. His quick perceptions mastered the new style of manufacture, the mysteries of stanniferous enamels, metallic lusters, etc., using them to express his native conceptions of beauty.

The Renaissance was at hand. Italy, stirring slightly during the fourteenth century, woke and rose to her greatest height in the fifteenth and sixteenth. The whole people responded to the new joy of life, the love of learning, the expression of beauty, in all its forms. All notes were struck, with an exuberance of power that gave to Italian art its great place in human culture. It was an age productive in personalities—artists and philosophers breathed a common air, caught light and heat from each other's thoughts, and coöperated with head and hand. The art of the majolist was fostered and inspired by this unity, by the beauty that was blossoming everywhere, and thus it achieved its high destiny.

Contemporary writers are silent as to the establishment of the first majolica fabrique, the output of which was doubtless very modest and unpromising. However, of the ancient towns that boast of having been the cradle of majolica, Faenza seems to hold the burden of proof. It is apparently true that the many fragments and wall plaques and the few tile pavements that have been unearthed in the town bear dates anterior to any specimens of tin-enamel ware found in other places. Be that as it may, the early commercial importance of the factories of Faenza cannot be doubted, and the town's regularly established trade with several foreign nations made it and its ware so well known in Europe that the name "faience" was ultimately bestowed upon all glazed wares that were not porcelain. It also appears that the great

variety of decoration inaugurated at Faenza was freely imitated everywhere—while the styles of other places were not adopted at Faenza. The factories of the old town multiplied rapidly, and from the outset were rich in skilled workmen, who, strange to say, were frequently allowed to depart from their place of training and establish competing *fabriques*—thus spreading their ceramic secrets. Nowhere else in Italy was there ever assembled such an array of masters and expert operators as were found at Faenza

A signed plate by the great master of luster, Maestro Giorgio. In the center is an unidentified coat of arms, and the decoration is carried out in blue, white, green, yellow and copper-red, with a brilliant gold luster. Circa 1532.

The design of this Cafaggiolo plate depicts in polychrome on a background of blue a majolist at work. Now in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

during the time when majolica was at its best. The artists signed their work, and among the names thus recorded are those of several women. Faenza records of 1454 mention the name of a Paduan nobleman, one Gaaco di Dondi, who ordered the making of a service of fine white majolica, painted with garlands and medallions, and bearing the Dondi coat of arms, which is the only dated example of the period extant. Beautiful though this is, it was in 1487, the date inscribed on the tile pavement of the Basilica of San Petronne at Bologna, that the majolist of Faenza seems to have said his last word as to technical perfection. Probably there are many later specimens superior to the Bologna pavement, but for true beauty and depth of color those time-worn tiles hold their own against all rivals. Each artist signed the portion of the work for which he was responsible, and here again are the names of women. In its late or early manifestations genuine Faenza ware exemplifies the use of powerful colors—blackish-blue and deep yellow predominating—and decided predilection for a severe style of ornament. Until the sixteenth century the influence of Faenza was paramount, and although the encroachments of pictorial motives are clearly indicated, ornamental patterns were not discarded.

Only by considering the fierce competition raging between rival cities of medieval Italy can we understand the almost simultaneous development of so many majolica factories within a comparatively limited area. Such a brief span of years

A plate from the famous service in the Correr Museum at Venice. Painted at Castel-Durante by Niccola Pellipario, it marks the transition from the patterned style of Faenza to the pictorial style of Urbino. The design is adapted from a painting by Botticelli.

separates the dates of their respective establishment that it might be said they all started at once—or, at any rate, it is impossible to place them in chronological order. So high were the aspirations of each, so near did they all approach the goal—that supremacy, also, is difficult to decide, and is not really important. A large number of specimens of majolica cannot be assigned definitely to any particular factory—partly because the style of painting in vogue was used in many places at the same time, and partly due to the itinerant habits of most of the painters, whose signed pieces prove that they went from place to place to practice their art. Classification of some of the finest examples, however, is possible, due to the familiar touch of prominent artists. Specimens of domestic vessels of the fifteenth century that have escaped unscathed the doom of all that is made of clay are very few in number, and fortunately the majolist of the time left more enduring testimonies of his work in the tile pavements of many old churches that are off the beaten track, and hence are still well preserved. Upon them he often lavished the full measure of his abilities. It seems that as the art of the mosaicist fell into decay, the tile-maker contrived to supply an excellent substitute, covering the floor with a variegated pattern like a rich carpet. The oldest majolica pavement is in the church of San Giovanni a Carbonara at Naples, and adorns the chapel which contains the tomb of the favorite of Queen Joanna II. The tiles are cut and laid in the Spanish fashion, and the painting suggests Moorish influence.

Romance and history are interwoven in

This elaborate and beautiful Urbino plate takes its subject from the myth of Romulus and Remus. Painted by Francesco Xanto and lustered at Gubbio. Now in the British Museum.

the tangled records of the old Italian fabriques, some of which are especially interesting. The firing of a potter's kiln in the center of a city was in all countries objected to on account of the danger to surroundings, hence we find the pot-maker banished to the outskirts, or to small towns. Castel Durante, an important site of ceramic production in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, owes its successful development to one Guillaume Durand, a French prelate of great learning, from whom it took its name. In 1284 he was sent by Pope Martin IV to construct a fortress at some strategic point, and chose for his castle of refuge a plain guarded on three sides by the river Metauro. He brought with him from France expert artisans in various trades, including potters, who, under his able direction, and aided by the fine clay from the muddy river banks, reached a high peak of achievement. One of these workmen, Niccola Pellipario, founder of the famous Fontana family, moved from Castel Durante to Urbino in 1519, and worked there in the factory of his son, Guido Fontana. To him is attributed the celebrated service in the Correr Museum at Venice, which marks the transition from the patterned style of Faenza to the pictorial style of Urbino. His free figure-drawing, oval faces with classical features, and characteristic balls of clouds, are easily recognized, but his grandson, Orazio, was probably the leading exponent of the pure Urbino type, and his brilliant blues and harmonious

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compositions are unequaled by any other majolica painter of the period.

Intriguing indeed is the history of the Cafaggiolo factory, so closely associated with the pomp and magnificence of the Medici family. Any one who has traveled by the old post road from Bologna to Florence may remember a stern but picturesque edifice, not far from the Tuscan capital. It was the favorite villa of Cosimo de Medici, who continued to enlarge and embellish it until his death in 1464, when it passed to his nephew, Lorenzo. Old Florentine chronicles have made us familiar with the stately and ostentatious life led by a magnifico of the day, and here at the Cafaggiolo castle foregathered all that Tuscany had of talent, culture, and beauty. Here art and poetry budded—under the vivifying influence of munificent princes, in the midst of verdant scenery, flooded with the glorious sunshine of Italy. In such an environment it is no wonder that the pottery of Cafaggiolo blossomed triumphantly, reflecting the romance and beauty of its surroundings. In the transfer title deeds of property on the "square" in the town of Cafaggiolo mention is made of resident pot-makers in the early fourteenth century, but it is not known just when the Medici family took the industry under its wing. However, it is clear that along toward the end of the same century they were in full charge, and were importing workmen from Faenza, Castel Durante and elsewhere, who fashioned the pure white majolica for which the Medici factory was famous.

With Florence, the most glorious of all Tuscan cities, is linked the momentous achievements of the della Robbia family, and their followers. It was in the fifteenth century that Andrea and Luca della Robbia, by the touch of genius, transformed humble terra-cotta—making it equal in artistic value to marble and bronze, but their work belongs rather to the domain of sculpture than of pottery, and there is nothing known which connects it with painted majolica. The old theory that Luca invented tin-enamel has long since been abandoned; what he did was to use colored glazes, having a basis of stanniferous enamel, upon terra-cotta sculpture—thereby establishing a great ceramic industry. We are all familiar with his, and Andrea's, milk-white, finely modeled figures in high relief—resting against a background that repeats the deep soft blue of Italian skies, often framed in wreaths of colored flowers and fruits. The Madonnas attributed to Andrea are especially fascinating, for they are not motherly peasants but aristocratic ladies, richly clad—his children are always charming, and upon his handiwork an unerring sense of color lays its final

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BY Joseph H. Dodson

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note of beauty. It is interesting to observe in passing that the complex enamel mixture employed by the della Robbias served in later years as a basis for the finest pastes of European porcelains.

IN TRACING the development of majolica, our interest focused upon the little duchy of Urbino, among whose picturesque hills are situated five of the most famous fabriques devoted to this art—Gubbio, Castel Durante, Pesaro, Deruta, and Urbino. Anyone who has left the beaten path and climbed the tortuous peaks of Umbria—traversed its valley of the Tiber, rambled through the narrow streets of its villages, visited the rich old palaces, now so deserted and forlorn, has carried away a never-to-be-forgotten picture of this sixteenth century seat of literature and art. The tiny town of Urbino, crowning a lofty eminence, is noted as the birthplace of Raphael, and the majolica made there reflects the influence of the great painter and his followers. The ware was given over entirely to pictorial subjects—scenes from romance, mythology, history, scripture—copied from compositions of Italian painters, and set in a background of Italian landscape. Guidobaldo II, Duke of Urbino, lent his enthusiastic support to this phase of the art, and saw to it that the cartoons of Raphael, as well as the paintings of Michelangelo, Perugino, Battista Franco, and many others, were available to the pottery painters.

Gubbio owes its fame almost entirely to one man, and still basks in his reflected glory—Maestro Giorgio, whose genius developed the art of luster film to its highest point, even surpassing the most brilliant accomplishments of Spain. Much of his work is signed and dated, and several fine examples are in the Metropolitan Museum. He probably learned the secrets of luster pigments from some wandering Moslem potter, for the transparent ruby luster peculiar to Gubbio is reminiscent of both Persian and Hispano-Moresque wares. Giorgio came from Pavia to Gubbio in 1498, and his earliest efforts were in the sculptured style of the della Robbias—in fact, the first piece of lustered majolica attributed to him is a plaque dated 1501, with the figure of St. Sebastian. It is now in the Victoria and Albert Museum. Lusters that vary in every piece and in every light—brown, yellow, golden, red, and opalescent tints—were all coaxed to perfection by him—and sparkle to his memory. The majolica of Gubbio has few distinctive qualities, apart from its lustered enrichment, for its various styles were nearly all borrowed. Potters from all over Italy brought their wares to Gubbio and Deruta to be lustered, but about the middle of the sixteenth century, the tricky process was largely abandoned, because the risks entailed were very great.

The latter half of the seventeenth century saw the art of the majolist in full decline, due partly to the falling off of princely patronage, and partly to the advent of Chinese porcelain. However, the very last years of the century were more productive, efforts being made at Siena, Naples, and Castelli to revive the old style by copying the compositions of Raphael and Michelangelo—and at Savona and Genoa blue painted ware in imitation of Chinese blue and white porcelain made its appearance. The majolica of Castelli is distinguished by harmonious coloring and good technique, and its manufacture continued well into the eighteenth century. In the north, at Venice, Bassano and Nove, the potters worked on, apparently unaware of the trend against them.

In the eighteenth century, as the splendor of the French court began to filter through Europe, some pottery was produced with motifs dictated by the new school—but it was not until after the middle of the nineteenth century that Italy awoke to the fact that her glorious reputation in the ceramic arts had ebbed to a low mark.

Aroused at last, a few men began individual ventures, and among them was Ulisse Cantagalli, who eventually took over his father's obscure factory at the Porta Romana in Florence, and, surrounding himself with expert workmen, began, in 1876, the reproduction of Renaissance masterpieces. Soon he became extremely proficient in duplicating the Hispano-Moresque lusters, and the stanniferous enamels of della Robbia faience, and so successful was this movement that a wave of enthusiasm developed which reacted favorably on all of the old fabriques, starting them into action again with new vigor.

TODAY, ALL OVER Italy the potter's fires are burning brightly, and their kilns produce examples, both in continuation of old designs and in new, worthy to be included in the notable collections of Europe. Even "L'Art Moderne" has begun to evolve, belatedly, perhaps, but all the more sanely for that reason. The majolica of Bassano and Nove is especially appealing, I think, with its cream-white background, soft colors, and classic shapes. These two factories, side by side and high up in the Apennines, have now run for many centuries.

Majolica is, and has always been, pottery, not porcelain, and has qualities which make it one of the most beautiful forms of art. Its principal merit, perhaps, depends upon the shapes into which it was thrown and modeled by Italian Renaissance potters, but were it not for its rival merit, the white coating that entirely conceals the buff clay, its fame would never have been attained. This coating of ground glass containing certain proportions of tin and lead in its turn has supplied a perfect surface upon which the dreamers of several centuries could leave their imprint of beauty.

Manon Lescaut

(*Continued from page* 87)

without doubt your greatest misfortune, for I have always interfered with your pleasure. Open your eyes. See who I am. It isn't the thing to cry so tenderly over a wretch you have betrayed and cruelly abandoned."

She kissed my hands without changing her position.

"I must be guilty," she moaned, "since I have caused you so much sorrow and pain. But may Heaven punish me if I thought I was, or ever intended to be."

This seemed so utterly senseless and insincere that I couldn't help a burst of anger.

"Don't lie to me," I cried. "I see better than ever that you are a cheat and a delusion. Now I know you for what you are. Good-by," I added, getting up. "I'd a thousand times rather die than ever have the least thing to do with you again. May Heaven punish *me* if I ever so much as look at you again. Stay with your new lover. Love him; detest me. Renounce honor and good sense. I'll think it's funny. It's all the same to me!"

She was so frightened by my frenzy that, still kneeling by my chair, she only looked at me and trembled without daring to breathe. I took several steps toward the door, but kept my eyes on her. I should have had to lose all human emotions to harden myself against her. I was far from having such savage strength, and in a sudden change of heart, I turned, or rather dashed, headlong back to her. I took her in my arms and kissed her tenderly. I asked her to forgive my rage. I confessed that I was a brute and didn't deserve the joy of having her love.

Then she told me everything that had happened since she came there and found G. M—— waiting for her. He had received her, in fact, like a princess. He had shown her all the rooms, which were beautifully clean and tasteful. He had put ten thousand livres in her closet together with some jewels, among which were the very same pearl necklace and bracelets that his father had given her before. Then he had taken her to a salon that she had not yet seen, where she found exquisite refreshments. The new servants he had hired for her waited on her, and he told them that they were from now on to consider her their mistress. Finally he had shown her the carriage, the horses and all the rest of his presents. Afterward he proposed a game of cards while they were waiting for supper.

"I CONFESS," she continued, "that I was dazzled by such splendor. I decided it would be a shame to deprive ourselves of so much profit by contenting myself with taking away only the ten thousand livres and the jewels. Here was a fortune all ready for you and me, and we could live very comfortably at the expense of G. M——. Instead of proposing that we go to the theater, I determined to find out how he felt toward you, in order to calculate how easy it would be for us to see each other, provided my scheme worked. I found him very tractable. He asked me what I thought of you and whether I didn't regret leaving you. I said that you were so nice and had always been so good to me that it wouldn't be natural for me to dislike you. He agreed that you had good points and

(*Continued on page* 97)

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Old Mother Spain

A scene in northern Spain between San Sebastian and Bilbao

By GEORGE BRANDT

FROM THE MOMENT you leave the low coastal plains of France and enter Spain at Portbou, you know in some strange way that you are no longer truly in Europe. Something has changed at the border. Walls are whiter; color more rich. Dark faces peer through the windows of the houses, brilliant in tile and stucco against the gray rock.

As you ride on in the evening toward Barcelona, shipping center of Spain, the centuries drop away. Blindfolded horses, moving in slow circles, pump water from age-old wells. Faggot-gatherers load sturdy burros near the dusty white roads that lead to the hills turning purple in twilight. Goya, Velasquez, Cervantes, and the brooding Escorial crowd in on your mind. Europe is back of the border at Portbou. Southward, into the land of the Moors, the train carries you. Toward Barcelona and beyond. Like the "Bolero" of Ravel, the lash of the whip, the life-beat begins; low, tense, passionate. Southward it gathers speed. In Andalusia it flames into the Spain we dream of. And at Algeciras it crosses the Mediterranean to Tangier as did the Moors years before, leaving far more behind than most imagine. For Spain, despite its contradictions, is African rather than European. It is still the land of the Moors.

All main-line trains throughout Spain compare favorably with the best in Europe and offer the usual three classes. Travel is cheap. In purchasing kilometric round-trip tickets (sold in various mileages), there is a distinct saving. Travel third, if you wish to know the courtesy, pride, and desert-asceticism of the peasant—the most authentic of Iberians.

Don't let the political situation disturb your plans. It has no real bearing on travel, and provides an added interest. As for hotels, the rates are set by the government. Food is reasonable, and, unlike Mexican, not highly spiced.

Contrast—the eternal struggle between present and past—makes itself felt as the train nears Barcelona. Factory after factory races by. And a modern city of apartment hotels comes into view. . . . A cart with heavy oak wheels bumps down *Rambla de las flores.* A peasant in rags urges on the three burros that pull it. Like our friends the three bears, they proceed: little one first; middle-sized next; then great-burro himself. The order is sacred. The clumsy cart helps. But what is that just behind it? Only an Hispano limousine. And this is Barcelona! A city of well over a million, it boasts a rabidly modern cathedral and women that need no innovations. Barcelona rather startles illusionists. Its subway makes that of New York seem shoddy and commonplace. Madrid, too, possesses one of these beautifully-tiled incongruities. Mantillas in turnstiles! (As well as movie-houses that need not hang their heads in the best of company.)

If the traveler by now fears a little what is to come, he may rest easy. All this is a shell. Up in the desolate hills above Madrid is *El Escorial,* a grim granite giant. Monastery, royal residence and pantheon of the Spanish kings, it stands a glacial monument to Philip II and the great tradition. And not far south, Toledo, haughty and age-gray, climbs the precipitous cliffs above the Tagus and plants two monuments to its greatness on the peak. Toledo is both capital of the Spanish church, and the nation's arsenal. Its cathedral spire tells of its one pride; its garrison-palace of the other. And, in old streets, artisans continue making Toledo blades famous for long centuries. El Greco's house is a final glory.

South, set among orange-groves, is Valencia, city of towers and ruins: a maze magnified; and heavy with memories of the Cid. Now something again has changed. The shell of the North is gone. Old stones lie scattered in uneven streets. The dust of ages lies about old Moorish buildings. Dark-skinned women draw water at ancient fountains with huge earthen jugs. The air is still as death. Gay shawls and fans sweep regally by under big square lamps. From balconies everywhere come strange haunting tunes, and the twang of guitars. Strangely Russian the tunes are. Turgeniev has mentioned it. A blend of passion and sadness. . . . Cathedral bells drown out our century. Valencia remains fabulous, despite its pictures of Felix the Cat and its Packard agency.

Seville? Her charms are too well known to need much repetition. The Giralda (Moorish tower-masterpiece); the great cathedral, with its tomb of Columbus; the Alcazar, with its perfect Moorish garden; quarter San Cruze, where stands Washington Irving's house—all contribute to a perfect expression of Andalusia. If "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" appears on a local book-stand, what of that? Look down on Seville from the top of Giralda, and see the green patios, enclosed by white walls, spread out in endless irregularity. In awning-covered streets the life of the city goes on, as it has for long centuries. The Spain we began to fear existed only in imagination lies below in actuality.

As I traveled by bus to Algeciras, between tall cactus hedges and across speckled plains following the trail of the Moors to Africa, I saw all Spain, with its complexities and ironies, compressed about me. On either side of me sat a ponderous, white-hooded Othello. They spoke in rich guttural Moorish, with proud disdain. And they spoke of the beauty of Spain. . . . On the seat ahead a young peasant-woman chanted an endless lullaby to her dozing child. Next her sat a young mountaineer with rough boots and coarse *sarape.* His head slouched gradually against the swaying glass, and his broad-brimmed hat slid to the floor. Inside its crown appeared a photograph of a young girl in a bright shawl and mantilla. . . . On the next seat ahead sat a middle-aged man with distinguished, proud black eyes, and a well-tailored suit. At his side sat a ragged old peasant with a wicker basket full of fish. On the back seat sat a young "modern." He sang. And his song was "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby." I shall not soon forget the carload of incongruity, for in that bus rode the conflict of centuries. Spain—rich, complex, startling—rode to Algeciras with me that day.

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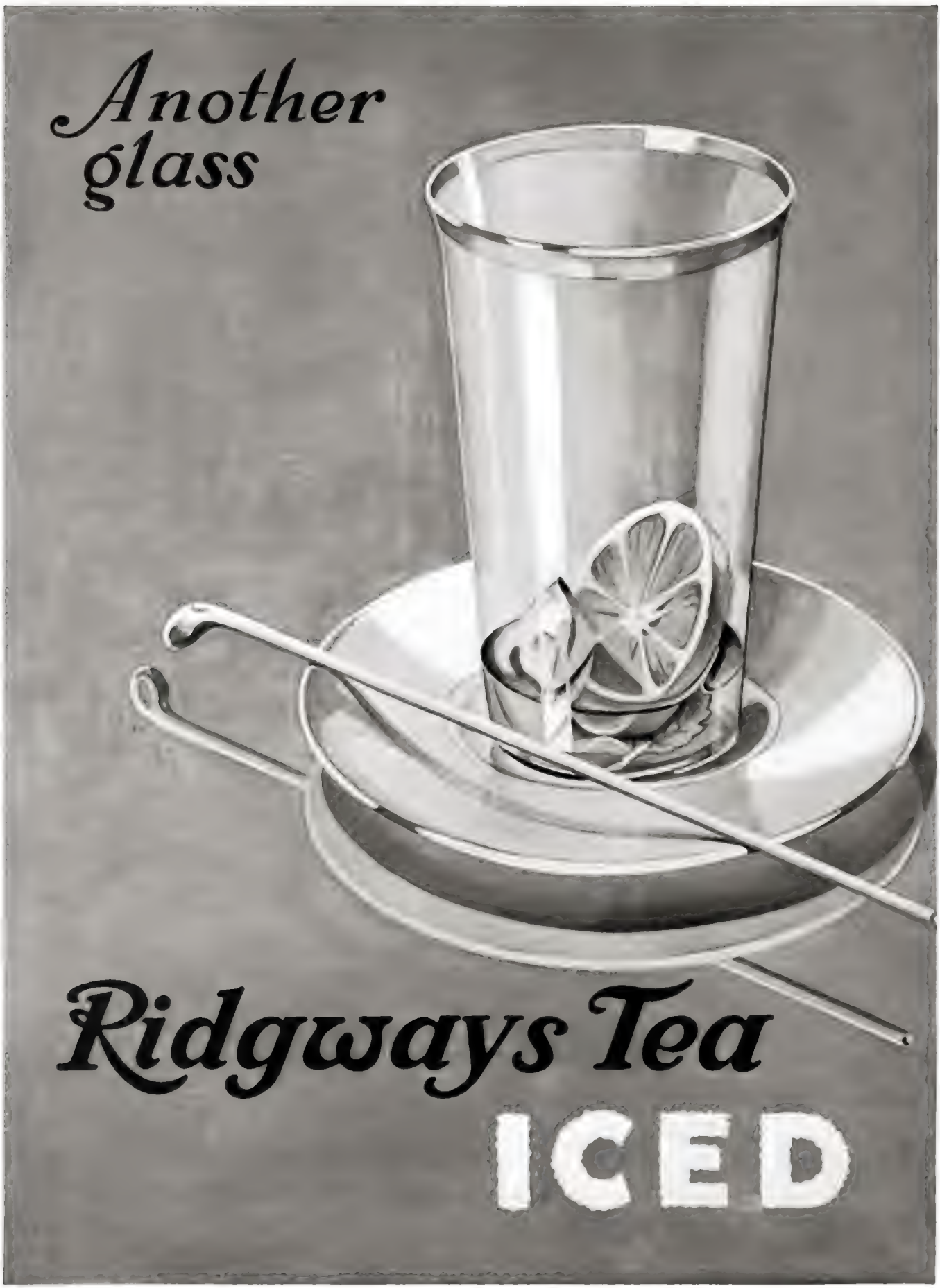
Another glass
Ridgways Tea
ICED

Manon Lescaut

(*Continued from page 93*)

that he felt inclined to be your friend. He wanted to know how I thought you would take my departure, especially since you would be sure to find out that I had gone to him. I replied that our love dated from such a long while back that it had had time to cool a little. Besides, you weren't very well off, and you probably would not think it a great misfortune to lose me, because you would be relieved of a burden that was weighing heavily on you. I added that since I was sure you would take it calmly, I had simply told you I was coming to Paris on business, and you had consented. You had come with me and didn't seem particularly disturbed when we parted. 'If I thought,' he said, 'that he was disposed to get along with me, I should be the first to offer him my friendship.' I assured him that from what I knew of you, you would be pleased, especially if he were to help you in your business which was in rather a bad way since you were not on good terms with your family. He interrupted me to say that he would do everything he could for you and, if you wished, he would find you a pretty mistress—the one he had left to come to me.

"I approved of his idea," she added, "to ward off any suspicion. As I became more and more determined to carry out my plan, I wanted to find some way of letting you hear from me, for fear that you would be too worried when I didn't come to meet you. With this in mind, I proposed to send you the new mistress this very evening in order to have a chance to write to you. I was obliged to stoop to this trick, for I couldn't hope that he would leave me alone for a moment. He was amused by my proposal. He called his lackey and sent him in search of his former mistress.

"He imagined that she would have to go to Chaillot to find you, but I told him that when I left you I had promised to meet you at the theater; or if something should keep me from going, you were to wait for me in a carriage at the end of rue Saint-André. Consequently it would be better to send your new sweetheart there, if only to keep you from wasting your time there all night. I added that it would be a good idea to write you a note informing you of the exchange which you would be at a loss to understand otherwise. He consented, but I had to write while he was there, and I took care not to express myself too plainly in my letter."

She finished by telling me how much M. de T——'s letter had disturbed G. M——.

"He hesitated to leave me," she said, "and promised to come right back. That's why it worries me to have you here and why I was surprised to see you."

I LISTENED to her story with patience. Naturally it was full of cruel and humiliating blows for me. Her intention of being unfaithful was so clear that she hadn't even taken the trouble to disguise it. She couldn't hope that G. M—— would treat her like a vestal. She intended to spend the night with him, then. What a confession for a lover! Still, I considered myself partly at fault for telling her G. M——'s feelings in the first place, and for consenting blindly to the rash adventure. Besides, I was touched by the ingenuity of her tale and the good, frank way she told it, even in the parts which wounded me most.

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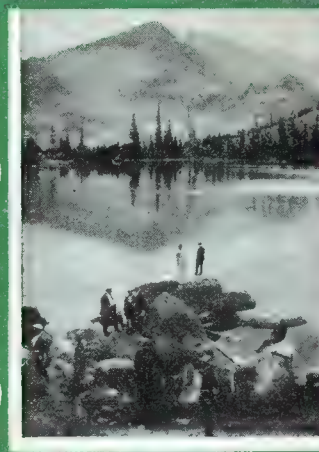

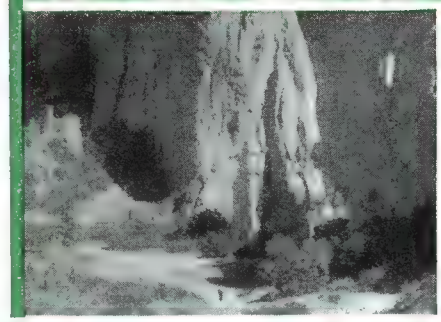

Top photographs: A Camping Party in the San Juan Mountains, and a Nature Study Class in Rocky Mountain National Park. Lower photographs: Garden of the Gods, Colorado Springs (note figures in foreground) and Harvesting "Sunshine and Vitamins" Cabbage.

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"She sins without malice," I said to myself. "She is light and imprudent, but she is honest and sincere." I might add that love alone was enough to make me blind to her faults. I was only too satisfied with the hope of stealing her from my rival that very night. Nevertheless, I said sadly:

"And with whom would you have spent the night?"

The question embarrassed her. She answered with buts and ifs. I felt sorry for and interrupted her by saying casually that I expected her to leave with me immediately.

"There is nothing I'd like better," she said. "But don't you approve of my plan?"

"Isn't it enough," I exclaimed, "that I approve of all you have done so far?"

"What!" she replied. "Won't we take even the thousand livres? He gave them to me. They are mine."

I advised her to think of nothing but getting away quickly, for I was afraid that G. M—— would come back, although I had been there only a half-hour. But she begged me so hard not to go with empty hands that I thought I ought to make some concessions after she had made so many.

WHILE WE were preparing to leave, I heard a knock at the street door. I was sure that it was G. M——, and I told Manon that he was a dead man if he came in. I hadn't really recovered from my anger enough to control myself if I saw him. Marcel ended my worry by bringing me a note that he had taken for me at the door. It was from M. de T——. He told me that while G. M—— was away after the money, he was taking the opportunity of telling me a very amusing idea. It occurred to him that I might take an even more pleasant revenge on my rival by eating his supper and sleeping that very night in the bed he hoped to share with my mistress. It seemed to him that this would be easy enough if I could get hold of three or four men who would be bold enough to stop G. M—— on the street and trusty enough to keep an eye on him till morning. For his own part, M. de T—— promised to keep G. M—— occupied for another hour.

I showed the note to Manon and told her about my ruse to get into her house. She thought my scheme and M. de T——'s were admirably clever, and we had a good laugh. But when I spoke of his as a joke, I was surprised that she insisted seriously on taking it as a delightful idea. I asked her in vain where she thought I could find at that hour fellows who were capable of stopping G. M—— and keeping him safely. She said I must try at least, since M. de T—— guaranteed us an hour more. In answer to my other objections she told me I was playing the tyrant and wasn't being nice to her. She thought it was the finest idea ever.

"You'll sit in his place at supper," she repeated. "You'll sleep between his sheets, and early tomorrow morning you'll elope with his mistress and his money. It will be good revenge on father and son."

I finally yielded in spite of the secret warning in my heart which seemed to foreshadow a catastrophe. I went out planning to ask two or three guardsmen to whom Lescaut had introduced me to take care of G. M——. I found only one of them at home, but he was an enterprising fellow and the words were hardly out of my mouth before he assured me of success. He asked only ten pistoles to pay three soldiers he would hire, with himself at the head. He got them together in less than a quarter of an hour.

I waited at his house, and when he came back with his companions, I myself led them to the corner of a street where G. M—— had to pass on his way to Manon's. I warned them not to mistreat him but to guard him so closely until seven o'clock the next morning that I could be sure he wouldn't escape. They said they would take him to their rooms and make him undress or else go to bed while the four of them spent the night drinking and gambling. I stayed with them till I saw G. M—— and then fell back a step or two into the obscurity to watch the extraordinary scene. The guardsman accosted him, pistol in hand, and explained politely that he wanted neither his money nor his life, but that if he made the least objection to following him or the slightest sound, he would blow his brains out. G. M—— saw the three soldiers, and probably for fear of being shot, made no resistance. I saw them lead him off like a lamb.

I went back immediately to Manon. In order to avoid the servants' suspicion, I told her that it wasn't necessary to wait for M. de G. M—— for supper. Some business was keeping him away, and he had asked me to come to make his excuses and have supper with her—which I thought would be a great favor from such a beautiful lady. She took her cue very cleverly, and we sat down at the table. While the servants were there we behaved sedately. Finally she sent them away, and we spent one of the most delightful evenings of our life. I secretly ordered Marcel to find a carriage and have it at the door the next morning before six o'clock. Toward midnight I pretended to leave, but I came back softly with the help of Marcel and prepared to occupy G. M——'s bed, as I had taken his place at the table.

During this time our bad fairy was working for our downfall. We were ecstatically happy, and the sword was hanging over our heads. The thread that held it was about to break.

G. M—— was followed by a lackey when the guardsman seized him. The boy was frightened by his master's misadventure and ran away immediately to get help from old G. M——. Such bad news couldn't help alarming him. He had only one son, and he was extremely active for his age. He asked the lackey first what his son had been doing that afternoon—whether he had quarreled with someone, or whether he had taken part in someone else's squabbles, or whether he had been to any disreputable house. The boy thought his master was in extreme danger and imagined that it was his duty, in order to help him, not to conceal anything. So he told everything he knew about G. M——'s love for Manon, the money he had spent on her, that he had passed the afternoon at her house till about nine o'clock, his departure, and his unfortunate return.

It was enough to make the old man suspect that the quarrel was over a love affair. Although it was at least half-past ten, he didn't hesitate to go immediately to the chief of police. He begged him to give explicit orders to all squads of patrolmen. He took some officers with him and hurried to the street where his son had been seized. He visited all the places in the city where he hoped he could find him, and when he could discover no traces, he came back to the house of his son's mistress where he imagined he might have returned.

I was just about to go to bed when he arrived. Since the door of the room was closed, I did not hear the knock at the house door. He came in with two archers, and when he could not learn anything about what had become of his son, he took it into his head to see the woman herself to find out if she could throw any light on the mystery. He came upstairs, still accompanied by the archers. We were ready for bed. He opened the door, and our blood turned cold at the sight of him.

"Ye Gods! It's old G. M——," I said to Manon. I jumped to get my sword. Unfortunately it was tangled up in my belt. The archers saw what I was about and seized me. A man in a night-shirt is helpless. They took away from me all means of defending myself.

G. M—— was troubled by the scene, but he wasn't long in recognizing me. He remembered Manon even more easily.

"Am I dreaming?" he said gravely. "Is this the Chevalier des Grieux and Manon Lescaut?"

I was so enraged with shame and sorrow that I didn't answer. Then, his anger suddenly blazing up, he cried out:

"Oh, villain! I see now that you have killed my son!" The insult stung deep.

"You old rascal," I answered proudly, "if I were going to kill anyone in your family I'd begin with you."

"Hold him tight," he ordered the archers. "He must tell me what has happened to my son. I'll have him hanged tomorrow if he doesn't tell me immediately what he has done with him."

"You'll have me hanged?" I cried. "Scoundrel! It is people like you that go to the gibbet. I'll have you know that my blood is purer and nobler than yours. Yes," I added, "I know what has happened to your son, and if you push me too far I'll have him choked before morning, and I promise to do the same to you, too."

It was stupid of me to admit that I knew where his son was, but my terrible rage made me do it. He called five or six other archers who were waiting at the door and ordered them to hold all the servants.

"Ha! Chevalier," he continued in a mocking voice, "you know where my son is and you'll have him choked, you say? We'll see about that."

I REALIZED my mistake. He went over to Manon, who was sitting on the bed crying. He gave her ironical compliments on the power she had over father and son and the good use she made of it. The old monster started to take liberties with her.

"Don't you dare touch her!" I cried. "If you do, God help you."

He left and ordered three archers to stay and see that we got dressed. I don't know what he had planned to do with us at that time. Perhaps he would have let us go if we had told him where his son was. I wondered as I dressed whether that would not be the best plan. But if that was his intention when he left our room, he had changed his mind when he came back.

He had gone to question Manon's servants whom the archers had arrested. He couldn't learn anything from the ones his son had employed for her, but when he found out that Marcel had been with us previously he determined to frighten him into talking. The boy was faithful enough, but weak and untutored. The memory of what he had done at the reformatory to free Manon, together with the terror that G.

M—— inspired in him, made such an impression on his simple mind that he imagined they were going to take him to the gallows or the rack. He promised to tell everything he knew if only they would spare his life. G. M—— was convinced then that there was something more serious and criminal in the affair than he had thought. He offered not only to save Marcel's life for him, but to pay him for his confession.

THE WRETCHED boy told the part of the scheme we had not bothered to conceal from him because he was to have a share in it. It is true that he did not know the changes we had made in it in Paris. But when we left Chaillot, he knew the general plan and the rôle he was to play. So he declared that it was our idea to swindle young G. M—— and that Manon was to receive, or had already received, ten thousand livres.

After this discovery the old man came back upstairs and burst angrily into our room. Without a word he went straight to the closet and had no difficulty in finding the money and the jewels. His face flaming, he turned to us, displayed what he pleased to call our loot, and denounced us outrageously. He came closer and thrust at Manon the pearl necklace and bracelets.

"Do you recognize them?" he said with a mocking smile. "It isn't the first time you have seen them. Upon my word, the very same ones! They took your fancy, my lady, I don't doubt. Poor children," he added. "You're rather nice, both of you, but slightly naughty."

I nearly died of rage. I would have given for a moment's freedom—God! what wouldn't I have given! I made a violent effort to control myself and said, with a calmness that was only fine-drawn anger:

"Enough of your insolent jokes, sir! What is this all about? What do you intend to do with us?"

"I intend to see you off to Le Châtelet," he said. "Tomorrow we shall see things more clearly, and perhaps you will do me the favor of telling me where my son is."

It didn't take much thought to realize that the consequences would be terrible once we were locked up at Le Châtelet. With a shudder I foresaw all its dangers. In spite of my pride, I knew that I should have to bow beneath my fate and wheedle my worst enemy in order to gain something by submission. I begged him with great sincerity to listen to me for a moment.

"I must do myself justice, sir," I said. "I confess that youth has made me commit great follies and that you have suffered enough from them to have grounds for complaint. But if you know how strong love is, if you know the agony of having everything you love taken away from you, you will perhaps find it pardonable in me to have looked for a slight revenge. Or at least you will think that I have been sufficiently punished by the insult I have just endured. There is no need of prison or torture to make me tell where your son is. He is safe. My plan was neither to hurt nor to offend him. I am ready to tell you the place where he is quietly spending the night if you will do me the favor of setting us at liberty."

The old tiger, far from being softened by my pleading, laughed and turned his back. He only spat out something to the effect that he knew my plan from beginning to end. As for his son, he added brutally that as

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long as I hadn't murdered him he would turn up all right.

"Take them to Le Petit-Châtelet," he said to the archers. "And take care that the Chevalier doesn't get away from you. He is a clever one. He has already escaped from Saint-Lazare." He went out, and you can imagine my state of mind.

"Oh, God!" I cried. "I shall submit meekly to all Thy punishment. But for that old rascal to have the power to treat me with such tyranny is more than I can bear."

The archers asked us not to keep them waiting any longer. They had a carriage at the door. I gave Manon my arm, and we went downstairs.

"Come, my dear angel," I said. "We must endure our fate. Perhaps Heaven may some day give us a little more happiness."

WE DROVE off in the same carriage. I took her in my arms. She had not uttered a word since G. M—— came in; but when we were alone, she told me tenderly again and again that she was to blame for my misery. I assured her that I should never complain of my lot as long as she did not stop loving me.

"I'm not the one to be pitied," I went on. "A few months in prison don't frighten me, and Le Châtelet is infinitely preferable to Saint-Lazare. It is you, darling, that I'm worried about. What a fate for anyone so lovely! Heaven, how can you treat so severely the most perfect of your creations? Why weren't we born both of us, with a nature more in keeping with our miserable fate? We have intelligence and good taste and delicacy, but ah! what sad use we make of them, while so many vulgar souls, deserving of our lot, enjoy all the favors of fortune!"

These thoughts filled me with sorrow, but they were nothing in comparison with my terror of the future, for I was frozen with fear for Manon. She had already been at the reformatory, since she had left by the back door I knew that another lapse of this sort would have extremely dangerous consequences. I wished I could tell her my fears, but I was afraid of terrifying her too much. I trembled for her without daring to warn her of the danger. So I sighed and kissed her to assure her at least of my love, which was the only feeling I did dare express.

"Manon," I said, "tell me truly. Will you always love me?"

She answered that it made her very unhappy for me to doubt it.

"Well, then," I replied, "I don't doubt it at all. I can brave all our enemies with that assurance. I shall use my family to get out of Le Châtelet, and my life won't be worth much if I don't rescue you immediately."

We reached the prison. They put us in separate cells. It was less of a blow to me because I had anticipated it. I embraced my dear mistress before leaving her, and begged her not to fret too much. I spoke to the keeper about Manon, telling him that I was a man of a good family and promising him a considerable reward. She had nothing to fear as long as there was breath in my body. I had little money. Part of it I gave to her, and out of the rest I paid the keeper a full month's board for both of us in advance.

My money had an excellent effect. They gave me a neatly furnished room and assured me that Manon had a similar one. I busied myself immediately with ways of hastening my freedom. It was clear that there was absolutely nothing criminal in my actions, and supposing even that our plan for theft was proved by Marcel's testimony, I knew very well that you can't be punished for intentions alone. I resolved to write promptly to Father and beg him to come to Paris. They made no objections at Le Châtelet to the letter's going out. But I might have spared myself my pains, if I had known that Father was to arrive in Paris the very next day.

He had received my other letter a week before, and had been overjoyed. He did not dare hope for my conversion, and thought he should not set too much store by my promises. So he decided to come and see with his own eyes the proof of my change and to base his actions on the sincerity of my repentance. He did everything to find traces of me, and two days later he learned that I was at Le Châtelet.

Before his visit, which came far sooner than I expected, I had the honor of one from the chief of police, or, to call things by their right name, I underwent a cross-examination. He reprimanded me, but not severely or roughly. He told me kindly that he regretted my bad conduct and that I had been unwise in making such an enemy as M. de G. M——. Of course, he said, it was easy to see that in my case there were more imprudence and thoughtlessness than wrongdoing. But it was the second time that I had been up before him, and he had hoped that I would become more sensible after the lesson I had had at Saint-Lazare.

I was delighted to have such a reasonable judge to deal with, and explained everything to him in such a respectful and quiet way that he seemed extremely well pleased. He told me that I must not worry too much and that he felt inclined to help me because of my youth and good breeding. I risked putting in a good word for Manon and praised her gentleness and good disposition. He smiled and answered that he hadn't seen her yet but he had been told she was a very dangerous person. In a sudden flood of tenderness, I passionately defended my poor mistress, and couldn't help shedding a few tears. He ordered me to be taken back to my room.

"Ah, well," exclaimed this solemn magistrate as I left, "I suppose love never can be reconciled with wisdom!"

MY THOUGHTS were keeping me sad company, and I was reflecting on my conversation with the chief of police when I heard my door open. It was Father. I should have been half-prepared to see him, since I expected him several days later. But I could not help being so staggered that if the earth had opened up at my feet, I should have flung myself over the edge. I embraced him with extreme confusion. He sat down, and still neither one of us had opened his mouth. I remained standing, my eyes lowered.

"Sit down, sir," he said gravely. "Sit down. Thanks to the scandal of your dissipation and your knavery, I have found where you are. The advantage of such virtues as yours is that they cannot stay hidden. You have taken the sure road to fame."

I did not answer and he continued:

"How unfortunate a father is to love a son tenderly without sparing anything to make him an honest man, and then to find in the end that he is a scoundrel who dishonors him. One can find consolation for

the reverses of fortune—time obliterates them and the pain of them fades. But what remedy is there for an evil that grows every day, such as the debauchery of a son who has lost all feeling of honor?"

I must admit I deserved part of his insults, but still he was going a little too far.

"I assure you, sir," I said, "that my modesty is not at all affected. It is the natural manner of a well-bred son who has infinite respect for his father—especially for an angry father. I don't pretend either to be the most respectable member of my family. I realize that I deserve your reproaches, but I beg you to put a little more kindness into them and not to treat me as the most infamous man in the world. Love has caused all my faults, and you know it. Fatal passion! Ah, don't you know how strong it is? Love has made me too tender, too passionate, too faithful, and perhaps too agreeable to the whims of a charming mistress. These are my crimes. Dear Father," I added tenderly, "have a little sympathy for a son who has always had the utmost respect and love for you. I have not, as you think, renounced honor and duty, and I am a thousand times more to be pitied than you can imagine."

A father's heart is Nature's masterpiece. She reigns there, so to speak, with indulgence, and she regulates all its springs. Father, who was a man of spirit and good taste, was so touched by the turn I had given to my excuses that he was not capable of hiding his change of feeling.

"Come, my poor Chevalier," he said, "embrace me. I am sorry for you."

"But how shall we set about getting you out of here?" he continued. "Tell me everything exactly as it happened."

After all, there was nothing in the general run of my conduct that could absolutely dishonor me, at least measuring it by that of other young men of a certain class; and it certainly isn't infamous to have a mistress in our day and age, any more than it is to use a little skill in winning a fortune at cards. So I told Father frankly all the details of the life I had led. For each one of my faults I took care to add famous examples to lessen my shame.

As for my designs on the purse of the two G. M——'s, I could have proved just as easily that I had good models. But I still had too great a sense of honor not to blame myself. Consequently I begged Father to pardon my weakness which came from two violent passions—vengeance and love. He asked if I could suggest the quickest way of securing my freedom and one which would avoid scandal. I told him of the kindliness of the chief of police.

"If you have any difficulties," I said, "they will come only from the two G. M——'s, so I think it would be a good idea if you took the trouble to go and see them."

He promised to do so. I didn't dare intercede with him for Manon. It wasn't for lack of courage, but for fear of exasperating him and making him conceive some plan that would be fatal for both her and me. I still don't know whether this fear was not the cause of my greatest misfortune in keeping me from testing Father's attitude and making efforts to win his sympathy for my poor mistress. I might have put him on guard against the impression he was going to gain too easily from old G. M——. But I don't know.

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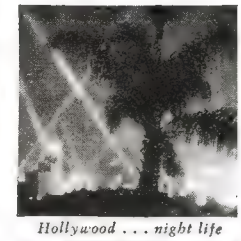

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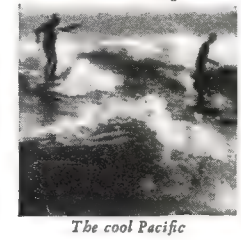

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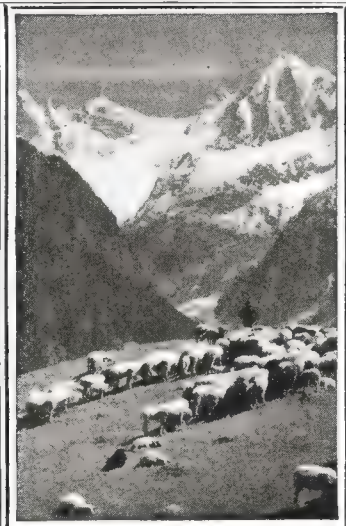

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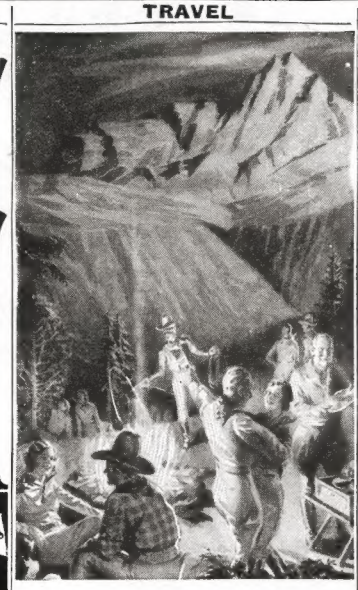

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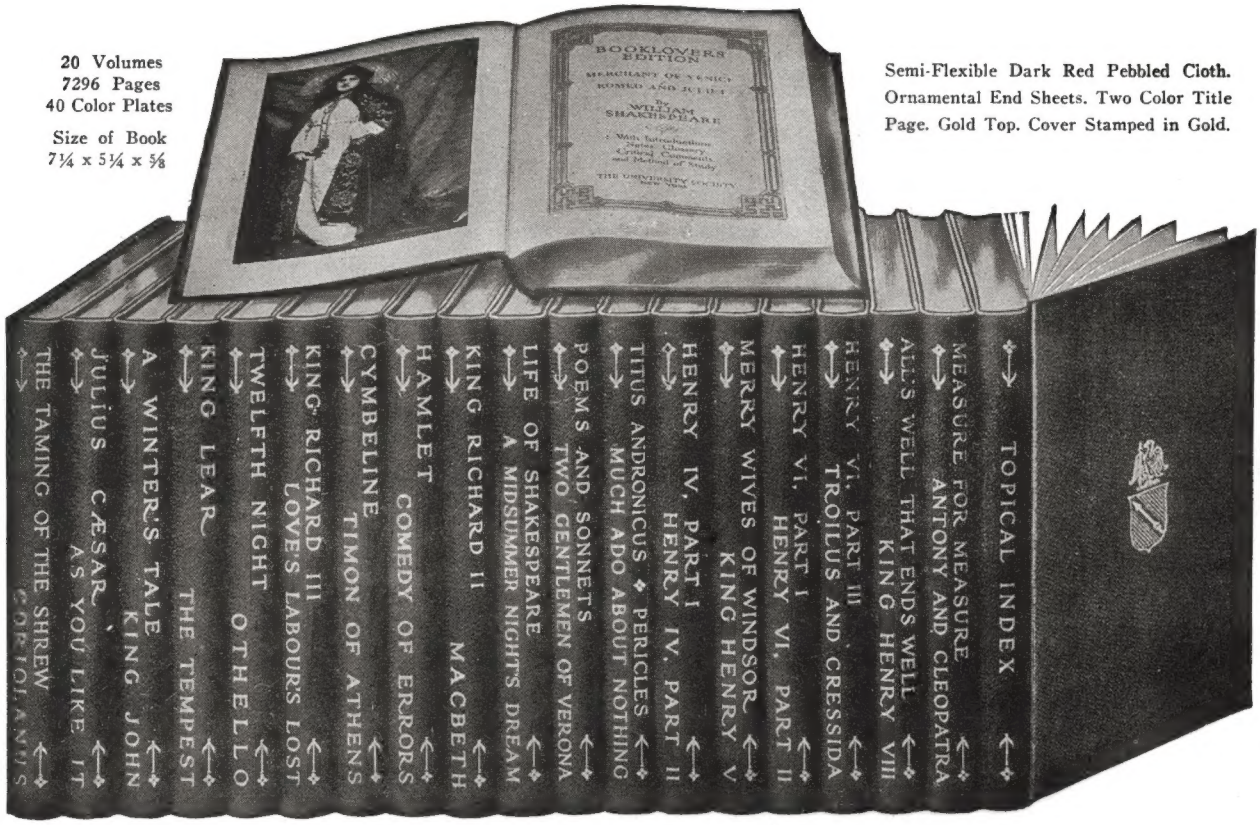

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